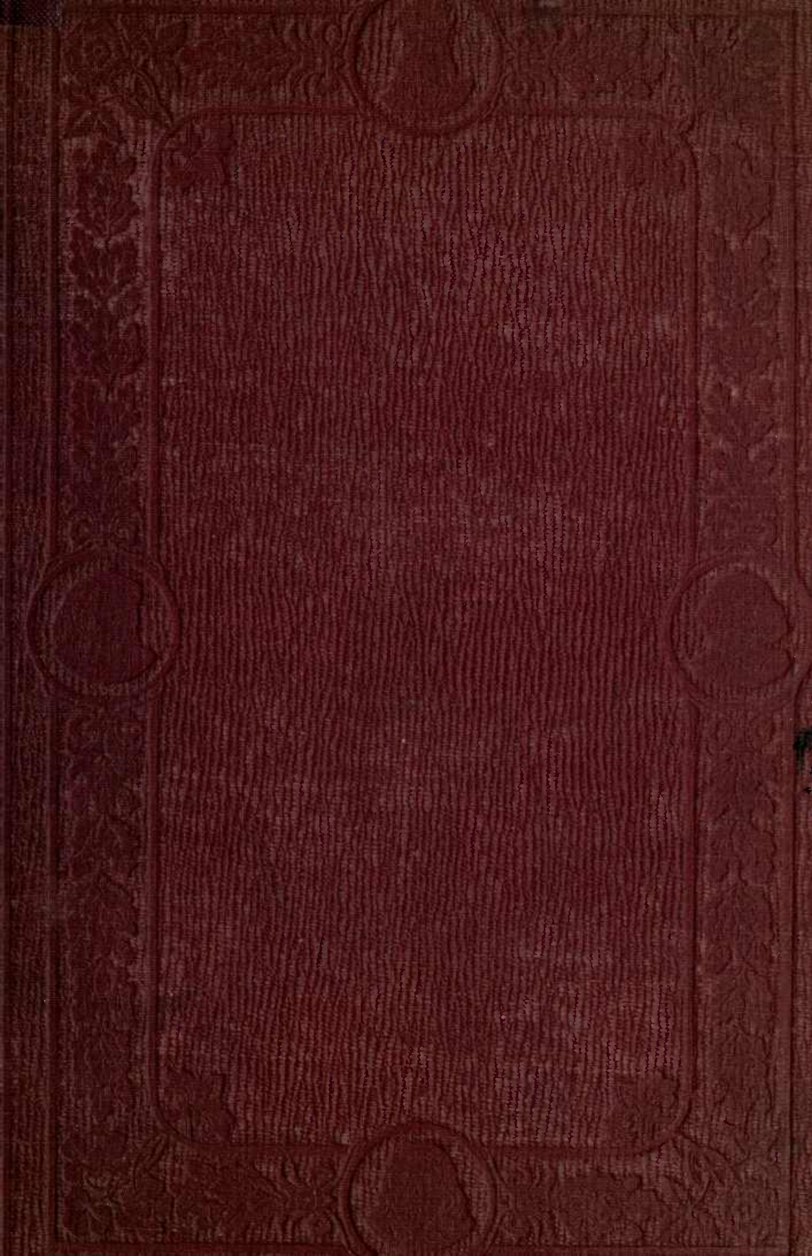

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART XII.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Meredith died the next day, after a struggle longer and harder than could have been anticipated, and very differently from the manner in which, when he dictated his last message to the world, he expected to die. Few human creatures are strong enough, except in books, to march thus solemnly and statelily to the edge of the grave. The last event itself was twenty-four hours later than the anxious watchers expected it to be, and wore them all out more utterly than any previous part of their patient's lingering illness. He dictated his postscript, lying in great exhaustion, but solemn, calm, not without a certain pomp of conscious grandeur, victorious over death and the grave. "That great angel whom men call the last enemy is standing by my bedside," the dying man said, giving forth his last utterance slowly word by word. "In an hour I shall be clay and ashes. I send you, friends, this last message. Death is not terrible to those who love Christ. I feel a strength in me that is not my own. I had fears and doubts, but I have them no longer. The gates of heaven are opening. I close my eyes, for I can no longer see the lights of this world; when I open them again it will be to behold the face of my Lord. Amen. This I say to all the world with my last breath. For those who love Christ it is not hard to die."

Colin, who wrote the words, trembled over them with a weakness like a woman's; but Meredith's broken and interrupted voice was shaken only by the last pangs of mortality, not by any faltering of the spirit. "I tell you, Colin, it is not hard," he said, and smiled upon his friend, and composed himself to meet the last encounter; but such was not the end. The long night lingered on, and the dying man dozed a little, and woke again less dignified and composed. Then came the weary morning, with its dreadful daylight which made the heart sick, and then a long day of dying, terrible to behold, perhaps not so hard to bear. The two who were his brothers at this dreadful moment exercised all their power to keep Alice out of the room where this struggle was going on, but the gentle little girl was a faithful woman, and kept her place. He had had his moment of conscious victory, but now in its turn the human soul was vanquished. He became unconscious of their consoling presence, conscious of nothing but the awful restlessness, the intolerable langour and yet more intolerable nervous strength which kept him alive in spite of himself; and then the veiled and abstracted spirit awoke to matters of which, when in full possession of his faculties, Arthur had made no mention. He began to murmur strange words as he lay tossing in that last struggle. "Tell my father," he said once or twice, but never finished

the message. That death so clear and conscious, for which he had hoped, was not granted to him; and, when at last the deliverance came, even Alice, on her knees by the bedside, felt in her desolation a moment's relief. It was almost dawn of the second morning when they raised her up and led her tenderly away to Sora Antonia, the kind Italian woman, who waited outside. Colin was scarcely less overwhelmed than she. The young man sank down by the table where, on the previous night, he had been Arthur's secretary, and almost fainting dropped his head upon the book which still lay open there. Twenty-four hours only of additional hard labour added on to the ending life; but it looked as many years to the young inexperienced spirit which had thus, for the first time, followed another, so far as a spectator can, through the valley of the shadow of death. Lauderdale, who knew better, and upon whose greater strength this dreadful strain of watching had made a less visible impression, had to do for Colin what the kind peasant woman was doing for the desolate sister—to take him away from the chamber of death, and make him lie down, and put aside altogether his own sensations on behalf of the younger and more susceptible sufferer. All that had to be done fell on Lauderdale; he made the necessary arrangements with a self-command which nothing disturbed, and, when the bright cloudless day had advanced, and he could satisfy himself that both the young worn-out creatures, who were his children for the moment, had got the momentary solace of sleep, as was natural, he threw himself into poor Arthur's arm-chair and pondered with a troubled countenance on all that might follow. There he too slept and dozed, as Sora Antonia went softly to and fro, moved with pity. She had said her rosary for Arthur many a morning, and had done all she could to interest in his behalf that good St. Antonio of Padua, who was so charitable, and perhaps might not be so particular about a matter of doctrine as St. Paul or St. Peter; for Sora Antonia was kind to the bottom of her heart, and could not bear to think of more than a thousand years or so of Purgatory for the poor young heretic. "The Signorino was English and knew no better," she said to her patron saint, and comforted herself with the thought that the blessed Antonio would not fail to attend to her recommendation, and that she had done the best she could for her lodger; and out of the room where Alice slept the deep sleep of exhaustion the good woman made many voyages into the silent *salone*, where the shutters were closed upon the bare windows, though the triumphant sun streamed in at every crevice. She looked at Lauderdale, who dozed in the great chair, with curious looks of speculation and inquiry. He looked old and grey, thus sleeping in the daylight, and the traces of exhaustion in such a face as his were less touching than the lines in Alice's gentle countenance or the fading of Colin's brightness. He was the only member of the party who looked responsible to the eyes of Sora Antonia; and already she had a little romance in hand, and wondered much whether this uncle, or elder brother, or guardian, would be favourable to her young people. Thus, while the three watchers found a moment's sad rest after their long vigil, new hopes and thoughts of life already began to play about them unawares. The world will not stand still even to see the act of death accomplished; and the act of death itself, if Arthur was right in his hopes, had not that already opened its brighter side upon the solitary soul which had gone forth alone?

The day after everything was finally over was Sunday — the gayest and brightest of summer festal days. Colin and Lauderdale, who had on the day before carried their friend to his grave, met each other sadly at the table, where it was so strange to take up again the common thread of life as though Arthur Meredith had never had any share in it. It was Sunday under its brightest aspect; the village was very gay outside, and neither of them felt capable of

introducing their sombre shadows into the flowery and sunny festa, the gaiety of which jarred upon their sadness, and they had no heart to go about their usual occupations within. When they had swallowed their coffee together, they withdrew from each other into different corners, and tried to read, which was the only employment possible. Lauderdale, for his part, in his listlessness and fatigue, went to rummage among some books which a former occupant had left, and brought from among them—the strangest choice for him to make—a French novel, a kind of production utterly unknown to him. The chances are, he had forgotten it was Sunday; for his Scotch prejudices, though he held them lightly in theory, still held him fast in practice. When, however, he had pored over it vaguely for half an hour (for reading French was a laborious amusement to the imperfectly instructed scholar), Colin was roused out of studies which he, too, pursued with a very divided attention, by a sudden noise, and saw the little yellow volume spin through the air out of his friend's vigorous fingers, and drop ignominiously in a corner. "Me to be reading stuff like that!" said Lauderdale, with grim accents of self-disgust; "and him maybe near to see what a fool is doing!" As he said this, he got up from his chair, and began to pace about the quiet, lonely room, violently endeavouring to recover the composure which he had not been able to preserve. Though he was older and stronger than the others, watching and grief had told upon his strength also; and, in the glory of the summer morning which blazed all round and about, the soul of this wayfaring man grew sick within him. Something like a sob sounded into the silence. "I'm no asking if he's happy," Lauderdale burst forth; "I cannot feel as if I would esteem him the same if he felt nothing but joy to get away. You're a' infidels and unbelievers alike, with your happiness and your heaven. I'm no saying that it's less than the supreme joy to see the face he hoped to see—but joy's no inconsistent with pain. Will you tell me the callant, having a heart as you know he had, can think of us mourning for him and no care? Dinna speak of such inhuman imaginations to me."

"No," said Colin, softly. "But worst of all would be to think he was here," the young man continued, after a pause, "unable to communicate with us anyhow, by whatsoever effort. Don't think so, Lauderdale; that is the most inhuman imagination of all."

"I'm no so clear of that," said the philosopher, subduing his hasty steps; "nae doubt there would be a pang in it, especially when there was information like that to bestow; but it's hard to tell, in our leemited condition, a' the capabilities of a soul. It might be a friend close by, and no yoursel', that put your best thought in your head, though you saw him not. I wouldna say that I would object to that. It's all a question of temperament, and, maybe, age," he continued, calming himself entirely down, and taking a seat beside Colin in the window "The like of you expects response, and has no conception of life without it; but the like of me can be content without response," said Colin's guardian; and then he regarded his companion with eyes in which the love was veiled by a grave mist of meditation. "I would not object to take the charge of you in such a manner," he said, slowly. "But it's awfu' easy to dream dreams,—if anything on this earth could but make a man *know*"—and then there followed another pause. "He was awfu' pleased to teach," Lauderdale said, with an unsteady smile. "It's strange to think what should hinder him speaking now, when he has such news to tell. I never could make it out, for my part. Whiles my mind inclines to the thought that it must be a peaceable sleep that wraps them a' till the great day, which would account for the awfu' silence; but there's some things that go against that. That's what makes me most indignant at thae idiots with their spirit-rapping and gibberish. Does ony mortal with a heart within his bosom dare to think that, if Love doesna open their sealed

lips, any power in the world can?" cried the philosopher, whose emotion again got beyond his control. He got up again, and resumed his melancholy march up and down the room. "It's an awfu' marvel, beyond my reach," he said, "when a word of communication would make a' the difference, why it's no permitted, if it were but to keep a heart from breaking here and there."

"Perhaps it is our own fault," said Colin; "perhaps flesh and blood shrinks more than we are aware of from such a possibility; and perhaps—" here the young man paused a little, "indeed, it is not perhaps. Does not God Himself choose to be our comforter?" said the youthful pre-destined priest; upon which the older and sadder man once more composed himself with a groan.

"Ay," said Lauderdale, "I can say nothing against that argument. I'm no denying it's the last and the greatest. I speak the voice of a man's yearning—but I've no intention of contravening the truth. He's gone like many a one before him. You and me must bide our time. I'll say no more of Arthur. The best thing you can do is to read a chapter. If we canna hear of him direct, which is no to be hoped for, we can take as good a grip as possible of the Friend that stands between us. It's little use trying to forget—or trying no to think and inquire and question. There is but one thing in the world, so far as I can see, that a man can feel a kind of sure of. Callant, read a chapter," said the philosopher, with a long sigh. He threw himself back as he spoke in the nearest chair, and Colin took his Bible dutifully to obey. The contrast between this request, expressed as any Scotch peasant would have expressed it, and the speculations which preceded it, did not startle Colin, and he had opened the book by instinct in the latter part of St. John's Gospel, when he was disturbed by the entrance of Alice, who came in softly from her room without any warning. Her long attendance on her brother had withdrawn the colour from her cheeks and the fulness from her figure so gradually, that it was only now in her mourning dress that her companions saw how pale and thin she had grown. Alice was not speculative, nor fanciful, nor addicted to undue exercise of the faculties of her own mind in any way. She was a dutiful woman, young and simple, and accepting God's will without inquiry or remonstrance. Though she had struggled long against the thought of Arthur's death, now that he *was* dead she recognised and submitted to the event which it was no longer possible to avert or change, with a tender and sweet resignation of which some women are capable. A more forlorn and desolate creature than Alice Meredith did not exist on the earth, to all ordinary appearance, at this moment; but, as she was not at all thinking of herself, that aspect of the case did not occur to her. She came out of her room very softly, with a faint smile on her face, holding some Prayer-books in her hands. Up to this sad day it had been their custom to read prayers together on the Sundays, being too far off Rome to make it practicable even for the stronger members of the party to go to church. Alice came up to Colin with her books in her hands—she said to him in a wistful whisper, "You will take his place," and pointed out to him silently the marks she had placed at the lessons and psalms. Then she knelt down between the two awed and astonished men, to say the familiar prayers which only a week ago Arthur himself had read with his dying voice. Though at times articulation was almost impossible to Colin, and Lauderdale breathed out of his deep chest an Amen which sounded like a groan, Alice did not falter in her profound and still devotions. She went over the well-known prayers word by word, with eye and voice steadfast and rapt in the duty which was at the same time a consolation. There are women of such sweet loyalty and submission of spirit, but neither Lauderdale nor Colin had met with them before. Perhaps a certain passiveness of intellect had to do with it, as well as Alice's steady English training and custom of self-suppression; but it made a wonderful impression

upon the two who were now the sole companions and guardians of the friendless young woman, and gave her indeed for the moment an absolute empire over them, of which Alice was altogether unconscious, and of which, even had she known it, she could have made no further use. When the Morning Prayer was almost concluded it was she who indicated to Colin another mark in the Prayer-book, at the prayer for Christ's Church militant on earth, and they could even hear the whisper of her voice broken by an irrestrainable sob at the thanksgiving for all "Thy servant departed this life in Thy faith and fear," which Colin read with agitation and faltering. When they all rose from their knees, she turned from one to the other with her countenance for the first time disturbed. "You were very very good to him," she said, softly. "God will bless you for it," and so sank into sobbing and tears, which were not to be subdued any longer, yet were not passionate nor out of accordance with her docile looks. After that, Alice recovered her calm, and began to occupy herself with them as if she had been their mother. "Have you been out?" she said. "You must not stay in and make yourself ill." This was addressed specially to Colin. "Please go out and take a walk; it will do you a great deal of good. If it had not been a great festa it would not have been so bad; but, if you go up to the Villa Conti, you will find nobody there. Go up behind the terrace, into the alleys where it is shady. There is one on the way to the Aldobrandini; you know it, Mr. Campbell. Oh go, please; it is such a beautiful day, it will do you good."

"And you?" said Colin, who felt in his heart an inclination to kneel to her as if she had been a queen.

"I will stay at home to-day," said Alice. "I could not go out to-day; but I shall do very well. Sora Antonia will come in from mass presently. Oh, go out, please, and take a walk. Mr. Lauderdale, he will go if you tell him to go—you are both looking so pale."

"Come, Colin," said Lauderdale, "she shall have her pleasure done this day, at least, whatsoever she commands. If there was onything within my power or his—" said the philosopher, with a strange discord that sounded like tears in his voice; but Alice stopped him short.

"Oh yes," she said, softly, "it is very good of you to do it because I ask you. Mr. Campbell, you did not read the right lesson," she added, turning her worn face to Colin with a slight reproach.

"I read what I thought was better for us all, mourning as we are," said Colin, startled; upon which the sad little representative of law and order did her best to smile.

"I have always heard it said how wonderful it was how the lesson for the day always suited everybody's case," said Alice. "Arthur never would make any change for circumstances. He—he said it was as if God could ever be wanting," the faithful sister said, through her sobs; and then, again, put force upon herself:—"I shall be here when you come back," she said, with her faint smile; and so, like a little princess, sent them away. The two men went their way up the slope and through the little town, in their black coats, casting two tall, sombre shadows into the sunshine and gaiety of the bright piazza. There had been a procession that morning, and the rough pavement was strewed with sprigs of myrtle and box, and the air still retained a flavour of the candles, not quite obliterated by the whiff of incense which came from the open doors of the Cathedral, where even the heavy leathern curtain, generally suspended across the entrance, had been removed by reason of the crowd. People were kneeling even on the steps; peasants in their laced buskins, and Frascati women, made into countesses or duchesses, at the least, by the long white veil which streamed to their feet. The windows were all hung with brilliant draperies in honour of the morning's procession and the afternoon's Tombola.

It was one of the very chief of Italian holydays, a festal Sunday in May, the month of Mary. No wonder the two sad Protestant Scotchmen, with mourning in their dress and in their hearts, felt themselves grow sick and faint as they went dutifully to the gardens of the Villa Conti, as they had been commanded. They did not so much as exchange a word with each other till they had passed through all that sunshine and reached the identical alley, a close arcade, overarched and shut in by the dense foliage of ilex-trees, to which their little sovereign had directed them. There was not a soul there as she had prophesied. A tunnel scooped out of the damp, dewy soil would scarcely have been more absolutely shut in from the sunshine, scarcely could have been stiller or cooler, or more withdrawn from the blazing noonday, with its noises and rejoicings, than this narrow sombre avenue. They strayed down its entire length, from one blue arch of daylight to the other, before they spoke; and then it was Lauderdale who broke the silence, as if his thoughts, generally so busy and so vagrant, had never got beyond Alice Meredith's last words.

"Another time, Colin," said the philosopher, "you'll no make ony changes in the lesson for the day. Whiles it's awfu' hard to put up with the conditions o' a leemited intellect; but whiles they're half divine. I'm no pretending to be reasonable. She kens no more about reason than—the angels, maybe—no that I have ony personal acquaintance with their modes o' argument. I admit it's a new development to me; but a woman like yon, callant, would keep a man awfu' steady in the course of his life."

"Yes," said Colin; and then with a strange premonition, for which he himself could not account, he added—"She would keep a man steady, as you say; but he would find little response in her—not that I regard her less respectfully, less reverentially than you do, Lauderdale," he went on, hurriedly, "but"—

"It wasna your opinion I was asking for," said the philosopher somewhat morosely. "She's like none of the women you and me ken. I'm doubtful in my own mind whether that dutiful and obedient spirit has ever been our ideal in our country. Intellect's a grand gift, callant, baith to man and woman; but you'll no fly in my face and assert that it's more than second-best."

"I am not up to argument to-day," said Colin; and they walked back again the whole length of the avenue in silence. Perhaps a certain irritability, born of their mutual grief, was at the bottom of this momentary difference; but somehow, in the stillness, in the subdued leafy shade, which at first sight had been so congenial to his feelings, an indescribable shadow stole over Colin's mind—a kind of indistinct fear and reluctance, which took no definite shape, but only crept over him like a mist over the face of the sun. His heart was profoundly touched at once by the grief, and by the self-command of Alice, and by her utter helplessness and dependence upon himself and his friend. Never before had he been so attracted towards her, nor felt so much that dangerous softening sentiment of pity and admiration, which leads to love. And yet, the two walked back silently under the dark ilex-trees, and across the piazza, which was now thronged with a gay and many-coloured crowd. The brighter the scene grew around them, the more they shut themselves up in their own silence and sorrow, as was natural; and Colin at length began to recognise a new element, which filled him with vague uneasiness —an element not in the least new to the perplexed cogitations of his guardian and anxious friend.

CHAPTER XXXV.

When they entered the *salone* on their return, the first object which met their eyes was the stately figure of Sora Antonia in full holiday costume, lately returned from mass. She had still her fan and her rosary depending from her

wrist—adjuncts almost equally necessary to devotion, as that is understood at Frascati—and was still arrayed in the full splendours of the veil, which, fastened over her hair, fell almost to her feet behind, and gave grace and dignity to her tall and stately person. Sora Antonia was a dependent of the family Savvelli; scarcely a servant, though she had once belonged to the prince's household. She had charge of the palace at Frascati, which was never occupied except by a solitary ecclesiastic, the prince's brother, for whom the first-floor was kept sacred. Even this sanctity, however, was sometimes invaded when a good chance offered of letting the *piano nobile* to some rich foreigner, which was the fate of all the other apartments in the house. Sora Antonia had charge of all the interests of the Savvelli in their deserted mansion. When the tenants did any damage she made careful note of it, and did not in any respect neglect the interests of her master; nor was she inconsiderate of her own, but regarded it as a natural duty, when it proved expedient, to make a little money out of the Forestieri. "They give one trouble enough, the blessed Madonna knows," the good woman said piously. But, notwithstanding these prudent cares, Sora Antonia was not only a very sensible woman according to her lights, but had a heart, and understood her duty to her neighbours. She made her salutations to the two friends when they entered with equal suavity, but addressed her explanations to Colin, who was not only her favourite in right of his youth and good looks, but who could understand her best. Colin, whose Italian was limited, called the excellent housekeeper Madama, a courtesy which naturally gained her heart; and she on her part appropriated to his use the title of Signorino, which was not quite so flattering—for Colin was still young enough to object to being called young. To-day, however, her address was more dignified, for the crisis was an important one. Before she began to speak the visitor sat down, which in itself was an act requiring explanation, especially as the table had been already arranged for dinner, and this was the last day in the world on which the strangers were likely to desire society. Sora Antonia took matters with a high hand, and in case of opposition secured for herself at least the first word.

"Pardon, caro Signore mio," she said, "you are surprised to find me here. Very well; I am sorry to incommode the gentlemen, but I have to do my duty. The Signorina is very young, and she has no one to take care of her. The Signori are very good, very excellent, and kind. Ah yes, I know it—never was there such devotion to the poor sick friend;—nevertheless, the Signori are but men, *senza complimenti*, and I am a woman who has been married and had children of my own, and know my duty. Until some proper person comes to take charge of the poor dear young lady, the Signori will pardon me, but I must remain here."

"Does the Signorina wish it?" asked Colin, with wondering looks, for the idea of another protector for Alice confounded him, he scarcely knew why.

"The Signorina is not much more than a child," said Sora Antonia, loftily. "Besides, she has not been brought up like an Italian young lady, to know what is proper. Poverina! she does not understand anything about it; but the Signori will excuse me—I know my duty, and that is enough."

"Oh yes, certainly," said Colin, "but then, in England, as you say, we have different ideas, and if the Signorina does not wish ——"

Here, however, he was interrupted by Lauderdale, who, having tardily apprehended the purport of Sora Antonia's communication, took it upon himself to make instant response in the best Italian he could muster. "*Avete molto buono, molto buono!*" cried Lauderdale, intending to say that she was very kind, and that he highly approved, though a chronic confusion in his mind, as to which was which of the auxiliary verbs, made his meaning cloudy. "*Grazie, Abbiamo contento! Grazie,*" he added, with a little excitement and enthusiasm.

Though he had used the wrong verb, Sora Antonia graciously comprehended his meaning. She was used to such little eccentricities of diction on the part of the Forestieri. She bowed her stately head to him with a look of approbation, and it would be vain to deny that the sense of having thus expressed himself clearly and eloquently in a foreign language conveyed a certain satisfaction to the mind of the philosopher.

"Bravo! The Signore will speak very well if he perseveres," said Sora Antonia, graciously; "not to say that his Excellency is a man of experience, and perceives the justice of what I propose. No doubt, it will occupy a great deal of my time, but the other Forestieri have not arrived yet, and how can one expect the Madonna Santissima and the blessed St. Antonio to take so much trouble in one's concerns if one will not exert one's self a little for one's fellow-creatures? As the Signorina has not left her room yet, I will take away the inconvenience[1] for a few minutes, Scusa Signori," said Sora Antonia, and she went away with stately bearing and firm steps which resounded through the house, to take off her veil and put aside her rosary. She had seated herself again in her indoor aspect, with the "Garden of the Soul" in her hand, before Alice came into the room; and, without doubt, she made a striking addition to the party. She was a Frascati woman born, and her costume, consequently, was perfect—a costume less imposing than the scarlet Albano jacket, but not less calculated to do justice to the ample bust and stately head of the Roman peasant. The dress itself, the actual gown, in this as in other Italian costumes, was an indifferent matter. The important particulars were the long and delicate apron of embroidered muslin, the *busto* made of rich brocade and shaped to the exact Frascati model, and the large, soft, snowy kerchief with embroidered corners, which covered her full shoulders—not to speak of the long heavy gold ear-rings and coral necklace which completed and enriched the dress. She sat apart and contemplated, if not the "Garden of the Soul," at least the little pictures in borders of lace-paper which were placed thickly between the leaves, while the melancholy meal was eaten at the table—for Sora Antonia had *educazione*, and had not come to intrude upon the privacy of her lodgers. Alice, for her part, made no remark upon the presence of this new guardian; she accepted it as she accepted everything else, as a matter of course, without even showing any painful sense of the circumstances which in Sora Antonia's opinion made this last precaution necessary. Her two companions, the only friends she seemed to have in the world, bore vicariously on her account the pain of this visible reminder that she was here in a false position and had no legitimate protector; but Alice had not yet awaked to any such sense on her own behalf. She took her place at the table and tried to swallow a morsel, and interested herself in the appetite of the others as if she had been their mother. "Try to eat something; it will make you ill if you do not," poor Alice said, in the abstraction and dead calm of her grief. Her own feeling was that she had been lifted far away from them into an atmosphere of age and distance and a kind of sad superiority, and to minister to some one was the grand condition under which Alice Meredith lived. As to the personal suffering, which was confined to herself, that did not so much matter; she had not been used to much sympathy, and it did not occur to her to look for it. Consequently, the only natural business which remained to her was to take a motherly charge of her two companions, and urge them to eat.

"You are not to mind me," she said, with an attempt at a smile, after dinner. "This is Sunday, to be sure; but, after to-day, you are just to go on as you used to do, and never mind. Thank you, I should like it better. I shall always be here, you know, when you come back from Rome, or wherever you wish to go. But you must not mind for me."

[1] "Levo l'incomodo," a homely expression of Italian politeness on leaving a room.

Lauderdale and Colin exchanged looks almost without being aware of it. "But you would like—somebody to be sent for—or something done?" said Lauderdale. He was a great deal more confused in having to suggest this than Alice was, who kept looking at him, her eyes dilated with weariness and tears, yet soft and clear as the eyes of a child. He could not say to her, in so many words, "It is impossible for you to remain with us." All he could do was to falter and hesitate, and grow confused, under the limpid, sorrowful look which she bent upon him from the distant heaven of her resignation and innocence. "You would like your friends—somebody to be written to," said Lauderdale; and then, afraid to have given her pain by the suggestion, went on hurriedly: "I'm old enough to be your father, and no a thought in my mind but to do you service," he said. "Tell me what you would like best. Colin, thank God! is strong, and has little need of me. I'll take you home, or do whatever you please; for I'm old enough to be your father, my poor bairn!" said the tender-hearted philosopher, and drew near to her, and put out his hand with an impulse of pitiful and protecting kindness which touched the heart of Alice, and yet filled her with momentary surprise. She, on her own side, was roused a little, not to think of herself, but to remember what appeared to her a duty unfulfilled.

"Oh, Mr. Lauderdale! Arthur said I might tell you," said Alice. "Papa! you heard what he said about papa? I ought to write and tell him what has happened. Perhaps I ought to tell you from the beginning," she continued, after composing herself a little. "We left home without his consent—indeed, he did not know. For dear Arthur," said the poor girl, turning her appealing eyes from one to the other, "could not approve of his ways. He did something that Arthur thought was wrong. I cannot tell you about it," said Alice through her tears;" it did not make so much difference to me. I think I ought to write and tell him, and that Arthur forgave him at the last. Oh, tell me, please, what do you think I should do?"

"If you would like to go home, I'll take you home," said Lauderdale. "He did not mean ony harm, poor callant, but he's left an awfu' burden on you."

"Go home!" said Alice, with a slight shudder. "Do you think I ought—do you think I must? I do not care for myself, but Mrs. Meredith, you know—" she added with a momentary blush; and then the friends began to perceive another unforeseen lion in the way.

"Out of my own head," said Lauderdale, who took the whole charge of this business on himself, and would not permit Colin to interfere, "I wrote your father a kind of a letter. If you are able to hear the—the event—which has left us a' mourning—named in common words, I'll read you what I have written. Poor bairn, you're awfu' young and awfu' tender to have such affairs in hand! Are you sure you are able to bear it, and can listen to what I have said?"

"Ah, I have borne it," said poor Alice. "I cannot deceive myself, nor think Arthur is still here. What does it matter then about saying it? Oh, yes, I can bear anything—it is only me to bear now, and it doesn't matter. It was very kind of you to write. I should like to know what you have said."

Colin, who could do nothing else for her, put forward the armchair with the cushions towards the table, and Sora Antonia put down the "Garden of the Soul" and drew a little nearer with her heavy, firm foot, which shook the house. She comprehended that something was going on which would tax the Signorina's strength, and brought her solid, steady succour to be in readiness. The pale little girl turned and smiled upon them both, as she took the chair Colin had brought her. She was herself quite steady in her weakness and grief and loneliness. Sora Antonia was not wanted there; and Colin drew her aside to the window, where she told him all about the fireworks that were to be in the evening, and her hopes that after a while the Signorina would be able to "distract

herself" a little and recover her spirits; to which Colin assented dutifully, watching from where he stood the pale looks of the friendless young woman—friendless beyond disguise or possible self-deception, with a stepmother whom she blushed to mention reigning in her father's house. Colin's thoughts were many and tumultuous as he stood behind in the window, watching Alice and listening to Sora Antonia's description of the fireworks. Was it possible that perhaps his duty to his neighbour required from him the most costly of all offerings, the rashest of all possible actions? He stood behind, growing more and more excited in the utter quiet. The thought that had dawned upon him under the ilex trees came nearer and grew more familiar, and as he contemplated it he seemed to recognise all that visible machinery of Providence bringing about the great event which youth decides upon so easily. While this vision grew before his mind, Alice was wiping off the tears which obliterated Lauderdale's letter even to her patient eyes; for, docile and dutiful as she was, it was yet terrible to read in calm distinct words, which put the matter beyond all doubt, the announcement of "what had happened." This is what Lauderdale said:—

"Sir,—It is a great grief to me to inform you of an event for which I have no way of knowing whether you are prepared or not. Your son, Arthur Meredith, has been living here for the last three months in declining health, and on Thursday last died in great comfort and constancy of mind. It is not for me, a stranger, to offer vain words of consolation, but his end was such as any man might be well content to have, and he entered upon his new life joyfully, without any shadow on his mind. As far as love and friendship could soothe the sufferings that were inevitable, he had both; for his sister never left his bedside, and myself and my friend Colin Campbell were with him constantly, to his satisfaction. His sister remains under our care. I who write am no longer a young man, and know what is due to a young creature of her tender years; so that you may satisfy yourself she is safe until such time as you can communicate with me, which I will look for as soon as a reply is practicable, and in the meantime remain,

"Your son's faithful friend and mourner,

"W. Lauderdale."

Alice lingered over this letter, reading it, and crying, and whispering to Lauderdale a long time, as Colin thought. She found it easier, somehow, to tell her story fully to the elder man. She told him that Mrs. Meredith had "come home suddenly," which was her gentle version of a sad domestic history,—that nobody had known of her father's second marriage until the stepmother arrived, without any warning, with a train of children. Alice's mild words did not give Lauderdale any very lively picture of the dismay of the household at this unlooked-for apparition, but he understood enough to condemn Arthur less severely than he had been disposed to do. This sudden catastrophe had happened just after the other misery of the bank failure, which had ruined so many; and poor Meredith had no alternative between leaving his sister to the tender mercies of an underbred and possibly disreputable stepmother, or bringing her with him when he retired to die; and Alice, though she still cried for "poor papa," recoiled a little from the conclusion of Lauderdale's letter. "I have enough to live upon," she said, softly, with an appealing glance at her companion. "If you were to say that I was quite safe, would not that be enough?" and it was very hard for Lauderdale to convince her that her father's judgment must be appealed to in such a matter. When she saw he was not to be moved on this point, she sighed and submitted; but it was clearly apparent that as yet, occupied as she was by her grief, the idea that her situation here was embarrassing to her companions or unsuitable for herself had not occurred to Alice. When she retired, under the escort of Sora Antonia,

the two friends had a consultation over this perplexing matter; and Lauderdale's sketch—filled in, perhaps, a little from his imagination—of the home she had left, plunged Colin into deeper and deeper thought. "No doubt he'll send some answer," the philosopher said. "He may not be worthy to have the charge of her, but he's aye her father. It's hard to ken whether it's better or worse that she should be unconscious like this of onything embarrassing in her position, which is a' the more wonderful, as she's a real honest woman, and no way intellectual nor exalted. You and me, Colin," said Lauderdale, looking up in his young companion's face, "must take good care that she does not find it out from us."

"Of course," said Colin, with involuntary testiness; "but I do not see what her father has to do with it," continued the young man. "She cannot possibly return to such a home."

"Her father is the best judge of that," said Lauderdale; "she canna remain with you and me."

And there the conversation dropped—but not the subject. Colin was not in love with Alice; he had, indeed, vague but bright in the clouds before him, an altogether different ideal woman; and his heart was in the career which he again saw opening before him—the life in which he meant to serve God and his country, and which at the present moment would admit of no rashly formed ties. Was it in consequence of these hindrances that this new thing loomed so large before Colin's inexperienced eyes? If he had longed for it with youthful passion, he would have put force on himself and restrained his longing; but the temptation took another shape. It was as if a maiden knight at the outset of his career had been tempted to pass by a helpless creature and leave her wrongs unredressed. The young Bayard could do anything but this.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

In the meantime at least a fortnight must pass before they could expect an answer to Lauderdale's letter. During that time they returned to all their old habits, with the strange and melancholy difference, that Arthur, once the centre of all, was no longer there. Every day of this time increased the development of Colin's new thoughts, until the unknown father of Alice had grown, in his eyes, into a cruel and profligate tyrant, ready to drag his daughter home and plunge her into depraved society, without any regard for either her happiness or her honour. Colin had, indeed, in his own mind, in strictest privacy and seclusion of thought, indited an imaginary letter, eloquent with youthful indignation, to inform this unworthy parent that his deserted daughter had found a better protector; but he was very silent about these cogitations of his, and did not share them even with Lauderdale. And there were moments when Colin felt the seriousness of the position, and found it very hard that such a necessity should meet him in the face at the beginning of his career. Sometimes in the sudden darkening, out of the rosy clouds which hung over the Campagna, the face of the impossible woman, the ideal creature, her who could have divined the thoughts in his mind and the movements in his heart before they came into being, would glance suddenly out upon him for an instant, and then disappear, waving a shadowy farewell, and leaving in his mind a strange blank, which the sight of Alice rather increased than removed. That ineffable mate and companion was never to be his, the young man thought. True, he had never met her, nor come upon any trace of her footsteps, for Matty Frankland at her best never could have been she. But yet, as long as he was unbound by other tie or affection, this vision was the "not impossible She" to Colin as to all men; and this he had to give up—for Alice, most gentle, patient Alice, whom it was not in the heart of man to be otherwise than tender of—she who had need of him, and whom his very nature bound him to protect and cherish—was not that woman. At other moments he thought of his own life, for which still so much

training was necessary, and which he should have entered in the full freedom of his youth, and was profoundly aware of the incumbered and helpless trim in which he must go into the battle, obliged to take thought not of his work only, and the best means of doing it, but of those cares of living which lie so lightly on a young man alone. There may be some of Colin's friends who will think the less of him for this struggle in his mind; and there may be many who will think with justice that, unless he could have offered love to Alice, he had no right to offer her himself and his life—an opinion in which his historian fully agrees. But then this gift, though less than the best, was a long way superior to anything else which, at the present moment, was likely to be offered to the friendless girl. If he could have laid at her feet the heart, which is the only true exchange under such circumstances, the chances are that Alice, in her simplicity and gentleness, would have been sadly puzzled what to do with that passionate and ungovernable thing. What he really could offer her—affection, tenderness, protection—was clearly comprehensible to her. She had no other idea of love than was included in those attributes and phases of it. These considerations justified Colin in the step which he contemplated—or rather in the step which he did not contemplate, but felt to be necessary and incumbent upon him. It sometimes occurred to him how, if he had been prudent and taken Lauderdale's advice, and eschewed at the beginning the close connexion with Meredith and his sister, which he had entered into with his eyes open, and with a consciousness even that it might affect his life, this embarrassing situation might never have come into being; and then he smiled to himself, with youthful superiority, contemplating what seemed so plainly the meaning of Providence, and asking himself how he, by a momentary exercise of his own will, could have overthrown that distinct celestial intention. On the whole, it was comforting to think that everything had been arranged beforehand by agencies so very clear and traceable; and with this conclusion of the argument he left off, as near contented as possible, and not indisposed to enjoy the advantages which were palpably before him; for, though they were not the eyes he had dreamed of, there was a sweetness very well worthy of close study in Alice Meredith's eyes.

The days passed very quietly in this time of suspense. The society of the two strangers, who were more to her in her sorrow than all her kindred, supported the lonely girl more than she was aware of—more than any one could have believed. They were absent during the greater part of the day, and left her unmolested to the tears that would come, notwithstanding all her patience; and they returned to her in the evening with attentions and cares to which she had never been accustomed, devoting two original and powerful minds, of an order at once higher and more homely than any which she had ever encountered, to her amusement and consolation. Alice had never known before what it was to have ordinary life and daily occurrences brightened by the thick-coming fancies, the tender play of word and thought, which now surrounded her. She had heard clever talk afar off, "in society," and been awe-stricken by the sound of it, and she had heard Arthur and his friends uttering much fine-sounding language upon subjects not generally in her way, but she was utterly unused to that action of uncommon minds upon common things which gives so much charm to the ordinary intercourse of life. All they could think of to lighten the atmosphere of the house in which she sat in her deep mourning, absorbed for hours together in those thoughts of the dead to which her needlework afforded little relief, they did with devotion, suspending their own talk and occupations to occupy themselves with her. Colin read *In Memoriam* to her till her heart melted and relieved itself in sweet abundant tears; and Lauderdale talked and told her many a homely history of

that common course of humanity, full of sorrows sorer than her own, which fills young minds with awe. Between them they roused Alice to a higher platform, a different atmosphere, than she had known before; and she raised herself up after them with a half-bewildered sense of elevation, not understanding how it was; and so the long days which were so hard, and which nothing in the world could save from being hard, brightened towards the end, not certainly into anything that could be called pleasure, but into a sad expansion and elevation of heart, in which faintly appeared those beginnings of profound and deep happiness which are not incompatible with grief, and yet are stronger and more inspiring than joy. While this was going on, unconsciously to any one concerned, Sora Antonia, in her white kerchief and apron, sometimes knitting, sometimes with her distaff like a buxom Fate, sat and twisted her thread and turned her spindle a little behind yet not out of reach, keeping a wary eye upon her charge. She too interposed, sometimes her own experiences, sometimes her own comments upon life and things in general, into the conversation; and, whether it was that Sora Antonia's mind was really of a superior order, or that the stately Roman speech threw a refining colour upon her narratives, it is certain that the interpellations of the Italian peasant fell without any sensible derogation into the strain of lofty yet familiar talk which was meant to wean Alice from her special grief. Sora Antonia told them of the other Forestieri who had lived like themselves in the Savvelli palace; who had come for health and yet had died, leaving the saddest mourners—helpless widows, and little children, heartbroken fathers and mothers, perhaps the least consolable of all. Life was such, she said solemnly, bowing her stately head. She herself, of a hardy race, and strong, as the Signori saw, had not she buried her children, for whom she would have gladly died? But the good God had not permitted her to die. Alice cried silently as she heard all this; she kissed Sora Antonia, who, for her part, had outlived her tears, and with a natural impulse turned to Colin, who was young, and in whose heart, as in her own, there must live a natural protest against this awful necessity of separation and misery; and thus it came to be Colin's turn to interpose, and he came on the field once more with *In Memoriam*, and with other poems which were sweet to hear, and soothed her even when she only partly entered into their meaning. A woman has an advantage under such circumstances. By means of her sympathy and gratitude, and the still deeper feeling which grew unconsciously in her heart towards him who read, she came to believe that she too understood and appreciated what was to him so clear and so touching. A kind of spiritual magnetism worked upon Alice, and, to all visible appearance, expanded and enlarged her mind. It was not that her intellect itself grew, or that she understood all the beautiful imaginations, all the tender philosophies thus unfolded to her; but she was united in a singular union of affectionate companionship with those who did understand, and even to herself she appeared able to see, if not with her own eyes at least with theirs, the new beauties and solemnities of which she had not dreamt before. This strange process went on day by day without any one being aware of it; and even Lauderdale had almost forgotten that their guardianship of Alice was only for the moment, and that the state of affairs altogether was provisionary and could not possibly continue, when an answer reached him to his letter. He was alone when he received it, and all that evening said nothing on the subject until Alice had retired with her watchful attendant; then, without a word of comment, he put it into Colin's hand. It was written in a stilted hand, like that of one unaccustomed to writing, and was not quite irreproachable even in its spelling. This was what Lauderdale's correspondent said:—

"SIR,—Your letter has had such a bad effect upon the health of my dear husband, that I beg you won't trouble him with any more such communications. If it's meant to get money, that's vain—for neither him nor me knows anything about the friends Arthur may have picked up. If he had stayed at home he would have received every attention. As for his ungrateful sister, I won't have anything to say to her. Mr. Meredith is very ill, and, for anything I know, may never rise from a bed of sickness, where he has been thrown by hearing this news so sudden; but I take upon me to let her know as he will have nothing to say to one that could behave so badly as she has done. I am always for making friends, but she knows she cannot expect much kindness from me after all that has happened. She has money enough to live on, and she can do as she pleases. Considering what her ingratitude has brought her dear father to, and that I may be left alone to manage everything before many days are past, you will please to consider that here is an end of it, and not write any more begging letters to me.

"JULIA MEREDITH."

This communication Colin read with a beating heart. It was so different from what he expected, and left him so free to carry out the dawning resolution which he had imagined himself executing in the face of tyrannical resistance, that he felt at first like a man who has been straining hard at a rope and is suddenly thrown down by the instantaneous stoppage of the pressure on the other side. When he had picked himself up, the facts of the case rushed on him distinct and unmistakable. The time had now come when the lost and friendless maiden stood in the path of the true knight. Was he to leave her there to fight her way in the hard world by herself, without defence or protection, because, sweet and fair and pure as she was, she was not the lady of his dreams? He made up his mind at once with a thrill of generous warmth, but at the same time felt himself saying for ever and ever farewell to that ideal lady who henceforward, in earth or heaven, could never be his. This passed while he was looking at the letter which already his rapid eye had read and comprehended. "So there is an end of your hopes," said Colin. "Now we are the only friends she has in the world—as I have always thought."

"Softly," said Lauderdale. "Callants like you aye rin away with the half of an idea. This is an ignorant woman's letter, that is glad to get rid of her. The father will mend, and then he'll take her out of our hands."

"He shall do nothing of the kind," said Colin, hotly. "You speak as if she was a piece of furniture; I look upon her as a sacred charge. We are responsible to Meredith for his sister's comfort and—happiness," said the young man, who during this conversation preferred not to meet his companion's eye.

"Ay!" said Lauderdale, drily, "that's an awfu' charge for the like of you and me. It's more that I ever calculated on, Colin. To see her safe home, and in the hands of her friends——"

"Lauderdale, do not be so heartless; cannot you see that she has no friends?" cried Colin; "not a protector in the world except——"

"Callant, dinna deceive yourself," said Lauderdale; "it's no a matter for hasty judgment; we have nae right to pass sentence on a man's character. He's her father, and it's her duty to obey him. I'm no heeding about that silly woman's letter. Mr. Meredith will mend. I'm here to take care of you," said Colin's guardian. "Colin, hold your peace. You're no to do for a moment's excitement, for pity and ruth and your own tender heart, what you may regret all your life. Sit down and keep still. You are only a callant, too young to take burdens on yourself; there is but one way that the like of you can protect the like of her—and that is no to be thought of, as you consented with your own mouth."

"I am aware of that," said Colin, who had risen up in his excitement.

"There is but one way. Matters have changed since we spoke of it first."

"I would like to know how far they have changed," said Lauderdale. "Colin, take heed to what I say; if it's love I'll no speak a word; I may disapprove a' the circumstances, and find fault with every step ye take; but if it's love——"

"Hush!" said Colin, standing upright, and meeting his friend's eye; "if it should happen to be my future wife we are speaking of, my feelings towards her are not to be discussed with any man in the world."

They looked at each other thus for a moment, the one anxious and scrutinizing, the other facing him with blank brightness, and a smile which afforded no information. Perhaps Lauderdale understood all that was implied in that blank; at all events, his own delicate sense of honour could not refuse to admit Colin's plea. He turned away, shaking his head, and groaning privately under his breath; while Colin, struck with compunction, having shut himself up for an instant, unfolded again, that crisis being over, with all the happy grace of apology natural to his disposition. "You are not 'any man in the world,'" he said with a short laugh, which implied emotion. "Forgive me, Lauderdale; and now you know very well what I am going to do."

"Oh ay, I ken what you are going to do; I kent three months ago, for that matter," said the philosopher. "A man acts no from circumstances, as is generally supposed, but from his ain nature." When he had given forth this oracular utterance, Lauderdale went straight off to his room without exchanging another word with Colin. He was satisfied in a way with this mate for his charge, and belonged to too lowly a level of society to give profound importance to the inexpediency of early marriages—and he was fond of Alice, and admired her sweet looks and sweet ways, and respected her self-command and patience; nevertheless, he too sighed, and recognised the departure of the ideal woman, who to him as little as to Colin resembled Alice—and thus it was understood between them how it was to be.

All this, it may be imagined, was little compatible with that reverential regard for womankind in general which both the friends entertained, and evidenced a security in respect to Alice's inclinations which was not altogether complimentary to her. And yet it was highly complimentary in a sense; for this security arose from their appreciation of the spotless unawakened heart with which they had to deal. If Colin entertained little doubt of being accepted when he made his proposition, it was not because he had an overweening idea of himself, or imagined Alice "in love" with him according to the vulgar expression. A certain chivalrous, primitive sense of righteous and natural necessity was in his confidence. The forlorn maiden, knowing the knight to be honest and true, would accept his protection loyally and simply, without bewildering herself with dreams of choice where no choice was, and having accepted would love and cleave as was her nature. To be sure there were types of woman less acquiescent; and we have already said that Alice did not bear the features of the ideal of which Colin had dreamed; but such was the explanation of his confidence. Alice showed little distress when she saw her stepmother's letter except for her father's illness, though even that seemed rather consolatory to her than otherwise, as a proof of his love for Arthur. As for Mrs. Meredith's refusal to interfere on her behalf, she was clearly relieved by the intimation; and things went on as before for another week or two, until Sora Antonia, who had now other tenants arriving and many occupations in hand, began to murmur a little over the watch which she would not relinquish. "Is it thus young ladies are left in England," she asked with a little indignation, "without any one to take care of them except the Signori, who, though amiable and excellent, are only men? or when may Madama be expected from England who is to take charge of the Signorina?" It was after this question had been put to him with some force one evening,

that Colin proposed to Alice, who was beginning to lift her head again like a flower after a storm, and to show symptoms of awakening from the first heaviness of grief, to go out with him and visit those ilex avenues, which had now so many associations for the strangers. She went with a faint sense of pleasure in her heart through the afternoon sunshine, looking wistfully through her black veil at the many cheerful groups on the way, and clinging to Colin's arm when a kind neighbour spoke to her in pity and condolence. She put up her veil when they came to the favourite avenue, where Lauderdale and Colin walked so often. Nothing could be more silent, more cool and secluded than this verdant cloister, where, with the sunshine still blazing everywhere around, the shade and the quiet were equally profound and unbroken. They walked once or twice up and down, remarking now and then upon the curious network of the branches, which, out of reach of the sun, were all bare and stripped of their foliage, and upon the blue blaze of daylight at either opening, where the low arch of dark verdure framed in a space of brilliant Italian sky. Then they both became silent, and grew conscious of it; and it was then, just as Alice for the first time began to remember the privileges and penalties of her womanhood, that Colin spoke,—

"I brought you here to speak to you," he said. "I have a great deal to say. That letter that Lauderdale showed you did not vex you, did it? Will you tell me? Arthur made me one of your guardians, and, whatever you may decide upon, that is a sacred bond."

"Yes, oh yes," said Alice, with tears, "I know how kind you both are. No, it did not vex me, except about papa. I was rather glad, if I may say so, that she did not send for me home. It is not —a—home—like what it used to be," said Alice; and then, perhaps because something in Colin's looks had advertised her of what was coming; perhaps because the awakening sense sprung up in a moment, after long torpor, a sudden change came upon her face. "I have given you a great deal of trouble," she said; "I am like somebody who has had a terrible fall—as soon as I come to myself I shall go away. It is very wrong of me to detain you here."

"You are not detaining us," said Colin, who, notwithstanding, was a little startled and alarmed; "and you must not talk of going away. Where would you go? Are not we your friends—the friends you know best in Italy? You must not think of going away."

But even these very words thus repeated acted like an awakening spell upon Alice. "I cannot tell what I have been thinking of," she said. "I suppose it is staying indoors and forgetting everything. I do not seem to know even how long it is. Oh yes, you are my kindest friends. Nobody ever was so good to me; but, then, you are only—gentlemen," said Alice, suddenly withdrawing her hand from Colin's arm, and blushing over all her pallid face. "Ah! I see now how stupid I have been to put off so long. And I am sure I must have detained you here."

"No," said Colin, "do not say so; but I have something more to say to you. You are too young and too delicate to face the world alone, and your people at home are not going to claim you. I am a poor man now, and I never can be rich, but I would protect you and support you if you would have me. Will you trust me to take care of you, Alice, not for this moment, but always? I think it would be the best thing for us both."

"Mr. Campbell, I don't understand you," said Alice, trembling and casting a glance up at him of wistful surprise and uncertainty. There was an eager, timid inquiry in her eyes besides the bewilderment. She seemed to say, "What is it you mean?" "Is *that* what you mean?" and Colin answered by taking her hand again and drawing it through his arm.

"Whether you will have me or not," he said, "there is always the bond between us which Arthur has made sacred, and you must lean on me all the

same. I think you will see what I mean if you consider it. There is only one way that I can be your true protector and guardian, and that is if you will consent to marry me, Alice. Will you? You know I have nothing to offer you; but I can work for you, and take care of you, and with me you would not be alone."

It was a strange way of putting it, certainly—very different from what Colin had intended to say, strangely different from the love-tale that had glided through his imagination by times since he became a man; but he was very earnest and sincere in what he said, and the innocent girl beside him was no critic in such matters. She trembled more and more, but she leaned upon him and heard him out with anxious attention. When he had ended, there was a pause, during which Colin, who had not hitherto been doubtful, began himself to feel anxious; and then Alice once more gave a wistful, inquiring look at his face.

"Don't be angry with me," she said; "it is so hard to know what to say. If you would tell me one thing quite truly and frankly—Would it not do you a great deal of harm if this was to happen as you say?——"

"No," said Colin. When he said the word he could not help remembering, in spite of himself, the change it would make in his young prospects, but the result was only that he repeated his negative with more warmth. "It can do me only good," said Colin, yielding to the natural temptations of the moment, "and I think I might do something for your happiness too. It is for you to decide — do not decide against me, Alice," said the young man; "I cannot part with you now."

"Ah! — " said Alice with a long breath. "If it only would not do you any harm," she added a moment after, once more with that inquiring look. The inquiry was one which could be answered but in one way, and Colin was not a man to remain unmoved by the wistful, sweet eyes thus raised to him, and by the tender dependence of the clinging arm. He set her doubts at rest almost as eloquently, and quite as warmly, as if she had indeed been that woman who had disappeared among the clouds for ever, and led her home to Sora Antonia with a fond care, which was very sweet to the forlorn little maiden, and not irksome by any means to the magnanimous knight. Thus the decisive step was taken in obedience to the necessities of the position, and the arrangements (as Colin had decided upon them) of Providence. When he met Lauderdale and informed him of the new event, the young man looked flushed and happy, as was natural in the circumstances, and disposed of all the objections of prudence with great facility and satisfaction. It was a moonlight night, and Colin and his friend went out to the *loggia* on the roof of the house, and plunged into a sea of discussion, through which the young lover steered triumphantly the frailest bark of argument that ever held water. But, when the talk was over, and Colin, before he followed Lauderdale downstairs, turned round to take a parting look at the Campagna, which lay under them like a great map in the moonlight, the old apparition looked out once more from the clouds, pale and distant, and again seemed to wave to him a shadowy farewell. "Farewell! farewell! in heaven nor in earth will you ever find me," sighed the woman of Colin's imagination, dispersing into thin white mists and specks of clouds; and the young man went to rest with a vague sense of loss in his heart. The sleep of Alice was sweeter than that of Colin on this first night of their betrothal; but at that one period of existence, it often happens that the woman, for once in her life, has the advantage. And thus it was that the event, foreseen by Lauderdale on board the steamer at the beginning of their acquaintance, actually came to pass.

To be continued.

THE CAMBRIDGE "APOSTLES."

BY W. D. CHRISTIE.

A WRITER in the July number of Fraser's Magazine, who has described most of the living Judges of England, has, under a mistake about one of them, introduced an allusion to a Cambridge Society to which, not by itself, the name of "Apostles" has been given. He says of Mr. Justice Blackburn that "he was educated at Eton and Trinity College, where he took a creditable degree in mathematics. His friends thought highly of him, and he was enrolled a member of the club or society called 'The Apostles,' which boasts of having worked wonders in the domains of thought and imagination. It may lay claim to a man of genius or two, and several men of talent, as having belonged to the fraternity; but, as regards national thought or progress, its annals might be cut out of the intellectual history of England without being missed."

Mr. Justice Blackburn was eighth wrangler in 1834, and was not a member of the Society to which his name has served as a pretext for this allusion. His abilities are accredited to the world by something stronger than his college honours or the opinion of friends, for there is probably no more remarkable instance of a high appointment given entirely from disinterested conviction of ability and learning than the selection by Lord Campbell, when Lord Chancellor, for the first judgeship he had to give, of Mr. Blackburn, a political opponent, known to him only as a member of the bar, and not suggested for promotion by precedence, for he was not a Queen's Counsel, or by popular opinion, for to the general public he was unknown. It so happens, however, that the learned Judge did not belong to the fraternity which, according to this writer, "boasts of having worked wonders in the domains of thought and imagination," and whose annals, strange to say, though the writer asserts that it has comprised one or two men of genius and several of talent, might yet, he thinks, be "cut out of the intellectual history of England without being missed." The mistake has perhaps originated in a confusion with a younger brother of the Judge, the Professor of Mathematics at Glasgow, who was a member of the Society.

This Society has existed for forty-four years in the University of Cambridge. Its own name is Conversazione Society. It is limited in number to twelve actual members in residence, undergraduates or bachelors of arts. Hence the name of "Apostles," given at first in derision. Thirty years ago, the fame, then already considerable, of one, of whom few would now say that his works, if lost, would not be missed, or that he had not done wonders in the domains of thought and imagination,—the fame of Alfred Tennyson, and a band of his friends and contemporaries, all members of the Society, among whom may be named Arthur Hallam, Milnes, Trench, and Alford, had made for the Society in Cambridge a name which has never since departed from it. Poetry was not its sole or special pursuit. In 1834, the actual members had the advantage of the continued presence in Cambridge, and friendly counsel, and familiar companionship, of a large number of college tutors and lecturers, who had taken high University honours, and had already, according to the rules of the Society, become honorary members. Among these were W. H. Thompson, the present Regius Professor of Greek, Blakesley, now a Canon of Canterbury, Charles Merivale, the historian of Rome, G. S. Venables, and Edmund Lushington, the Professor of Greek at Glasgow. In this year, 1834, an agitation and

controversy having arisen about the admission of Dissenters to degrees in the Universities, and great fears having been expressed by Mr. Goulburn in the House of Commons, and by Dr. Turton, then Regius Professor of Divinity, in a pamphlet, of mischievous theological controversies among undergraduates, that giant in learning and intellect, Connop Thirlwall—then an assistant-tutor of Trinity, soon after made Bishop of St. David's—scouted the alarm with a reference and a tribute to this Society. Addressing Dr. Turton, Mr. Thirlwall said, "If you are not acquainted with the fact, you may be alarmed when I inform you that there has long existed in this place a society of young men, limited indeed in number, but continually receiving new members to supply its vacancies, and selecting them by preference among the youngest, in which all subjects of the highest interest, without any exclusion of those connected with religion, are discussed with the most perfect freedom. But, if this fact is new to you, let me instantly dispel any apprehension it may excite, by assuring you that the members of this Society, for the most part, have been and are among the choicest ornaments of the University, that some are now among the ornaments of the Church, and that, so far from having had their affections embittered, their friendships torn and lacerated, their union has been one rather of brothers than of friends."

Names have been mentioned which may already suggest that this Society might have been spared the remarks by which an anonymous writer, led to mention it by mistake, has accompanied his admissions of praise. "It may lay claim to a man of genius or two, and several men of talent, but, as regards national thought or progress, its annals might be cut out of the intellectual history of England without being missed." Well, genius does not grow on hedgerows, and rare always have been the spirits which are, in Tennyson's words, "full-welling fountain-heads of change," governing national thought and progress.

Among those who, in academic youth, were members of this Society, are three distinguished living ornaments of the House of Commons, to two of whom it has been given to be members of the Cabinet, or again as Tennyson says,

"To mould a mighty state's decrees
And shape the whisper of the throne,"

and the other of whom is one of our ablest parliamentary orators. The three are Mr. Walpole, Lord Stanley, and Mr. Horsman.

Of a fourth who attained eminence in public life I will speak more at large, for death has closed his distinguished career, and in his last years I had peculiar opportunities of knowing him. The name of Charles Buller, by several resemblances—by his wit, by his death at a moment when his fame was culminating and higher political honours had begun to come to him, by many qualities described in Burke's famous eulogy on Charles Townshend—involuntarily recalls to mind that more eminent but less estimable politician. For of Charles Buller it might have been as truly said in the House of Commons, when he had ceased to adorn it, as it was said by Burke of Charles Townshend: "In truth, he was the delight and ornament of this House, and the charm of every private society which he honoured with his presence. Perhaps there never arose in this country, nor in any country, a man of a more pointed and finished wit, and of a more refined, exquisite, and penetrating judgment. If he had not so great a stock as some have had, who flourished formerly, of knowledge long treasured up, he knew better by far than any man I ever was acquainted with, how to bring together within a short time all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate, and to decorate that side of the question he supported. He stated his matter skilfully and powerfully. He particularly excelled in a most luminous explanation and display of his subject. His style of argument was neither trite and vulgar, nor subtle and abstruse. He hit the House just between wind and water." Burke qualified his praise of Towns-

hend's judgment by a few words which I have omitted—"where his passions were not concerned." These words do not apply to Charles Buller, and here lay one point of superiority. Charles Buller also was not a trimmer or a waverer. He was an earnest, single-minded, consistent politician. It is believed that his political advancement was for some time retarded by the character which he had acquired of a joker; but whoever thought that under that bright pleasant surface of playful humorousness there was a character wanting in solidity or strength of purpose, was greatly mistaken. He was never a seeker of office; for a considerable time, indeed, while it was within easy reach, he avoided it. The secretaryship of the Board of Control was offered to him by Lord Melbourne, in 1839, when Lord Melbourne's government was strong, and he declined it. Later, in 1841, after Lord Melbourne's government had taken the first step towards free-trade by proposing a moderate fixed duty on corn, and the early fall of the Ministry was certain, the very same office was offered to Charles Buller, and he accepted it, casting in his fortunes with a falling Ministry. When the Liberal party returned to power in 1846, under Lord John Russell, as Premier, Charles Buller was appointed Judge-Advocate. This is never a Cabinet office, and many thought that there should have been then an ampler recognition of Charles Buller's abilities, long-tried political steadfastness, and self-made parliamentary standing. But his was not a grasping or self-asserting nature, and he himself was contented. He took the office of Judge-Advocate, but he declined its usual accompaniment, the rank of Privy Councillor. He was by profession a barrister, and had latterly been often employed in cases before the Privy Council, and he desired to retain the power, when he might lose his office, of practising as a barrister, which would have been contrary to rule or usage, if he were a Privy Councillor. And here appeared both the simplicity and the prudence of his character. He was the eldest of three children of a retired civil servant of the East India Company, who was still alive, and who indeed survived him; and, though he might have looked forward in the ordinary course of nature to a not remote possession of a fortune which to him, whose ways were frugal and unostentatious, would have been a complete competency, and though he had in his ready and happy pen a source of income on which from experience he might count, he preferred to waive a rank which is the general object of honourable ambition, that he might preserve the security of an additional means of pecuniary independence. He used to like to call himself a "political adventurer;" and, being not a man of wealth or title, but a man of talent and political convictions, he belonged to that class of "adventurers" from which the House of Commons and the great aristocratic parties of England have derived lustre,—the class of Burke, Sheridan, Canning, Horner, Praed, and Macaulay. In the autumn of 1847, he received from Lord John Russell an offer, which he declined, but the handsome terms of which gave him great satisfaction. It was the offer of the seat of Legislative Member of the Indian Council, which had been first held by Macaulay, and was then vacated by Mr. Cameron, whose term of office had expired. Lord John Russell wrote to him that he could not allow the office to be offered to anyone else before giving him the refusal, and that it was with regret he should lose him from England, where high office must soon present itself for him. He was chiefly moved to decline this office by his unwillingness to separate himself from his father and mother, neither of whom, if he went to India, he could expect to see again. On the meeting of the new Parliament in November, 1847, he was appointed President of the newly constituted Poor Law Board. In a short twelvemonth he was dead. His fame was rapidly ripening when he died at the early age of forty-two. It had been finally arranged very shortly before his

death that he should be made a Privy Councillor; but he died before he could be sworn in. The most eminent of all political parties joined to commemorate his worth and brilliancy by a bust, placed in Westminster Abbey, bearing an inscription written by one of his oldest and most admiring friends, another "Apostle," Richard Monckton Milnes. When Macaulay, excluded from the House of Commons in 1847, was re-elected for Edinburgh in 1852, he referred in the speech which he addressed to his constituents to some of the eminent men who had vanished during his absence; and he began with Buller:—"In Parliament I shall look in vain for virtues which I loved, and for abilities which I admired. Often in debate, and never more than when we discuss those questions of colonial policy which are every day acquiring a new interest, I shall remember with regret how much eloquence and wit, how much acuteness and knowledge, how many engaging qualities, how many fair hopes, are buried in the grave of poor Charles Buller." Later, another distinguished politician and man of genius, reviewing the celebrities of St. Stephen's, has given Charles Buller a due place in his gallery of fame.

"Farewell, fine humourist, finer reasoner still,
Lively as Luttrell, logical as Mill,
Lamented Buller: just as each new hour
Knit thy stray forces into steadfast power,
Death shut thy progress from admiring eyes,
And gave thy soul's completion to the skies."[1]

Charles Buller, before he went to Cambridge, had been the pupil of one of our greatest writers and worthiest men, Thomas Carlyle, who always loves to speak of the fine endowments of his pupil, and who, immediately after his death, testified publicly to his virtues and capacity. The author dwelt characteristically on the truthfulness and simplicity of Charles Buller:—"There shone mildly in his whole conduct a beautiful veracity, as if it were unconscious of itself: a perfect spontaneous absence of all cant, hypocrisy and hollow pretence, not in word and act only, but in thought and instinct. To a singular extent, it can be said of him, that he was a spontaneous, clear man. Very gentle, too, though full of fire; simple, brave, graceful. What he did, and what he said, came from him as light from a luminous body, and had thus always in it a high and rare merit, which any of the more discerning could appreciate fully."[1]

[1] "St. Stephen's, a Poem," known to be Sir E. B. Lytton's, though his name is not on the title-page.

Is it not time that some friend should collect the scattered remains of Charles Buller's wit and wisdom, and present them to the world, with one of those Memoirs with selected correspondence which in later times have made so numerous and valuable a department of historical biography?

This Cambridge Society may feel a just pride in one whom all its members, from the oldest to the youngest, from the most distinguished to the humblest, regard with affection—the poet, the excellent prose-writer, the temperate and thoughtful politician, who, with general public approval, has lately been made Lord Houghton. If Richard Monckton Milnes had not been a man of the world and busy politician, and if he had been able to concentrate his energies on poetry, and gird himself to the building up of some great poem, none who know what poetry he has written, can doubt that it was in him to be a great poet; and none who know his "Life of Keats," or any of his many pamphlets and articles in Reviews and Magazines, will deny that he presents another example of what he has himself lately proclaimed, and supported by much proof, that a good poet makes himself a good prose-writer.[2] To give examples of Tennyson's poetry is needless, but there may be readers who will wish now to see a specimen of Milnes.

[1] *Examiner*, December, 1848.

[2] Introductory Address in the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, by Lord Houghton, 1863.

Some specimens exist in earlier volumes of this Magazine. But take a little gem, one of many, from his earliest poems. The following was written when he was nineteen:—

MUTABILITY.

"I saw two children intertwine
Their arms about each other,
Like the lithe tendrils of a vine,
Around its nearest brother:
And ever and anon,
As gaily they ran on,
Each lookt into the other's face,
Anticipating an embrace.

"I markt those two when they were men,
I watcht them meet one day;
They toucht each other's hands, and then
Each went on his own way:
There did not seem a tie
Of love, the lightest chain,
To make them turn a ling'ring eye,
Or press the hand again.

"This is a page in our life's book
We all of us turn over;
The web is rent,
The hour-glass spent,
And, oh! the path we once forsook,
How seldom we recover!

"Our days are broken into parts,
And every fragment has a tale
Of the abandonment of hearts,
May make our freshest hopes turn pale;
Even in the plighting of our troth,
Even in the passion of our oath,
A cold, hard voice may seem to mutter
'We know not what it is we utter.'"

Some seventeen years ago Lord Houghton was sketched, with the addition of a little playful caricature, and of one or two touches inconsistent with the whole, which the better feelings of the man of genius who wrote that sketch will probably have long since led him to regret, in Mr. Disraeli's "Tancred," under the name of "Mr. Vavasour." The following sentences are a slightly-marred recognition of qualities which in the interval have become widely known:—

"Mr. Vavasour was a social favourite; a poet, and a real poet, quite a troubadour, as well as a member of Parliament, travelled, sweet-tempered, and good-hearted; very amusing, and very clever. With catholic sympathies and an eclectic turn of mind, Mr. Vavasour saw something good in everybody and everything, which is certainly amiable, and perhaps just, but disqualifies a man in some degree for the business of life, which requires for its conduct a certain degree of prejudice. Mr. Vavasour's breakfasts were renowned. Whatever your creed, class, or country—one might almost add, your character—you were a welcome guest at his matutinal meal, provided you were celebrated. That qualification, however, was rigidly enforced. Individuals met at his hospitable house who had never met before, but who for years had been cherishing in solitude mutual detestation, with all the irritable exaggeration of the literary character. He prided himself on figuring as the social medium by which rival reputations became acquainted, and paid each other in his presence the compliments which veiled their ineffable disgust. A real philosopher, alike from his genial disposition and from the influence of his rich and various information, Vavasour moved amid the strife sympathizing with every one; and perhaps, after all, the philanthropy, which was his boast, was not untinged by a dash of humour, of which rare and charming quality he possessed no inconsiderable portion. Vavasour liked to know everybody who was known, and to see everything which ought to be seen. His life was a gyration of energetic curiosity, an insatiable whirl of social celebrity. There was not a congregation of sages and philosophers in any part of Europe which he did not attend as a brother. As for his acquaintances, he was welcomed in every land: his universal sympathies seemed omnipotent. Emperor and king, jacobin and carbonari, alike cherished him. He was the steward of Polish balls, and the vindicator of Russian humanity; he dined with Louis Philippe and gave dinners to Louis Blanc."

A better knowledge of Lord Houghton would have taught the writer, and has very likely already taught him, that he seeks not celebrity only, but talent, whether celebrated or obscure; and that merit, and not success, is the indispensable qualification. Many are the young authors, and obscure men of talent, who may afterwards perhaps attain fame or may miss it, who know the warmth of his sympathy and the constancy of his friendship. Merit or mark, though lowly or unfashionable, is, indeed, to him as beauty to Van Artevelde's Elena—

"Beauty in plain attire her heart could fill;
Yea, though in beggary, 'twas beauty still."

Nor can I admit the justice of the insinuation that malice mingles in his catholic friendship and hospitality; rather do I believe in the poet-poli-

tician's own account of his mission of conciliation in lines, published in 1840, which are worthy to be quoted for themselves—

"Amid the factions of the Field of Life
The Poet held his little neutral ground,
And they who mixt the deepest in the strife
Their evening way to his seclusion found.
"Thus, meeting oft the antagonists of the day,
Who near in mute suspicion seemed to stand,
He said what neither would be first to say,
And, having spoken, left them hand in hand."

The description of Lord Houghton's life as "a gyration of energetic curiosity, an insatiable whirl of social celebrity," is not too strong; and the combination of such a life with great acquirements and constant literary occupation, and with the mental activity which enables him to keep pace with the progress of almost all branches of literature and speculative philosophy, and to study and prosecute more political questions than are undertaken by most legislators, is truly matter for amazement. To the large mind Mr. Disraeli has done justice, but not to the large heart which is with it. This has been well described with one single touch, by a well-known popular writer, another "Apostle," who, in his own quaint manner, in one of the volumes of the "Friends in Council," has set himself to think how his friends would treat him if he should get into serious trouble or discredit, and declares himself confident of one thing, that "Pontefract" would instantly ask him to dinner.

There can hardly be a literary reputation whose growth and spread have been so remarkable and satisfactory as that which has come in early manhood to the author of the "Claims of Labour" and the "Friends in Council." These and other books, published without a name, addressing neither the passions nor the imagination, written in no gorgeous or glittering style, but one singularly simple, unadorned, and clear, altogether unaided by arts of puffing, pushed by no newspaper or review, silently, steadily, widely worked their way to "the general heart of man;" and the author of the "Friends in Council" had a large circle of readers and fame, before the name of Arthur Helps was generally known. I believe that, as is often the case, the merits of this writer were widely appreciated in the United States, even before they obtained a similar wide appreciation in England. I cannot conceive a more decisive test of fame—as decisive, certainly, as the "Digito monstrari et dicier, hic est"—than what accidentally came under my notice a few years ago, viz., a lecture given in a provincial town (by, I think, an American lecturer), called "An Evening with Arthur Helps." The "Claims of Labour" made the beginning of his popularity, and the "Friends in Council" is the most popular of his works. Many of the readers of these books are perhaps yet unacquainted with the learning, wisdom, and eloquence (see, for instance, the eloquent description of the city of Mexico) of his "History of the Conquest of America," or with the practical wisdom condensed into his "Essays written in the Intervals of Business"—superior, perhaps, in some respects, and certainly for conciseness, to the Essays of the "Friends in Council." And few beyond the friends of his youth know of a little volume, which was published while he was at Cambridge, and which it is to be regretted that he has not reproduced—a little collection of aphorisms, "Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd," which, at the time of its anonymous publication, attracted the notice, and obtained the highly favourable judgment, of John Stuart Mill. This is twenty-seven years ago. The little book was the subject of an article by Mr. John Mill, which also treated of aphorisms generally, in the "London Review" of January, 1837. The same distinguished thinker and writer had been foremost to give warm welcome to the first poetry of Alfred Tennyson. I remember, when a boy, first learning of Alfred Tennyson's name and poetry, by an article written by John Stuart Mill, pointing out the beauties and great promise of poems in which the *Quarterly* of that

day could find nothing but matter for sneers and ridicule. This was published, in 1830 or 1831, in a Magazine called the *Monthly Repository*, edited by W. J. Fox. It is generally known that Arthur Helps is the author of the Preface to the collection of the Prince Consort's "Speeches and Addresses."

Among living and dead there are many other members of this Cambridge Society known more or less to fame. Let me first enumerate a few of the living: Frederick Maurice; Dr. Kennedy, the Head Master of Shrewsbury; Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, poet as well as divine; another poet and divine, Alford, the Dean of Canterbury; James Spedding, who, having served for some time in the Colonial Office, refused nearly twenty years ago the honourable offer of succession to Sir James Stephen as Under-Secretary for the Colonies, that he might patiently devote himself to his long labour of love on the life and works of Bacon; the Regius Professor of Greek, W. H. Thompson, a member of the late Commission on Public Schools; Charles Merivale, the distinguished Latin scholar and Roman historian, the present chaplain to the House of Commons; Kenneth Macaulay, the member for Cambridge, whose endowments singularly fitted him for distinction in the House of Commons, but whom enfeebled health has prevented from seeking there the prominence which in younger days of strength he had, with surprising rapidity, acquired at the Bar; W. F. Pollock, the translator of Dante; Tom Taylor, in all whose versatile accomplishments and industry are to be seen high principles of taste and moral aim, and the brightest element of whose various fame is the elevation by scholarship and moral purpose of his popular dramas; Maine, who is now maintaining in India, as Legislative Member of Council, the high name which he had acquired as a philosophical lawyer, and as author of a treatise on Ancient Law; another young jurist of solid reputation, Fitzjames Stephen, author of "A General View of the Criminal Law of England;" Butler, the distinguished young head-master of Harrow; William Johnson, of Eton; and let me end this list with one who may, without invidiousness, be selected from among the younger hopes of the Society, who has lately, in the pages of this Magazine, made a brilliant beginning in literature as the Indian "Competition Wallah," and who, the heir of two reputations, is expected by many to follow not unworthily in the two careers of literature and of politics.

Of Charles Buller I have already spoken at length. I will mention a few other members of this Society, who have prematurely died, leaving works and a name behind them, an instalment only of "unfulfilled renown." There was John Sterling, who has had the high honour of being the subject of two rival biographies by two such men as Julius Charles Hare and Thomas Carlyle; whose beautiful poem, the "Sexton's Daughter," ought to be known by all; whom I only saw and heard once,—"*Virgilium vidi tantum*,"—but the music of whose full and flowing eloquence as heard on that occasion has never faded from my ears.[1] There were the two Hallams, the elder of whom will be ever remembered by that great threnodia, greater than "Lycidas" or "Adonais," which our Poet Laureate has made in his memory, and the younger of whom was regarded by his contemporaries as of promise hardly inferior to his brother's.[2] There were John Kemble, the well-known Anglo-Saxon scholar; Henry Lushington, who was Secretary of Government in Malta, and whose virtues and accomplishments and works, much diminished by constant ill-health, have been recorded in the charming biography of his friend and brother-apostle, Venables; and, lastly, I will

[1] Archdeacon Hare says of his reputation as a speaker at Cambridge, "I have been told by several of the most intelligent among his contemporaries that, of all the speakers they ever heard, he had the greatest gift of natural eloquence." Carlyle, speaking of his college reputation as a speaker, says, that Charles Buller was considered to be the only one of his companions who came near him.

[2] See Dr. John Brown's "Horæ Subsecivæ," first series, for notices of the two Hallams.

name one with whom I was united in close friendship, the late Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, John Gorham Maitland, the extent of whose powers and attainments his great modesty veiled from the world. At Cambridge he seemed never to have any work to do; yet he was third classic of his year, second Chancellor's medallist, and seventh wrangler. His mind embraced all subjects, and was as fitted for the work of life as for speculation. His superiors in the Civil Service Commission—I can speak for one of them at least, Sir John Lefevre—knew his capacity and worth.

A few young men at College, attracted to companionship by a common taste for literature and speculation, make a Society for a weekly essay and discussion. Such societies have often been made in public schools and Universities. This Society was founded about 1820 by some members of St. John's College, among whom was Tomlinson, the late Bishop of Gibraltar. In a few years it gravitated to Trinity, and it began to be famous in the time of Buller, Sterling, Maurice, and Trench. Then came the halo of Tennyson's young celebrity. Mr. Venables has alluded to the Society in his Life of Henry Lushington, as the chief pleasure and occupation of Lushington's Cambridge days. Quoting from one of Lushington's Essays a charming passage of reminiscences of his college life, Mr. Venables adds to the quotation a happy description of his own.

"'There is,' he says in one of the accompanying essays, 'a deep truth and tenderness in the tone in which Giusti recalls those four happy years spent without care; the days, the nights "smoked away" in free gladness, in laughter, in uninterrupted talk; the aspirations, the free open-hearted converse, as it was then, of some who now meet us disguised as formal worldlings; all the delights of that life, whether at Cambridge or at Pisa, that comes not again.' Youthful conversation of the higher class, though it would seem crude and pedantic to mature minds, is more ambitious, more earnest, and more fruitful, than the talk which furnishes excitement and relaxation in later life. Our Cambridge discussions would have been insufferably tedious to an experienced and accomplished listener of fifty; but in the audacity of metaphysical conjectures or assertions, in the partisanship of literary enthusiasm, in the exuberant spirits, the occasional melancholy, the far-fetched humour of youth, all were helping each other, governed by the incessant influence of contagious sympathy. Like many past and future generations of students, we spent our days—

'In search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence and poetry,
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.'"

Some fifteen generations of young "Apostles" have passed from college into life. A few have gained eminence, several distinction. The just pride of members of the Society in the fame of its greater ornaments cannot surely be proscribed by the most cynical. Within the Society itself there is no hierarchy of greatness. All are friends. Those who have been contemporaries meet through life as brothers. All, old and young, have a bond of sympathy in fellow-membership. All have a common joy and a common interest in the memory of bright days that are gone, of daily rambles and evening meetings, of times when they walked and talked with single-hearted friends in scenes hallowed by many memories and traditions—or by the banks of Cam, or in the lime-tree avenues of Trinity, or within sound of the great organ of the great chapel of King's, or in the rural quiet of Madingley or Grantchester,—sometimes perhaps

"Yearning for the large excitement which the coming years would yield,"

but all, as they stood on the threshold of life, hopeful and happy, gladdened by genial influences which are never forgotten, and sunned by warm friendships of youth which never die.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

The life of a most extraordinary man has recently appeared, and should be studied by all who are interested in the curiosities of literature and art.[1] To this generation he is nearly unknown. To his contemporaries he most frequently seemed to be a madman. Yet of this strange being—at once a poet and a painter—Wordsworth said: "There is "something in his madness which "interests me more than the sanity of "Lord Byron and Walter Scott." Fuseli and Flaxman declared that the time would come when his designs should be as much sought after and treasured in portfolios as those of Michael Angelo. "Blake is d—— good to steal from," said Fuseli. "And, ah! sir," said Flaxman, "his poems are as grand as his pictures." Who is the unknown genius that is praised so highly, and what has he done? The answer is given in two goodly volumes, to which three ardent admirers have contributed. The late Mr. Gilchrist, who distinguished himself by the production of a good biography of Etty, has traced the incidents of Blake's life; Mr. Dante Rossetti, one of the leading pre-Raphaelite painters, has edited Blake's poetry and criticised his style of art; and Mr. W. M. Rossetti has produced a critical catalogue of Blake's designs. The work produced by three such able men is very interesting. Perhaps they overrate Blake's merits, but their opinion, if exaggerated, is worth examining; and they have done really a good work in rescuing from oblivion one of the most extraordinary men of our nation.

William Blake was born in 1757, and he died in 1827. He was born, he lived, and he died in London. His threescore and ten years covered a most important, a most active period in the history of English art and poetry; and what manner of man he was we can see at once in the earliest incident of his childhood which is known. When he had not yet entered his teens he saw a vision. He beheld a tree at Peckham Rye all filled with angels. He told his father of the sight on coming home, and was about to receive a flogging for the supposed lie, when his mother interfered and saved him for that once. All his life he saw such visions. "Did you ever see a fairy's funeral, madam?" he once said, quite gravely, to a lady; "I have." And then he described how, in the stillness of his garden, he had seen a procession of little creatures of the size and colour of green and grey grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a roseleaf, which they buried with songs. At this time he was an artist, and drew with wonderful truthfulness the sights which he saw in vision. He really saw what he drew; and if the vision changed its appearance he could not go on. He once saw and drew the ghost of a flea! See the portrait of this amazing monster at page 255—a sketch of singular vigour, which any one once seeing will never forget. As he was drawing this ghostly flea, it appeared in vision to move its mouth, and he had to take the portrait over again. Mr. Richmond, the well-known portrait-painter, was one of his admirers, and finding his invention flag during a whole fortnight, went to Blake, as was his wont, for advice. When he told Blake that his power of invention had been failing him, the strange visionary turned suddenly to Mrs. Blake and said, "It is just so with us, is it not, for weeks together when the visions forsake us? What do we do then, Kate?" "We kneel down and pray, Mr. Blake," was the reply. He prayed for vision,

[1] The Life of William Blake, "Pictor Ignotus," with Selections from his Poems and other Writings: By the late Alexander Gilchrist, author of "The Life of William Etty:" illustrated from Blake's own works in facsimile by W. J. Linton, and in Photolithography; with a few of Blake's original Plates. 2 vols. Macmillan and Co. 1863.

and the vision came. He would insist on it, too, that no one could really draw well any imaginary scene who did not see it as a reality in vision. He was surrounded with strange sights and sounds which nobody else saw or heard. "What! when the sun rises do you not see a round disc of fire somewhat like a guinea?" he supposes some one to ask, and he answers, "Oh! no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!' I question not my corporeal eye, any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through, and not with it."

Although this is the side of his character which first fixes our attention, Blake was, after all, not a mere visionary, but had a sharp, observing eye for external nature, and understood perfectly that no one can draw visions well unless he can first draw real things well. He drew well and easily, and he had a quick and clear insight into character. At the age of fourteen his father proposed to bind him as an apprentice to Ryland, the engraver. "Father," he said, "I do not like the man's face; he will live to be hanged." And twelve years afterwards Ryland actually was hanged. He was bound apprentice to Busire, the engraver, and worked hard under him till he was twenty-one years of age. Then he studied in the newly-formed Royal Academy, and began to make original designs, some like those of his friend Stothard, to illustrate books. At the same time he was cultivating poetry. When he was yet fourteen, indeed, he threw off verses of no mean merit, and thenceforward he wrote what, *for the time*, we must consider very remarkable poems, though, regarding his poetical works as a whole, we cannot share Mr. Gilchrist's surprise that Blake is little known as an English poet. For the most part his poems are wanting in form, or they are difficult to understand, or the sentiment which they convey is out of all proportion to the world of fact. We cannot without long quotations, which no one would much care to read, show the formlessness and the obscurity of his poems; but we can, in a short example, show what we mean by objecting to the disproportion between his ideas and facts:—

> A robin redbreast in a cage
> *Puts all heaven in a rage;*
> A dove-house filled with doves and pigeons
> *Shudders hell through all its regions;*
> A game cock clipped and armed for fight
> *Doth the rising sun affright.*

This is rather a wild way of saying that redbreasts ought not to be caged, that a dovecot is a pretty sight, and that cock-fighting is a barbarous sport. Apart from these faults, which will prevent sober critics from speaking of Blake's poems in the somewhat extravagant terms adopted by Mr. Rossetti and by Mr. Gilchrist, there is a power and an originality in his style which cannot be overlooked, especially when we remember the date to which most of the poems belong.

One of the most curious studies in criticism concerns the rise and fall of Pope's poetical ascendancy in the last century. So much has been written upon this theme that it may seem to be now exhausted; but the truth is, that we are not yet in full possession of the facts that would enable us to trace with perfect accuracy the movement either of flow or of ebb. In the middle of last century we find Pope enthroned in our literature with imperial power. So far as we can trace, the first conscious or critical lapsing from his authority—the first open treason—is to be found in a work published in 1787 by a young man of twenty-two. Henry Headley, of Trinity College, Oxford, then gave to the world a book of beauties, which he entitled, "Select Beauties of Ancient English Poets, with Remarks." Among these remarks will be found a most determined protest against the influence of Pope. He tells us that the translation of Homer, timed as it was, operated like an inundation on our literature; that the consequences which have ensued from the sway of Pope have been full of harm; that "in proportion as his "works were read and the dazzle of his "diction admired, proselytes, who would

"not originally have been scribblers in "verse, were gained, and the art of "tagging smooth couplets, without any "reference to the character of a poet, "became an almost indispensable requi-"site in a fashionable education;" that hence arose "a spurious taste" which "reprobated and set at defiance our older masters;" and that "to cull "words, vary pauses, adjust accents, "diversify cadence, and by, as it were, "balancing the line, make the first part "of it betray the second," had become the chief accomplishment of an age whose poetical art seemed to consist entirely "of a suite of traditional "imagery, hereditary similes, readiness "of rhyme, and volubility of syllables." But the revolt thus openly proclaimed by the daring young critic, in 1787, had for some time been secretly fermenting, and it is common in this connexion to fix upon the publication of Percy's "Reliques," in 1765, as the first distinct sign of a change. Now it is universally allowed that the most remarkable specimens in Percy, of what may be termed ballad-thinking, are of Scottish origin; and Mr. Robert Chambers, in a recent tract which has not received the attention it deserves, attempts to make good the position that these famed Scottish ballads are by no means of such ancient origin as Percy imagined; that, in fact, they were produced in the early part of last century. We have not yet examined into this question so closely as to be able to give a decisive answer to it, and we reserve to ourselves the right of hereafter rejecting Mr. Chambers's theory; but in the meantime we cannot help thinking that he has made out a fair case for inquiry. The great difficulty of the question depends on the nature of the evidence which has to be weighed. It turns almost wholly on the delicacies of style and other points of internal evidence, which no cautious critic will care to decide off-hand. To detect and follow out resemblances is always a very ticklish task. The resemblance which strikes us to-day we cannot see to-morrow, and it is necessary to approach the comparison many fresh times before we can quite make up our minds. In this case we start back with astonishment from the conclusion that "the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens" is a veritable product of Pope's own day and generation. Yet Mr. Chambers has made out a strong case in favour of that conclusion. And if in accordance with this theory it should in the end prove that some of the best ballads in Percy—those which secured for his three volumes their chief influence—were produced in Scotland at the very time when Pope was in England elaborating his style and establishing his supremacy, it will then follow that the seeds of the revolt against the English poet were being sown at the very same time when his authority began to be planted in the hearts of the people. Parallel with the movement of poetry in England there began a movement of poetry in Scotland. Nothing could be more splendid or self-asserting than the beginnings of the former; nothing more humble and retiring than the beginnings of the latter. But ere long the influence of the unpretending crept into the domain of pretentious song, grew there into favour, at length overthrew the giant, and great was the downfall.

Now Blake asserted his originality at a time when it was an extraordinary merit to do so—when as yet the ballad style which Percy favoured had not thoroughly told upon the public ear. Blake was eight years of age when, in 1765 (Mr. Gilchrist is wrong in the date 1760), Percy published his ballads, and he began to write in his eleventh year. His poems show a remarkable precocity, that does not suffer by comparison with the similar precocity of Chatterton, who was but four years ahead of him in age. By the year 1770 Chatterton had done his work and died at the age of seventeen. His younger compeer had begun to compose two years before, and had produced some strains which, for his age, are quite wonderful. The following piece was written certainly before the boy was fourteen, and shows a rare precocity:—

How sweet I roam'd from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the prince of Love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He shew'd me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair,
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
And Phœbus fir'd my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

To our thinking the finest verses penned by Blake are those addressed to a tiger; and whoever will read them, remembering the sort of style which was in vogue at the time of their composition, will have no difficulty in detecting in them the notes of a man of true genius. If this be madness, it is that species of it to which all genius is said to be near akin:—

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned that fire within thine eyes?
On what wings dared he aspire?
What the hand dared seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain,
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Blake, we say, never surpassed these verses, and it is curious that though here we have the true sublime, and though with his pencil he could at any time reach the sublime, yet the more ambitious efforts of his pen are usually the least successful. Sometimes—we must say it, with all deference to the really subtle criticism of Mr. Dante Rossetti—he is quite unintelligible; if he is not unintelligible, then he is either enigmatical, or he says common things with a disproportionate ponderosity, not of words, but of images. We gave some examples from the passage in which Blake tells us that a cock-fight "doth the rising sun affright." Here is more in the same style of disproportionate grandeur:—

Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
For the last judgment draweth nigh:
The beggar's dog and widow's cat,
Feed them and thou shalt grow fat;
Every tear from every eye
Becomes a babe in eternity;
The bleat, the bark, bellow and roar,
Are waves that beat on heaven's shore.

It is when he turns from the sublime and the difficult to the simple and easy, that he shows to best advantage. Witness the following bit of simplicity:—

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me:

'Pipe a song about a Lamb!'
So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again;'
So I piped: he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!'
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read.'
So he vanish'd from my sight,
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

Blake was peculiar in his mode of publication. He *engraved* his poems, he surrounded each page with drawings to illustrate the text, and he carefully coloured these drawings by hand. His illustrative designs, whether mixed up with the text or drawn on a separate page, are of various degrees of merit and of interest. In every design there is evident the perfect ease of a master. There is no doubt that he could draw

well, but frequently he chose to draw impossibilities—heads and legs in impossible attitudes, muscles developed beyond all possible tension. In this he was supposed to resemble Michael Angelo; but the great Italian, if he strained to the utmost degree the appearance of muscular action, never represented actions which the muscles were incapable of performing. Blake often outdid nature in this way. Sometimes, too, he seemed to have no idea of what composition is. The first glance at many of his designs is so far from exciting expectation of any good thing, that it is bewildering. The details of the picture are tossed about in hopeless confusion, which it takes some little time to understand. Yet, notwithstanding these defects, there is scarcely a drawing of Blake's in which close study does not detect rare beauties and suggestions. He was wonderfully suggestive, and it is not without reason that the authors and editors of the present biography attribute to Blake's influence much that is peculiarly impressive in the style both of Flaxman and Stothard. His angels are among the finest things we have ever seen, and his treatment of angelic forms is famous for originality. His sense of colour, too, is most remarkable, and receives high praise from a colourist, Mr. Dante Rossetti, than whom no living painter is better able to judge. The painters who are known among us as pre-Raphaelites are most excellent of all in their sense of colour, and Blake may be regarded as the herald and forerunner of the pre-Raphaelite system of colour, "in which tints laid on side by side, "each in its utmost force, are made by "masterly treatment to produce a startling and novel effect of truth." Mr. Rossetti admits, however, that now and then an unaccountable perversity may be apparent in Blake's colour, as when a "tiger is painted in fantastic streaks of "red, green, blue, and yellow, while a "tree stem at his side tantalizingly "supplies the tint which one might "venture to think his due, and is perfect "tiger-colour!" A mistake of this kind in colour is more easily detected than one of form, but it is to impossibilities of drawing not less wonderful than the impossibility of colouring a tiger blue and green that we ventured to refer when just now speaking of the supposed resemblance of his style to that of Michael Angelo. Neither for colouring nor for drawing, however, should Blake be judged by only a few of his works. Much of his art looks like mere nightmare, and oppresses one sometimes with the oppressive hideousness, sometimes with the oppressive loveliness, of night-mare. To understand the man well he ought to be studied as a whole, and his admirers ought to make some attempt to bring his innumerable works together. Then we should see the enormous energy of the man; his prodigious power of invention; how grand and how graceful he could be in design; how spiritual and poetical were all his thoughts and views of life. He is best known by his illustrations to Blair's *Grave;* but the volumes of coloured designs are even more interesting. Some of these will be found in the Print-room of the British Museum. But still finer examples belong to the collections of Lord Houghton and Captain Butts. In the possession of Captain Butts are three works which we have never seen; but Mr. William Rossetti is a competent judge, we accept his opinion of them without misgiving, and we shall quote that opinion as a remarkable testimony to the wonderworking faculty of Blake's pencil. Mr. Rossetti has made a descriptive catalogue of every one of Blake's works of which he could find a trace—no matter how slight; and the three works to which we refer bear in his catalogue respectively the numbers 18, 44, and 54. Here is what Mr. Rossetti says:—

ELOHIM CREATING ADAM.

The Creator is an amazingly grand figure, worthy of a primeval imagination or intuition. He is struggling, as it were, above Adam, who lies distended on the ground, a serpent twined around one leg. The colour has a terrible power in it; and the entire design is truly a mighty one—perhaps on the whole the greatest monument extant of Blake's genius.

THE SACRIFICE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

The loveliness and pathos of innocent girlhood could not be more gloriously expressed than in this figure of the fair young creature, perfectly naked and rose-chapleted, kneeling upon a lofty altar, full-fronting the spectator. Swathes of rushes for burning are behind her: at either side, her tambourine and lyre. Two maidens stand sorrowfully at each angle of the altar. Jephthah kneels in front, his back turned, his arms wide-spread, invoking the divine sanction upon the tremendous deed. To right and to left, clouds, here louring in brown, there blue, droop like heavy folds of curtain. This ranks amongst Blake's noblest designs.

FIRE.

Blake, the supreme painter of fire, in this his typical picture of fire, is at his greatest; perhaps it is not in the power of art to transcend this treatment of the subject in its essential features. The water-colour is unusually complete in execution. The conflagration, horrid in glare, horrid in gloom, fills the background; its javelin-like cones surge up amid conical forms of buildings ('Langham Church steeples,' they may be called, as in No. 151). In front, an old man receives from two youths a box and a bundle which they have recovered; two mothers and several children crouch and shudder, overwhelmed; other figures behind are running about, bewildered what to do next.

Blake was not a practical man, and, very much owing to his impracticability, had to struggle all his life with poverty and neglect, notwithstanding his genius. He was greatly beloved by his friends, but he had queer notions; he was apt to quarrel, and the subjects which he chose for the exhibition of his art were not likely to allure the public of his day. The title of one of his pictures was, "A Spirit vaulting from a Cloud to turn and wind a fiery Pegasus. The horse of intellect is leaping from the cliffs of memory and reasoning; it is a barren rock; it is also called the barren waste of Locke and Newton." Is anybody likely to be attracted by such a title? Another picture is entitled "The spiritual form of Nelson guiding Leviathan, in whose wreathings are enfolded the nations of the earth." The companion picture to this is described as "The spiritual form of Pitt guiding Behemoth: he is that angel who, pleased to perform the Almighty's orders, rides on the whirlwind, directing the storms of war: he is ordering the reaper to reap the vine of the earth, and the ploughman to plough up the cities and towers." It is in such titles as these, and in some parts of the artist's conduct, that the indications of insanity are recognized. For conduct, what should we say of the man who would take his little back garden in this grimy metropolis for the Garden of Eden, and, to the horror of all his neighbours, might be seen in the costume of our first parents sauntering about it, his wife bearing him company? Mr. Butts called one day upon Blake, and found him with his wife in the summer-house, all innocent of clothing. "Come in," cried Blake, "it's only Adam and Eve, you know." Husband and wife had been reciting passages from the "Paradise Lost," and, to enter more fully into the spirit of the poet's verse, they had dressed, or rather undressed for their parts. Blake had a great opinion of the gymnosophists, and would insist on the virtues of nakedness. Nor was he alone in his views. He got his wife to accept them undoubtingly; and we are told of a family in the upper ranks of society, contemporary with Blake, though unknown to him, who had embraced the theory of "philosophical nakedness." Believing in the speedy coming of a golden age similar to the pristine state of innocence, the elders in this family taught the children to run naked about the house for a few hours every day, and in this condition the little innocents would run and open the door to Shelley. Their mother followed the same practice more privately, locking herself in her room; but she declared to her friends that the habit of going about every day for a time in a state of nudity did her much moral good. "She felt the better for it—so innocent during the rest of the day."

It will be readily understood that the man who could thus defy public opinion had but a low opinion of his contemporaries, and had a very high opinion of himself. He had a great contempt for many men whom the world has consented to hold in high estimation. Stothard, his friend, he could speak of as a fool; he could also accuse him of

theft—of stealing his ideas. Having addressed his friend Flaxman once in these terms,—"You, O dear Flaxman, "are a sublime archangel—my friend "and companion from eternity. In the "Divine bosom is our dwelling-place," he could turn upon him at another time and call him a blockhead. This, however, was but tit-for-tat. He was under the impression that Flaxman had called him a madman, and so he retaliated in the couplet—

> I mock thee not, though I by thee am mocked:
> Thou call'st me madman, but I call thee blockhead.

When he wanted to say a thing, he said it in no mincing terms. Thus he observed: "They say, there is no straight line in nature. *This is a lie.*" And so he thought nothing of calling men fools and blockheads—even his friends. It was in this way, as we have seen, that he hit Flaxman and Stothard, both his friends; and so also he flew at another friend. Hayley had been very kind to him, and he addressed Hayley in the following epigram:—

> Thy friendship oft has made my heart to ache;
> *Do* be my enemy for friendship's sake.

He said that Rembrandt, Correggio, and Rubens were manifest fools. Lord Bacon he described as the little Bacon—a fool, a liar, a villain, an atheist. He winds up his opinion with the assertion, "he "is like Sir Joshua, full of self-contradic- "tion and knavery." In another place he says: "Reynolds and Gainsborough "blotted and blurred one against the "other, and divided all the English "world between them. Fuseli indig- "nant almost hid himself. *I am hid.*" Speaking of Rubens and Reynolds together, he says: "Can I speak with too "great contempt of such contemptible "fellows? If all the princes in Europe "were to patronize such blockheads, I, "William Blake, a mental prince, would "decollate and hang their souls as guilty "of mental high treason." He had an inordinate opinion of himself. He despised the flesh colour of Titian, Correggio, and Rubens, but said of himself that he defied competition in colouring. On another occasion he wrote, "I do not "pretend to paint better than Raphael "or Michael Angelo or Giulio Romano, "or Albert Dürer, but I do pretend to "paint finer than Rubens or Correggio, "or Rembrandt or Titian." On yet another occasion he said, "I know and "understand and can assuredly affirm "that the works I have done for you are "equal to the Caracci or Raphael, and I "am now some years older than Raphael "was when he died." Although it is not pleasant to read or hear opinions of this sort, let it not be supposed that he who held them was a cantankerous, hateful being. He was only a visionary, and, with all his inordinate self-admiration, and contempt for others, the friends who came much into contact with him found in him, and had a hearty love for, a very gentle, simple-minded man.

Before we conclude, we must say a word or two about Blake's prose writings. They display all his characteristics—force, truth, wrongness, oddity, earnestness. But his remarks are always suggestive, and sometimes very original. "If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise." This was one of his favourite maxims, and it is sufficiently suggestive. Here, again, is a clear incisive remark: "Names alter, "things never alter. I have known "multitudes of those who would have "been monks in the age of monkery, "and are deists in this deistical age." Then, for oddity, look at this:—"Moral "virtues do not exist; they are allegories "and dissimulations. But time and "space are real beings, a male and a "female. Time is a man, Space is a "woman, and her masculine portion is "Death. We do not ask whether this be true or false. We ask what does it mean? Turning a few pages we come upon a passage which has a clear meaning, though a heretical one. "The fool "shall not enter into heaven, let him "be ever so holy; holiness is not the "price of entrance into heaven." He had a great horror of stupidity, and, like Thomas Carlyle, seemed to regard it as

the unpardonable sin. Speaking of the stupidity of the Church, he says: "The "modern Church crucifies Christ with "the head downwards." He talks about heaven and hell as if he had been there, and knew all about them. "In "hell," he says, "all is self-righteous-"ness; there is no such thing there as "forgiveness of sin." So of the angels he observes, "It is not because angels "are holier than men or devils that "makes them angels; but because they "do not expect holiness from one "another, but from God only." Next we come upon a sentence which will strike the women with consternation:—"In eternity woman is the emanation "of man; she has no will of her own; "there is no such thing in eternity as "a female will." In that case, however, eternity must be very different from time. Blake probably took his notion of eternity from Mrs. Blake's unvarying acquiescence in his whims. He was in glory when he could get people to agree with him. In general he could not get people to agree with him. He found himself sadly out of joint with the time, and in most of what he did there is an evident sense of pain. Ever and anon he seemed to be oppressed with nightmare. What we mean by nightmare is a vision of this kind:—He imagines himself descending into an infinite abyss, fiery and smoky. In the far distance the sun, though shining, is black; and round it are fiery tracks, on which revolve vast spiders, crawling after their prey. Their prey are terrific shapes of animals sprung from corruption; the air being full of them and apparently composed of them. And when Blake, descending into this horrible abyss, inquired where was to be his eternal lot, he was told, "Between the black and the white spiders."

Altogether, this biography of a man who, though continually wrong, was never weak, is one of the most curious studies of human life that we have ever come across; and we are grateful to Mr. Gilchrist and to the Messrs. Rossetti for enabling us to become better acquainted with Blake. In saying so much, however, it is not necessary that we should share the opinion of Mr. Dante Rossetti and his friends that the world is unjust to its great men. If Blake was a great man, and yet was not appreciated in his generation, it is not necessary to blame the world. The blame lies generally in the artist himself, and we are amazed to read the list of great unknowns whom Mr. Dante Rossetti has discovered. It is a list which fills us with a profound sense of our living in a world that is choke full of inglorious Miltons and guiltless Cromwells. Mr. Dante Rossetti is less known to the public than he ought to be. He has never exhibited his pictures, and he is known to the world chiefly through his least important works. It is no secret, however, that in the opinion of a large circle of friends, well able to judge, he is regarded as a man of extraordinary power of rare accomplishment, and certain to take a foremost place in the art records of our time. But even from such a man we refuse to accept, as applied to Blake, the epithets "incomparable," "unparalleled," and the rest. Blake was a mighty being, but he was great as a saurian, or a mammoth that has little felt relation to the time in which he lived. We are interested in him with an intense interest, but it is the sort of interest we should feel in seeing one of the vast creatures of a prior epoch of the world suddenly come to live among us. We recognise his greatness, we wonder at the strength of his thews and the weight of his stride; but we do not wonder that Behemoth is misplaced in this present world, and we do not believe that, though his form is unwonted, one can fairly speak of it as incomparable. Our pre-Raphaelite friends are fond of superlatives, and their style would be improved if they learnt to keep ever at hand a little pepper-box full of "buts" and "ifs" and "perhapses" with which to sprinkle their pages.

THE LAST WISH.

Old friend, you know I trust you. You have heard
What gifts I leave my kin when I am dead:
My greatest wealth remains. Hush! speak no word,
But bring that antique casket to my bed.

See, somewhat rich must surely be contained
Within such noble case. These carven woods
Once swayed in Eastern winds; this creamy-veined
White shell once glistened in Italian floods.

The case for you, so you but do my will.
See this my treasure; keep it unconfest
Till Death lays on my brain his bitter chill;
Then let it perish, buried on my breast.

You marvel. Yes, it seems a worthless prize,
This small wild flow'ret, whose once blushing grace
Is withered; yet 'tis priceless in my eyes—
Ah, friend! as faded is my once fair face.

They did not know 'twas *this* I prized above
The coronet they would have had me wear;
Look, on these leaves there hangs a bloom of Love
Than name or jewels endlessly more rare.

Think you for wealth of titles or of gold
I would have bartered this,—have cast the stem
His fingers culled among the rotting mould
Of Autumn's graves, and placed some costlier gem

Upon the heart where once he laid this flower,
And said—ah me!—in jest, that I should keep
His token till I died? The solemn hour
Draws near which heralds that eternal sleep;

And I have kept my troth. God knows that jest
Is terribly fulfilled. I trust you—lay
The token thus, as he did, on my breast—
So—let me now in silence pass away.

M. S.

THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

The fable of the fox who lost his tail, has always appeared to me to be especially applicable to converts of any kind. The fox, I am prone to fancy, was by no means an impostor. On the contrary—the wish being, as with most of us, father to the thought—he had wrought himself into a conviction that the absence of the caudal extremity conferred all sorts of recondite advantages on the Reynards who were fortunate enough to have undergone an experience similar to his own. Still, lurking in the vulpine mind there was always an uncomfortable doubt whether, after all, he had not committed an act of egregious folly when he parted with his tail; and, in order to remove this painful suspicion from his own mind, he felt a longing for the company of other untailed foxes. Nobody can go through life without meeting specimens of the fox-without-a-tail order. I number many such amongst my friends; and, when they advise me, as they have done frequently, to join the caudicidal faith, I have always a latent feeling that, unknown to themselves, they are less anxious for the improvement of my moral or religious nature than they are to increase the number of persons who cannot gibe at them for not being as other foxes are. If you have not got a tail yourself, what a luxury it must be to look around you and see none but tailless friends!

So, my experience has been that the first thing a convert to any new discovery or delusion sets his heart upon is to lead his friends to the same conclusion as himself. Whether your particular hobby is Banting or David Urquhart, Turkish baths or Homœopathy, Women's rights or Spiritualism, you feel a burning zeal to see others strengthening your own faltering faith by the mere fact of their adhesion to your theory. Acquaintances of mine, whose general interest in my welfare, whether moral or material, I take to be of the most ordinary kind, have shown at many periods an otherwise unaccountable desire to persuade me that they are right, and that I and the rest of the world are wrong. It is to this feeling I attribute the frequent attempts that have been made to convert me to Spiritualism. It is not that any special value is attached to my conversion; but that, if I were converted, I should not be able to annoy my tailless friends with the possession of a tail, more or less ragged I admit, but still a tail of the ordinary description. It was only the other day that I was invited by a friend of mine, a fervent convert to Spiritualism, to witness one of the earliest *séances* of the Davenport Brothers. I was assured that even the most obdurate scepticism must be convinced by the performances of these gentlemen. I was not convinced; and I wish to explain why I was not. But, before speaking of what I saw or did not see, let me say something of the state of mind under which I observed these manifestations: speaking of myself, in as far as I can, as of an impartial spectator. I admit, at first starting, that I am not prepared to say there is nothing whatever in Spiritualism. My private impression is that the whole matter is a delusion and an absurdity, but this impression is not with me an absolute conviction. I have had the pleasure of knowing many men of considerable power of mind, of very different dispositions, and of shrewd common sense in other respects, who firmly believe that Mr. Hume floats about the air in an arm-chair, and that Mr. Foster's arm is habitually subject to the operation of spiritual lithographers. The very fact that the men I speak of do believe such things is one

which, to my mind, requires explanation. Whether I believe or disbelieve, I find a difficulty to grapple with. Of the two sole possible solutions to the difficulty, I prefer to think that my friends are duped, sooner than fancy that banjos are played without hands and that tables dance of their own free will and pleasure. I can even go further than this, and admit frankly that a certain series of experiments might convince me of the truth of these manifestations. It is perfectly absurd, according to my notions, for any man to say that nothing could convince him of any proposition that can be named. I can imagine an amount of evidence that could make any reasonable person believe in sirens and griffins; and, of all arguments, the *à priori* reasoning against Spiritualism always seems to me the weakest. Considering that we have absolutely no knowledge whatever what a disembodied spirit is likely to do or say, under any conceivable circumstances, it is childish to argue that the agency, whatever it may be, which plays "Polly Perkins" out of time on the accordion, cannot be a spirit, because a spirit could never condescend to so vulgar an exhibition. To make a clean breast of it altogether, I will say that the spiritualist *theory* appears to be not an altogether inadmissible one. That mortal life is only one of many phases through which the soul has to pass, that a process of development continues after death, and that the unseen world is closely connected with the seen and tangible one; all seem to me hypotheses for which much can be said. Revelation itself tells us nothing of the conditions under which the spirit will exist after leaving the body; and all speculation on the subject is speculation only. But, speculation for speculation, the spiritualist one has a good deal in its favour. The cause, then, of my disbelief in Spiritualism—that is, in the practical manifestations of spiritual agencies—is not that the theory is untenable in itself, or that no amount of evidence could ever convince me of the truth of these manifestations. My difficulty is, that I can discover no sufficient proof of any kind to cause me to disregard the testimony of all the experience I have acquired during life. From the days of babyhood the truth that becomes most strongly impressed upon us by our hourly experience is that of the law of gravitation. When, therefore, we are told that this law is disproved in such a case as that of Mr. Hume, we are justified in asking for the strongest evidence to induce us to credit the assertion.

Now, that any evidence of the kind I allude to is forthcoming in the case of the Davenport Brothers, I beg to deny. Very full accounts have appeared already in the daily newspapers as to the performances of these gentlemen. The nature of the "séance" is already known, doubtless, to all who take an interest in such subjects. For my purpose, therefore, it will be enough to recapitulate the appearances, which—*granting the premises demanded by the performers*—were undoubtedly supernatural. The Brothers Davenport, then, on the occasion when I was present, were placed in a wardrobe, tied hand and foot; the doors of this chest were then closed; forthwith hands were seen appearing at a small aperture in the centre of the wardrobe; and these hands were not only seen, but were felt by persons who approached the wardrobe. Instruments placed inside the chest were undoubtedly played upon by somebody, and were chucked out of the aperture I have spoken of; and, finally, the two brothers, who went into the cupboard bound, were found untied when the doors were open; while, on another occasion, they went in loose, and were found tied to their seats on the doors being thrown open.

These were the main experiments that I witnessed. About their having been performed I can entertain no manner of doubt, unless I distrust the evidence of my own senses. There are, as far as I can see, but four ways in which these phenomena can be explained. First, by some optical or mechanical contrivance, the senses of the spectators may have been deluded, and we did not see what we fancy we saw. Secondly, the Daven-

ports may have been unloosed by some confederate. Thirdly, they may have untied themselves. Or, lastly, they may, as they assert, be gifted with some supernatural faculty which enables them to defy the ordinary laws of matter. This is their own interpretation. Whether they are released from their fetters by the hands of spirits they do not profess to explain. All they declare is, that by some unseen agency, for which they cannot account, they are so delivered. Now to me the first of these hypotheses is as untenable as the last. The room in which the experiment was performed was a public concert-room, in which there was no possibility of any intricate machinery being erected without discovery; and, if I am to believe anything in the world, I must believe that I saw and touched the two Davenports, sitting bound up with cords, when the doors of the wardrobe were closed, and found them untied when the doors were opened. I am compelled, therefore, to have resort to one of the two other suppositions in order to account for what I saw.

I do not profess to explain how the trick, if it was one, was performed, There never was a man who had less talent for conjuring than myself. I might go every night of my life to see the Wizard of the North, and I am convinced I should die without having the slightest conception of how Miss Anderson comes out of a flat portfolio. I have had the money-passing trick explained to me a dozen times over, but still, each time I see it, it puzzles me again. I therefore utterly and entirely repudiate the assertion that I am bound to believe in the Brothers Davenport any more than I do in the supernatural faculties of Robert Houdin or Wiljalba Frikell. My point is that, quite apart from the intrinsic improbability of a tambourine playing of its own accord, there was everything in the exhibition I witnessed to favour the impression that the performance was a mere conjuring trick of no very high order. It is unpleasant to have to imply the suspicion that the Davenport Brothers and their comrades are practising a hoax upon the public; but they cannot reasonably be indignant at the imputation. If you profess to perform a miracle, you have no right to grumble if people, to whom the power of working miracles has not been vouchsafed, conceive that the supposition of your making fools of them is not untenable. Of the performers themselves I know nothing; their very names were unknown to me till I was asked to attend the *séance*. As far as mere looks go, the Davenport Brothers have that bright, keen, open, Yankee look which to me is always a prepossessing one; the gentleman who acts as the showman to the exhibition is, I am given to understand, a Southern clergyman, and is certainly a man of fair intelligence. Now, supposing the two lads, if I may call them so, though I believe they are men of five-and-twenty or thereabouts, can get their hands loosed, or can have them untied by others, the whole marvel of the performance vanishes at once. Absolutely nothing was done at the exhibition I was present at, which could not have been done with perfect ease supposing the cords to be undone. The so-called spiritual hands, which appeared at the aperture in the wardrobe and touched the bystanders, never advanced to a greater distance than an arm's length from the folding doors; and the music played upon the instruments placed inside the cupboard—though a lady sitting near me described it as seraphic—was exactly of the quality I remember to have heard in a country fair abroad from a musician who played on three instruments at once.

I think, therefore, all but the most confirmed believers will admit that, if it can be shown the Davenport Brothers can slip their hands out of the ropes, there is nothing supernatural, or even extraordinary, to explain in the exhibition. How the cords are slipped I do not profess to explain; but I observed a whole host of circumstances which seem almost purposely designed to suggest the idea of trickery. Two persons are required to perform the experiment. Moreover, three companions of the Brothers Davenport are always present

throughout the exhibition. As these gentlemen must have seen it hundreds of times, it is strange they should be entranced even by the charms of seraphic melody. Yet, for no particular reason that I could learn, they hung about the room, taking no visible part in the performance. Then the manner in which the brothers were fastened up appeared to me needlessly elaborate; there was such a complication of knots and loops that I should have found it impossible to put my finger at once on the point where I ought to have cut the cord, if I had wished to set the brothers free. The two performers were kept most carefully concealed while the process of fastening and unfastening was conducted by their attendant sprites. For some cause or other the spirits will not condescend to appear unless the person they operate on is secluded from the view of all spectators. Knowing nothing about spirits, I do not pretend to say they may not feel uncomfortable in the light; but I do say that, if they have the slightest desire to manifest their presence to unbelievers, their antipathy to light is singularly unfortunate. Even though the doors of the wardrobe were carefully closed and a small curtain hung behind the opening in the centre door, yet the room was darkened so that we could hardly see. On the occasions where the brothers are bound to chairs the most complete darkness is insisted upon as a *sine quâ non* of the experiment being performed at all; and the spectators are expressly warned that, if anybody is rash enough to strike a light or turn on the gas unexpectedly, it is possible, not to say probable, that the spirits, in their indignation, may hit him over the head with a violin. For my own part, it is, I think, more than probable that such might be the case; and, as I have no desire to have my head broken in the pursuit of science, turning on the light is the last thing I should think of doing. In order, however, to make assurance doubly sure, one of the gentlemen who accompany the brothers always, so I am told, insists on lighting the gas jets himself. Long experience has, doubtless, taught him the exact moment at which light may be poured upon the scene without affecting the success of the spiritual agencies at work. Then, also, there is another fact which came under my notice, somewhat perplexing, I should think, to a convert whose faith still was weak. An offer was made that one of the company should seat himself inside the wardrobe between the brothers. The offer was accepted by a gentleman in whose good faith I have perfect confidence. He declared—and I do not doubt his word for one moment—that the instant the doors were closed he felt hands passing over his face and pulling his hair. Now, for no imaginable reason I could discover, this gentleman's hands *were tied down to his seat* before the doors were closed; so that, supposing his companions got their hands loose by any means or other, it was impossible for him, being in perfect darkness, to know whether their hands were unfastened or not. Of course, if he had had the free use of his own hands, he might have put them out, and caught hold of the hand that passed over his face; but this he was precluded from doing. The spirits, it seems, object to operating inside a cupboard where everybody has not got his hands securely bound. The likes and dislikes of the spiritual world were not the only obstacles in the way of my arriving at satisfactory testimony, as a humble inquirer after truth. I asked the spokesman of the party whether the same results would follow if, instead of the Brothers Davenport being bound with cords, they were fastened with simple iron fetters secured by Bramah locks. I was informed that the same results would, doubtless, be manifested —nay, had frequently been manifested in America; but that, as fetters were considered a stigma of infamy, the brothers had a natural and invincible repugnance to wearing them. The line, in fact, must be drawn somewhere, and so it was drawn at cords! Let me add, in conclusion, one other fact which also seemed to me to warrant a not unjustifiable scepticism in the unconverted heart. Inside the wardrobe there was

a heavy trumpet: this trumpet was placed on the flooring of the cupboard, close to the feet of one of the brothers, whose legs, I should fairly add, were apparently bound tightly underneath the bench. The door facing him was no sooner closed than the trumpet was thrown violently out of the centre door, which was still open, as if it had been propelled by a sudden kick. One of the spectators asked whether the same feat would take place if the trumpet, instead of being close to the feet of either of the brothers, was placed in the centre of the wardrobe, an arm's length, I should say, from either of them. The question was answered in the affirmative; and, after a lapse of three or four minutes, all the doors of the wardrobe being quite closed throughout the whole of the period, the trumpet was certainly tossed out of the aperture I have so often spoken of. Now, in the one case, the slightest loosening of the ropes would have enabled the medium to kick out the trumpet with his toe; in the other, it was impossible for him to touch it unless one arm at least was set free—an operation which certainly would require a longer period. As I am anxious to state the case as fairly as I can, I think it right to add that, after the cords were unbound, I certainly saw blue marks on the wrists of the Brothers Davenport similar to what would have been caused by the pressure of the rope. On the other hand, supposing the cords were loose, I think the same marks might be produced by pressing the hand very tightly against the rope.

The result, then, of my observation amounted to this:—I saw a certain operation performed which, granting the premises asked of me, was opposed to the whole experience of my life. I was requested to believe that this operation was performed by some unknown and undiscovered force. At the same time, the whole performance was simple to an extraordinary degree, if I supposed that, by some mechanism I could not discover, the Brothers Davenport were either not really fastened, or else had got their hands out of the cords. The question, therefore, resolved itself simply into this: Was it more likely I should be unable to discover a trick of sleight of hand, or that a supernatural operation should be performed at the price of ten guineas an hour, lights included? As a rational man, I could not fairly be expected to adopt any but the first solution; and, as I have stated, I was the more confirmed in my view from the fact that every surrounding circumstance favoured the idea of contrivance. Unless I can detect the truth, I am not justified in stating positively that the performers impose upon the spectators; but I am justified in disbelieving that I witnessed a miracle while the operation remains so open to suspicion as it does at present,

In arguing about this matter with converts, I have been told frequently that I am unphilosophical in denying the existence of a spiritualist force, and that I might as well deny the possibility of electricity or magnetism. My answer is that I should most certainly disbelieve one and the other, if they rested on such evidence as that on which these manifestations are supposed to rest. If it were impossible to send a telegram from London to Paris without there being somebody in either capital who knew beforehand exactly what the message was going to be, I should most assuredly suspect that telegraphy was not real. If the magnet would never turn to the north unless the sun was visible and the compass in the hands of a mariner who never would show the needle till it was fixed in the right quarter, I should look on the magnet as a clumsy trick. In both cases I should be wrong; but yet my disbelief would have been perfectly justifiable. So in like manner I may be mistaken about Spiritualism; but I am justified in not believing in it till I am shown some evidence similar to that which convinces me of the existence of magnetism and electricity. There are plenty of odd things in the world—in fact, all life is a mystery; and it would

be by no means the oddest thing ever known, if Messrs. Hume and Foster and Davenport were possessed of supernatural faculties. But, because many unaccountable things are true, that is no reason why I should believe a thing simply because it is unaccountable. Then I am told that, admitting as I do the theoretical possibility of Spiritualism being true, I ought to devote myself to the investigation of it truth, because, if true, the discovery is so important a one. Now, there are a score of sects in the world who each profess that, only by adhering to their tenets can I, or any other human being, avoid everlasting misery. Nothing can be more important than this, if true; and yet I ask, is any reasonable man bound to investigate the claims of Johanna Southcote to divinity or of Joe Smith to inspiration? Life is not long enough to investigate every new theory that is started either about this world or the next.

Then, as a last argument, I am constantly asked how I account for the belief entertained in Spiritualism by many men of distinction and eminence and talent far greater than ninety-nine persons out of a hundred can ever pretend to. Now, I grant, as I did at starting, that the adherence of some of these persons to their new creed is a serious puzzle to me. Still, in every spiritualistic believer I have known, I have observed, or fancied that I observed, some predisposing cause which accounted more or less for his or her conversion. Moreover, my experience—as I think that of any one connected with journalism—has led me to perceive how utterly untrustworthy is the evidence even of honest men about facts which fall under their own observation. There are plenty of men in the world, happily, who tell the truth; there are many also who tell the whole truth; but the number of those who tell "nothing but the truth" is very small. I remember once, in the early days of table-turning, having tried the experiment of turning a table in the company of a lady, now dead. Of all persons I have ever known, she was, I think, one of the most truthful. I believe that, sooner than tell a lie, even on the most trivial matter, she would have suffered martyrdom. The table undoubtedly turned, and the lady in question—not herself, by the way, a believer in Spiritualism—declared positively she had not pressed it. Yet I happened to be watching her fingers all the time, and, if ever I saw pressure distinctly shown by the tension of the muscles, it was in the case I allude to. I merely mention this instance to show, that the fact that I distrust the stories told me of their own experiences by friends of my own, does not imply any disbelief on my part in their intentional veracity. All I demand is that, if I am to believe a table jumps of its own accord, I must require some less suspicious evidence than that afforded me by the manifestations vouchsafed through the medium of the various operators I have witnessed in my life—including the Davenport Brothers.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER LIII.

FEEDS THE BOAR AT THE OLD FRANK?

The pleasant summer passed away, and Gerty found to her terror that the days when she dared creep out into the sun with Baby, and warm herself under the south wall, were become fewer; that the cruel English winter was settling down once more, and that she and her little one would have to pass it together in the great house alone.

At first after George's departure people continued to call; but Gerty never returned their visits, and before the later nights of September began to grow warningly chill, it was understood that

Sir George was abroad; and very soon afterwards Lady Tattle found out that Lady Hillyar was mad, my dear, and that Sir George had refused to let her go into an asylum, but had generously given up Stanlake to her and her keeper. That florid grey-headed man whom we saw driving with her in Croydon was the keeper. Such stories did they make about poor Gerty and Mr. Compton; which stories, combined with Gerty's shyness, ended in her being left entirely alone before autumn was well begun.

Soon after Sir George's departure Mr. Compton heard from him on business, and a very quiet business-like letter he wrote. He might be a very long time absent, he said, and therefore wished these arrangements to be made. The most valuable of the bricabrac was to be moved from Grosvenor-place to Stanlake; Lady Hillyar would select what was to be brought away, and then the house was to be let furnished. The shooting on the Wiltshire and Somersetshire estates was to be let if possible. The shooting at Stanlake was not to be let, but Morton was to sell all the game which was not required for the house by Lady Hillyar. Mr. Compton would also take what game he liked. He wished the rabbits killed down: Farmer Stubble, at Whitespring, had been complaining. The repairs requested by Farmer Stubble were to be done at once, to the full extent demanded; and so on in other instances—yielding quietly, and to the full, points he had been fighting for for months. At last he came to Stanlake. Stanlake was to be kept up exactly in the usual style. Not a servant discharged. Such horses as Lady Hillyar did not require were to be turned out, but none sold, and none bought, except under her ladyship's directions. He had written to Drummonds, and Lady Hillyar's cheques could be honoured. There was a revolution here (Paris), but how the dickens it came about, he, although on the spot, couldn't make out. There were no buttons here such as Lady Hillyar wished for; but, when he got to Vienna, he might get some, and would write to her from that place and put her in possession of facts. She might, however, rely that, if money could get them, she should have them.

He did not write one word to Gerty. His old habits were coming back fast—among others, that of laziness. Boswell, enlarging on a hastily expressed opinion of Johnson's, tries to make out the ghastly doctrine that all men's evil habits return to them in later life. What Boswell says is, possibly, no matter—although he was not half such a fool as it has pleased my Lord Macaulay to make him out; yet there is a horrible spice of truth in this theory of his, which makes it noticeable. Whether Boswell was right or not in general, he would have been right in particular if he had spoken of Sir George Hillyar; for, from the moment he cut the last little rope which bound him to his higher life, his old habits began flocking back to him like a crowd of black pigeons.

The buttons came from Vienna, and a letter. The letter was such a kind one that she went singing about the house for several days, and Mr. Compton, coming down to see her, was delighted and surprised at the change in her. After Sir George's departure, the poor little woman had one of her periodical attacks of tears, which lasted so long that she got quite silly, and Mr. Compton and the housekeeper had been afraid of her going mad. But she had no return of tearfulness after the letter from Vienna, but set cheerfully to work to garrison her fortress against the winter.

She would have had a few trees cut down for firewood in the Australian manner, had not the steward pointed out to her ladyship the inutility and extravagance of such a proceeding. She therefore went into coals to an extent which paralysed the resources of the coal merchant, who waited on her, and with tears in his eyes begged her not to withdraw her order, but to give him time; that was all he asked for—time. The next thing she did was, by Baby's advice, to lay in a large stock of toys, and then, by her own, an

immense number of cheap novels. And, when all this was done, she felt that she could face the winter pretty comfortably.

Stanlake was a great, solemn, grey-white modern house, with a broad flagged space all round, standing in the centre of the park, but apart from any trees: the nearest elm being a good hundred yards away, though the trees closed in at a little distance from the house, and hid the landscape. It was a very dreary place even in summer; in winter, still more solemn and desolate. When it had been filled with company there had been noise and bustle enough perhaps, but, now that Gerty was left in solitary state, silence seemed to settle down and brood on it the whole day long. In the morning, when the men were washing the horses, there would be some pleasant sounds from the stable-yard; but, when they had done—except when a dog barked in the distant kennel, or the rooks made a faint sound in the distant rookery—perfect stillness seemed to reign over everything.

Within, all was endless gallery opening into library, library into dining-room, dining-room into drawing-room, till the astonished visitor found that he had gone round the house and come back to the hall again. The drawing-rooms were pleasant and light, the library was dark and comfortable, the dining-room was staidly convivial: it was merely a common-place, well-furnished, grand house; but now, since Sir George's departure, since silence had settled down in it, it began to have such a ghastly air about it that the servants generally came into the rooms in pairs, and shewed a great tendency to sit together over the fire in the steward's room and servants' hall at night, and not move for trifles.

And the ghost which frightened them all was no other than poor little Gerty. They never knew where they were going to find her. These old staid, grey-headed servants had always thought her ladyship very queer, but now she began to be to them what the Scotch call uncanny. There were, as the housekeeper would have told you with pride (as if she had built the house), no less than three hundred feet of suite in the great rooms which ran round the house, and in this suite there were no less than sixteen fireplaces. When the first frost sent the leaves fluttering off the elms, and rattling off the horse chestnuts, Gerty had every one of these fires lit and carefully attended to all day. It was now that the servants, who had always been slightly afraid of her, began to steal about the rooms: for, among all the sixteen fireplaces, it was impossible to say at which a nervous middle aged footman would find her ladyship lying on her back on the hearth-rug, and talking unutterable nonsense, either to Baby, or, what was worse, in his unavoidable absence, to herself. The servants, being mostly old, got so many frights by trusting themselves in the great wilderness of furniture, and coming on Lady Hillyar in the very place where they would have betted all they had she wasn't, that it became the custom to plead indisposition in order to avoid going, and in some cases to resort to stimulants before going, into the strange ghostly region alone.

Sometimes they would hear her romping with Baby. Sometimes her voice would come from afar off, as she sat and sang at the piano. As far as they could gather, she was never low-spirited or dull. She read a great deal, and used to dress herself very carefully; but, as time went on, the old housekeeper began to fancy that she got a little vacant in her answers, and longed for spring to come again, and for her ladyship to get out on the downs.

She had only one visitor, Mr. Compton; and he would come down sometimes for a night on business, at which time she would entertain him at dinner. She would talk about George and his whereabouts, and calculate on the period of his return, strange to say, with less eagerness as the time went on. Her present life, whatever its objections might be, was at all events peaceful; and that was much, after that dreadful letter the recollection of which came on her sometimes yet with a chill of horror. But she was gradually forget-

ting that; nay, was going a very good way to work to forget a good deal more.

Baby was not condemned to entire seclusion with his mother. He had been ill once, and a doctor, being brought in, ordered the child two hours' exercise every day. And so, every day, he was consigned to Reuben, who led him away on a little pony through all the secluded coverts where his duty lay, and, in his pleasant way, introduced him to all the wild wonders of the gamekeeper's world.

The child got very much attached to Reuben, as did most people; and Gerty had such full confidence in him, and the boy grew so rosy and hale under his care, and it was so pleasant to hear the boy's stories of his day's adventures at their little tea, that she gave Reuben every liberty about hours, and Reuben himself, being fond of the company of children, would very often keep the child out late.

The winter dragged on, and Gerty began to anticipate her release, when, on a wild March evening with a lurid sunset, the boy came home and told his mother that they had met the devil walking in a wood. That the devil had been glad to see Reuben, and wished (as Baby believed) for Reuben to give him (Baby) to him (the devil). That Reuben had been very much frightened at first, but after a time had coaxed the devil away, and talked to him in a dark place among the trees; during which time he (Baby) had sat on the pony all alone, and let it eat grass. Upon this Gerty sat on him like a commissioner. To Question 250, "My gracious goodness child, how near were you to him?" the Answer was "Ever so far. Reuben ran forward when he saw him, to prevent his catching hold of me." Question 251, "Did you see his face?" Answer, "No. But I know it was the devil." Question 252, "Why?" Answer, "Because he went on going to and fro, like he did in Job." Question 253, "Had you no other reason for thinking it was the devil?" Answer, "Yes." Question 254, "What?" Answer, "Reuben said it was." Question 255, "What did Reuben say besides, in the name of goodness?' Answer, "He said that, if I told you a word about it, the beadle would come down the chimney at twelve o'clock at night, and carry me off to apprentice me into the wooden-leg and glass-eye business." Question 256, "How do you come to remember Reuben's nonsense so well, you little silly thing?" Answer, "Because he kept on saying it all the way home." Question 257, "Why did you tell me if Reuben told you not?" Answer, "I don't know." Question 258, "Do you want any more marmalade?" Answer, "Yes."

Lady Hillyar rang the bell, and asked if Reuben was gone. It seemed he was not, and it seemed, moreover, that he had distrusted his little friend's discretion, for, on being shown up, he was in a most perfect state of London assurance, ready for Gerty at all points. Before the conversation could begin, it was necessary that Baby should go to the nursery, and, as it appeared (after a somewhat lively debate, in which Gerty adduced the fate of the children who had called after—or as she expressed it, "joed"—the prophet Elisha, without the slightest effect,) that he would not go there unless Reuben took him, Reuben had to take him accordingly. After a long absence he reappeared, and the conversation began.

"Well! if this don't bang wattle gum[1]," began Gerty, who was wild with curiosity, and forgot her manners accordingly, "I wish I may be buried in the bush in a sheet of bark. Why I feel all over centipedes and copper lizards. For you to go and see the devil with that dear child, and teach him not to let his mother know, and in Whitley Copse too, of all places, and you old enough to be his father. You ought to be ——. You ought to get ——. Why you ought to have your grog stopped ——."

"My lady, indeed—"

[1] This is a very low expression. If Mrs. Oxton had been there she never would have dared to use it. In the bush, when a chemist's shop is not handy, the gum of the acacia is used instead of chalk mixture.

"No, I don't mean that. You musn't be angry with me; I wasn't really in a pelter. You ain't going to be cross with me, are you, Reuben? You did see the devil now, didn't you? That dear child would never deceive his own mother. Come, I am sure you did."

"I only *told* him it was the devil, my lady."

"Then who was it? It couldn't have been Black Joe, because we heard of his being hung, soon after we went into Cook's Land, for putting a chest of drawers on an old woman to get her money out of her, though why he couldn't have taken it out of her pocket— He was very like the devil, my father used to say, though I don't believe he ever saw him—the devil I mean: he saw Black Joe often enough, for he was assigned to him; and I remember his getting fifty for sauce one shearing time—"

"It wasn't him, my lady," said Reuben, arresting the torrent. "It was a young man of the name of Ned, that keeps a beer'us in Old Gal Street, Caledonia Road. That's about who it was, my lady. A terrible chap to swear and carry on in his drink, my lady, and I smelt him as I was a coming through the copse, that he'd been at it; and I says, I says, Dash it all, I says, there'll be high life below stairs with him in about two twists of a lamb's tail; and I says to the kid—I ask pardon, the young 'un; I ask pardon again, the young master—Stay here, I says, while I go and has it out with him, for the ears of the young, I says, should never be defiled, nor their morality contaminated with none of your Greenwich Fair, New Cut, Romany patter. And so I goes to him, my lady." Reuben, whose bark was now labouring heavily in the trough of a great sea of fiction, continued, "I goes to him, and — "

"I think you were perfectly right, my dear Reuben," said Gerty. "I thank you for your discretion. My father had the greatest horror of the same thing. None of my sisters ever interchanged words with a hand in their lives. And, indeed, I never should have done so; only I was let run wild in consequence of mamma's being so busy getting my sisters off, and papa being always in town after that dreadful drop in tallow, which ultimately flew to his stomach at the Prince of Wales, and took him off like the snuff of a candle. For my part— "

Here Reuben, who, having got breathing-time, had rapidly carried on his fiction in his head, took it up again: not at the point where he had dropped it last, but at the point at which he had arrived when he found himself capable of going in for another innings. So *he* began. Which left Gerty in the position of the reader of the third volume of a novel, who has had no opportunity of reading the second.

"And so, my lady, his aunt said that, with regard to the five-pound note, what couldn't be cured must be endured, and with regard to the black and tan terrier bitch, what was done couldn't be helped, though she hoped it wouldn't happen again. And they had in the gallon, my lady, and then they tossed for a go of turps and a hayband—I ask your ladyship's pardon, that means a glass of gin and a cigar; and that is all I know of the matter, I do assure you."

How the conversation would have come to an end, save by the sheer exhaustion of both parties, had not Baby reappeared in his nightshirt to look after Reuben, we cannot say. It concluded, however; and, however much nonsense Reuben may have talked, he certainly gained his object, that of mystifying Gerty, and making her forget the subject in hand. He wished her good night with a brazen front, and, having received a kind farewell, departed.

Now what had really happened was shortly this. That evening, as he had been leading the child's pony through a dense copse, Sir George Hillyar had stepped out from behind a holly, and beckoned to him.

Reuben was very much astonished, for he supposed Sir George to be at Florence, but he let go the pony and came forward at once. Sir George looked wild, and, as Reuben thought,

dissipated; he caught Reuben's hand, and said,

"Ha! One single face left in all the world, and all the rest chattering ape-heads. How are you, my boy?"

Reuben was well, and very glad to see Sir George. "Lady Hillyar would have a pleasant surprise," he said, but, looking at Sir George's appearance, very much doubted it.

"She must know nothing. Not a soul must know anything but yourself. What child is that?"

"Your own, sir."

"Poor little thing. Has he recognised me?"

"It would be impossible at that distance."

"Meet me to-morrow night after dark at this address. I have prowled all the afternoon to catch you, and I must be gone. Mind! not one word."

And so he had gone, leaving Reuben lost in wonder. However, his self-possession had prevented his betraying himself to Lady Hillyar. And, when he left her presence, he began to think of the address Sir George had given him; thinking probably that it would be at some West-end hotel. What was his astonishment to find that it was Lawrence Street, Chelsea—a strange place indeed in which to find a baronet.

He got there a little after dark. He found the house at once, of course, having known every house there from his boyhood. It was a largish old house with bow windows, which might have been respectable once, but which was now let out in floors and single rooms to poor people. Passing up the common staircase, into the close smell which there is in all that kind of houses—a smell which had been familiar to him all his youth, and yet which seemed so repugnant after a year in the sweet fresh airs of Stanlake—he went on to the second floor; and, before he had time to knock at the door of the front room, the door opened, and Sir George beckoned him in.

"You stare to find me here, boy, hey?"

"I thought you at Florence, sir. But I am heartily glad to see you."

"Why do you hesitate to call me 'father,' Reuben?"

"Indeed—well then, 'Father'—I hardly know. In spite of all the proofs you have given me of it from time to time—in spite of all your kindness—it seems strange. Hang it all, sir," continued he, with an air of petulance; "a man can't get used to everything all of a heap. And I ain't got used to this yet. And, what is more, I must have my time *for* getting used to it. Now."

His true Londoner's hatred for anything approaching sentiment made him positively angry for a moment. But his good humour came back directly, and he asked Sir George if he had given offence.

"Offence! not the least. I could have expected no more. I will make you like me."

"I do so already," said Reuben. "More than you think for, perhaps; but I don't like talking about that sort of thing. I never knew a chap worth three halfpence who was."

"Well," said Sir George, "I don't know but what you are right. Old boy, I'll prove I care for you by deeds, and we will talk no more on the subject. I have very little to ask you. You have kept me pretty well *au fait* with matters at Stanlake. Do you know what I have been doing abroad?"

"I do not, sir. Travelling?"

"And you might add gaming considerably, and you might add winning considerably. But I have been hard at work too. I have been hunting a wolf, Reuben."

"What wolf, sir?"

"Yes. An old grey wolf. I could never come up to him. He travelled fast, faster than I, who had to make inquiries, could follow him. But I tracked. Yes, by George, like an old inspector."

Sir George Hillyar had risen, and was standing with his back to the fire, biting his nails impatiently. Reuben sat in the gloom and watched him anxiously. His face was worn into deep lines, and his old scowl, which was so familiar to those who had known him in his worst

times, was strong upon his face to-night.

"I tracked him," said he, speaking half absently to Reuben, "from here to Paris—to Geneva—to Turin—to Ajaccio. What did he want there, in the name of his master the devil? And then to Naples, and Malta, and at Malta I lost him, and he *must* have come back to England. Have you seen him?"

He said this suddenly and sharply. Reuben asked whom he meant?

"Why, Samuel Burton. Did I not tell you? Have you seen him?"

Reuben said, "No," but cunningly waited to hear more. "What might make Sir George so anxious to find him?" he asked.

"Nought! A little conversation. A few words in private. Nothing more."

He said this so strangely that Reuben would not say what was on the tip of his tongue. To wit, that Samuel Burton was at that present moment in Australia, and that he had in his pocket at that moment a letter announcing his arrival there. Reuben thought that it might be wise to keep these two good people apart. He was confirmed in his resolution by all that he saw and heard that night.

Sir George kept him there talking for a long time. The conversation was all on Sir George's part, and consisted almost entirely of a long diatribe against Samuel Burton: his ingratitude, his falseness, his villainous, abominable ingratitude over again, until Reuben was prompted to ask suddenly, "whether he had been up to anything fresh." Sir George said no, and talked more cautiously.

He asked about Stanlake; about the home farm; about the game; about Lady Hillyar. Had she been alarmed at night? Had there been any attempts at burglary? there was a deal of property in the house. He knew for certain that the house had been robbed once, and that the thief had got in through the pantry window. Morton should be told of this; Reuben had better tell him. Reuben had better say that he had received a letter from Florence, and that Morton was to sleep in the house, and shoot any man who attempted to break in stone dead. It was only justifiable homicide; the law would acquit him. Reuben had better say nothing about it; he did not wish any one shot. He was a miserable and most unhappy beggar, and wished he was dead, and that Erne was dead, and that they were all dead, and quietly asleep in their graves. He was not afraid of death, he said, and wondered that he was fool enough to live on. If he could bring himself to believe in a future state, of any sort or kind, he would blow out his brains that night. But he couldn't, and annihilation was so horrible. He had not been used justly. He had had no chance. He appealed to Reuben. Reuben would not stand there and say that he had ever had a fair chance; not such a chance as one gentleman would give another. The whole state of this world was horrible and abominable; a man was predoomed to ruin from his cradle. The Ultra-predestinarians were right. He would publicly declare for them, and declare himself reprobate. He would not do it for nothing though; if his doom had been sealed from the first, he would not go quietly to his punishment. No. That dog might be assured of his salvation, but he should feel the horror of sudden death. He would get face to face with that dog, and inflict on him a few moments of ghastly terror.

And so on. If any man cares, let him follow out poor Sir George Hillyar's frantic, illogical line of thought. It would be very easy, but is it worth while?

Sir George had worked himself into a state nearly frantic, and Reuben was sincerely distressed. At last he ventured up to him, and, laying his hand on his arm, besought him earnestly to be quieter. It had a sudden effect; Sir George grew calmer, and his rage died away into low mutterings.

Presently he told Reuben that he must go. He cautioned him not to mention his having seen him to any living soul, and so dismissed him.

"I will go and look at the outside of

the old place," said Reuben to himself as soon as he was in the street. "I am fond of it for their sakes. What a kind lot they were! I wonder what they are doing now. So it's all broke off between Emma and Mr. Erne; more the pity."

Thinking in this way, Reuben passed through the narrow passage by the dissenting chapel, and soon stood before the old deserted house. Brown's Row was mainly gone to bed. Only Mr. Pistol, who had got off with a twelvemonth, was standing with three or four others under a lamp, and expressing his intention of slitting a certain worthy magistrate's throat from ear to ear. But, hearing a base groveller of a policeman coming round the corner, he swaggered off with a dignified silence in the direction of Church Street; and the Row was left in peace.

Reuben was glad of it, for he was (for him) in a sentimental mood, and felt very much inclined to stand and watch the old house, bathed in the light of the early spring moon. He leant in the shadow under the pent-house of the Burtons' forge, and watched the dear old place with something very like emotion—when all at once Sir George Hillyar came up, without seeing him, and disappeared round the back of the house.

Prompted both by curiosity and by reckless love of adventure, Reuben immediately followed him. When he got round the house, no one was there, and it was evident that Sir George had got into the yard by a broken place in the palings; and Reuben, looking in, saw him enter the old house by a back window which was left unclosed.

"Now, what is the meaning of this? and what on earth is he doing here?" thought Reuben, and immediately crouched down under the window. He heard Sir George on the stairs; and quickly, and with the silence of a cat, he followed him in, and slipped off his shoes.

He found himself in the old familiar kitchen, and crouched down for fear of Sir George lighting a candle. He did not, however, but passed out, and began ascending the great staircase.

What made Reuben feel sure that he was going up to his old room—to the room which had been the scene of so much before? Reuben was puzzled to find a reason for such a strange proceeding; and yet he was absolutely certain that he was going there. So certain that he followed more rapidly than was quite prudent.

The moon flooded the house, through every available cranny, with a dull weird light; and Sir George was easily kept in sight. It was the more easy to do it, as there was a brisk wind abroad, which filled the house with rustling sound, and hushed the footsteps of the follower. He passed on, higher and higher, till he passed into Reuben's room, and disappeared. Reuben, waiting a few minutes, cautiously peeped in at the half-opened door. His old bed stood there still; it was barely worth removing; but there were other evidences of Sir George having been there before. The bed was roughly covered with a blanket—bed enough for an old Australian; and there were other signs of habitation, in the midst of which sat Sir George at a broken old table, with his revolver lying before him. Reuben gave one look at him, and then stole silently away, his retreat being covered by the innumerable mysterious noises of the deserted place.

CHAPTER LIV.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: THE CLAYTON MÉNAGE.

"At last," I cried out, as I saw Erne come slinging on through the forest towards me. "Why, I thought I had lost you for ever."

"Old boy, I am so glad to see you. I was determined to make you wait for letting Emma go away before my appointed visit. You see I have avenged myself on you by keeping you waiting some six months for a sight of my handsome mug. It was only your wedding which brought me over at last. And how are you all?"

"We were all very well."

"You have seen Joe's Report," said Erne, "of course. Is it not masterly? I am so rejoiced; but no one ever doubted his abilities but himself. The conclusion pleased me; I heard the old fellow's voice as I read it, and saw him emphatically rolling his head at every period; it is so exactly like Joe. "Our tender mercies to these people will be found to be but cruel, if we do but raise them out of a sea of physical misery which was overwhelming them in the old world, to plunge them into a moral and intellectual one in this. In examining the condition of the class of boy on which you ordered me to report, I found an insolent ignorance, a sullen impatience of control, which gave me the deepest concern, and which has settled for ever in my own mind the question of compulsory education. Unarmed with such powers as I should derive from the prestige which is naturally the right of an officer appointed by Government, and by a law rendering education compulsory, I for one, speaking as a schoolmaster, would refuse to undertake the task of training these sullen and ignorant young barbarians, who in a few years' time will be exercising the full privileges of citizens."—I pause for a reply.

"That last sentence ain't in it, is it?" I asked.

"No," said Erne, laughing, "but it should be, in the fitness of things. The fault of the report is that it is all through too much in the 'Romans, countrymen, and lovers' style. Joe is uncertain of himself, afraid of some old lurking bit of slang or vernacular turning up and undoing him when he don't expect it; and so he wraps up all his excellent common sense in fine words. Never mind; the set he is in now will soon cure him of that. Well, and how is she?"

"Emma? She is very well; she seems not to like Palmerston. Joe is never at home, and, when he is, is utterly precupied. Since his evidence before that commission, and the order for him to make a special report, he has been utterly unfit to attend to the slightest domestic arrangement. She says he would never get fed if it wasn't for her."

"He will be secretary before he dies. What a capacity for work there is in him, as well as genius. My father used to remark it. Noble old Joe!"

"And how have you been, my dear friend?" I asked.

"I have been well enough, Jim. But I am not comfortable."

"No?"

"Why, no. The people I am with don't suit me."

"The Claytons."

"Yes. I like him very well. He is an honest, reckless fellow, a master of his business. He has a great horror of a man who drinks, or a man who reads.—'I never knew any good come of reading,' he continually says; 'my dear sir, you will never succeed unless you give it up. It's worse than drinking, in my opinion.'—And he is quite in earnest. Ha! ha!"

"But about *her!*" I asked.

"Well I don't know. There's something odd about her. A *Je ne sais quoi*, a sort of Haymarket air altogether. But she was not so bad till Mrs. Quickly came."

"Mrs. Quickly!" I cried out.

"Yes. Oh, by the bye, she says she knows all of you. I forgot. Yes, Mrs. Quickly has come and taken up her quarters there, altogether."

"What does Clayton say to that?"

"Oh, he approved of it at first, there being no family. 'You see, sir,' he said to me, 'It's as well to have some company for her. It is very dull for a woman in the bush without children.'"

"Take care of Mrs. Quickly, Erne."

"Oh, you needn't caution me," said Erne, laughing. *I* know the cut of her ladyship's cap. Unluckily, Mrs. Quickly is troubled with a sinking in her stomach, and requires stimulants, which has resulted in this, that neither Mrs. Quickly nor Mrs. Clayton are ever exactly sober. Mrs. Quickly, being, I suppose, the more seasoned vessel, carries her drink in a more workman-like manner than Mrs. Clayton. When Mrs. Quickly is sufficiently intoxicated

to throw herself into my arms and kiss me, you generally find that Mrs. Clayton has been forced to go and lie down. As for old Parkins, he never gets drunk. Drink what he will it makes no difference to *him*."

"Does Clayton know of this?"

"Yes, but he hasn't strength of mind to stop it entirely. He is exceedingly attached and devoted to his wife. He says that, as soon as he can get rid of Mrs. Quickly, it will be all right again. She never did it till that woman came. But Mrs. Quickly won't go. Parkins says she has got the whip hand of Mrs. Clayton, and knows when she is well off."

"I dare say. But who is Parkins?"

"Parkins? Oh, why he is Parkins. He is a queer-looking card; but very agreeable, remarkably well-bred. He came there after Mrs. Quickly at first, I believe, but took such a fancy to me that he has been there a good deal. Clayton says he will leave me his fortune. He is very well off, looking for an investment.

"I hope you may be his heir."

"I have very little hope, Hammersmith; for, however excellent his testamentary intentions may be, I doubt whether he will have an opportunity of carrying them into execution for the next forty years. He looks like a liver."

"Cannot he stop this miserable drinking?"

"He does all he can, to do him justice; but somehow he seems afraid of Mrs. Quickly. The whole lot of them, with the exception of Clayton, have just the air of people who had made their fortunes by robbing poor-boxes. Nice sort of company for a young gentleman of my bringing-up: I don't much care about it so long as they don't kick up a row, but I am getting very tired of it. I shall make a bolt one of these days."

That evening Erne and I took a walk together up the Brougham river. It is an exception to the majority of rivers in Australia, for, being snow-fed, and coming to a great extent through limestone, it keeps up a full crystal current through the hottest summer. It is the favourite resort of the lovers of Romilly to this day, for it is so deeply embowered in fern-tree and lightwood that one may sit in the shade and dream of cool English woods in August: dream only like her who

> ". . . Woke, and the bubble of the stream
> Fell, and without the steady glare"—

But, however, fern-trees and lightwood must do, where oak and elm are unprocurable.

The Brougham is popular, too, as a resort for anglers; those pretty little salmonidæ, which are so singularly like grayling, leaving the larger river, the Erskine, prefer the more aërated waters of the Brougham and swarm up it in thousands. As we passed along the bank which wound up the valley near the river, we saw many of our neighbours bathing and fishing; but, getting farther from the town we seemed to leave life behind us, and began to think we were alone in the forest: when, coming to a deep pool, in a turn of the river, walled in with dark shrubs and feathering tree-ferns, we came on a solitary man, who sat on a log fishing by himself: on seeing whom, Erne exclaimed, "Hallo! why *here's* Parkins," and, going up to him, and having affectionately shaken hands, sat down and began a conversation.

Mr. Parkins was affectionately glad to see Erne, but the principal expression of his face was that of intense amusement—amusement at my expense, for I was standing looking at him and at Erne with staring eyes and open mouth. This Mr. Parkins, this new friend of Erne's, was no less a person than my cousin Samuel.

CHAPTER LV.

EMMA'S VISIT.

"This is my friend Mr. Burton," said Erne.

"I formerly had the acquaintance of Mr. James Burton," said Samuel sarcastically; "nay, on one occasion I took the liberty of saving his life."

I blushed, and stammered out some

commonplace. I was not quite sure that I had not done a rather ill-conditioned act in passing him before on many occasions without speaking to him. I hoped he was well.

He was quite satisfied at once, and began to talk kindly. He congratulated me on my approaching marriage; and, although he must have been considerably disconcerted and annoyed at the impending discovery, by Erne, of the fact that his refined friend, Mr. Parkins, was identical with the transported valet of his brother, yet he never showed the slightest annoyance or vexation, but talked indifferently about his sport and about the weather, until we rose to walk homeward.

Erne was immensely astonished when I eagerly announced the fact to him; but he was quite as much amused as surprised.

"This completes the Clayton *ménage*," he said. "What an exceedingly funny lot of people we are! I am charmed at this discovery. I will pick Master Samuel's brains no end about his convict experiences. It will determine me to stay on with Clayton. Fancy being on intimate terms with a convict. But does it not strike you as curious that he and I should be accidentally thrown together?"

"I see nothing curious in it whatever," I said. "It is plain to me that he has found out where you are, and, taking advantage of this careless bush hospitality, has introduced himself into the house with you, for his own purposes. He has intentions with regard to you, but he is far too unfathomably cunning to let you know what they are. He is going to bid for a farm here."

"No; is he?"

"So they say. He is waiting here for the land sale."

"And when is that?"

"Next week. My father is going to buy heavily."

"I thought Dawson bought up every thing hereabout."

"He is not going to bid against my father."

"That is a singular concession on his part. He is mad about Port Romilly. I know this for a fact: before the last great land sale a man had squatted on one of the lots, and had made money in some way or another. Dawson went to him and said, 'My man, I understand you are going to bid for this lot.' The man said yes, he was going to run it up. 'You can run it up if you like,' said Dawson, 'but, if you do, you'll run yourself off it; for I'll have it if it costs 30,000*l*. You stay at home the day of the land-sale, and you may keep this house over your head; but go anigh that court that day, and out of this you go the week after.' The man wisely stayed at home, I believe."

I said, "Yes, the story is true. But, on my father's mentioning his wish to own land here, Mr. Dawson immediately said that he would withdraw from competing for the lots which my father fancied. And so there is a fair chance for him, though he is desperately anxious about it."

"What sort of land is he going to buy?"

"A patch of 500 acres on the north slope of the Cape Wilberforce Mountain, about three miles from the sea. You passed it on the road coming here. A mile back. There's a burnt hut on it."

"It is poor land."

"No, capital vine land, with that aspect."[1]

"I wish him joy with it. I cannot sufficiently admire the generous liberality of our honourable friend Dawson. Why, my dear boy, that land would starve a bandicoot."

"How do you know?"

"Why, innocent! if you will get any bushman to sell you that land covered with Eucalyptus dumosus, vulgarly called Mallee, and exceedingly stunted specimens of that, will grow anything, I will tell him he knows nothing. Your father is, in my opinion, ill advised."

And so the conversation dropped. About ten days after it was held I was married. Only the very night before,

[1] A northerly aspect at the Antipodes is of course the same as a southern one here.

a steamer came in from Palmerston and brought Emma. She could not help coming, she said, and had altered her mind the very last thing. The steamers between Melbourne and Palmerston would call regularly at Port Romilly now. That was so very nice to think of, wasn't it? It made her feel the separation less. Only three days would bring her among us at any time, in case of illness or anything. And such a beautiful voyage, she said. The sky was so bright, and the great ocean-roll so long and so gentle. She had sat on the deck all day and all night, watching the coast. There had been long stretches of low sand-beach in some places, and then a majestic cape. Sometimes the land piled itself up into awful tiers of dark forest, one rising behind the other; and sometimes these would break away, and show low rolling plains stretching into the interior, with faint blue mountains beyond. There were islands, too, which one sailed through, on which the foot of man had never rested since the world began; some low, some high and fantastically-shaped, but all covered with clouds of changing sea-birds, and ringed with the leaping silver surf which never slept. "Sometimes, darling," she continued—for we were alone together, and the house was all asleep save us two, and her head was on my shoulder—"Sometimes I thought that I would pray that after death my soul might take the form of one of those wild sea-doves, and hover and float in the wind and the sunshine free of care. I will come and sit on your shoulder, dear, and you will know that it is me, won't you?"

"I would sooner have you as you are, my sister."

"Jim, sometimes I am weary of my life. My task is too much for me; I wish I was at rest. I miss all the home faces. I miss you, dear. I miss our mother, and I am utterly alone in Palmerston. And oh, brother, I love him so dearly! This sight of him to-day has been so precious! Oh! what shall I do, what shall I do?"

I did not dare to ask her to forget her resolution now. This was not the time to urge Erne's suit. Her mood was far too serious and sacred a one to be interfered with by any personal whim of my own. Not only did I feel this, but she knew that I felt it, and opened her heart to me in perfect confidence. I only told her that I loved her better than any other woman in the world, save one. I only begged her forgiveness for any clumsiness of expression, by which I might have hidden my love for her. I only comforted her with hopes such as I could give. Things might alter in many ways; and there might be a brighter future. After a time she grew calm again, and she sat with her head on my shoulder through the short summer night, until the crystal dawn flashed upon the tree tops, and told me that the morning of my marriage was come.

And in the morning she and Erne parted. When will they meet again? Ah! when?

CHAPTER LVI.

THE LAND SALE.

My marriage was a most unnoticeable one. The sort of thing that is just worth mentioning, nothing more. It has nothing to do with the story whatever.

I do not think that I should have taken the trouble to mention it at all, had it not been for this. There was a little cloud over it, and that cloud hung in the very last place where I liked to see a cloud. It was in my father's face

He approved of the business in every way. We were getting rich and prosperous. He loved my pretty little sweetheart with all the chivalrous devotion of his great gentleman's soul; but there was a cloud on his face, which reflected itself on mine. I thought I had penetration enough to find out the cause which threw its shadow there.

Trevittick had been a good and faithful partner to us, and, in spite of his moroseness and his fanaticism, we had got to be very fond of him. Morose he

was at times, but he was never unkind: his devotion to my mother was that of a true gentleman; and his kindness to the younger ones, children no longer now, was most fatherly and genial. Fred, in fact, put him as A 1 in his affections since the loss of Erne. But now it was painfully evident to me that poor Trevittick had stepped a little beyond the limits of fanaticism, and was rapidly becoming lunatic. I also perceived that my father was perfectly aware of the fact, but would not open his lips, even to me, in hopes of a favourable change in the poor fellow's malady.

This was the reason of the shadow on my father's face at the time of my wedding; and I was sorry to be obliged to confess to myself, after close watching of Trevittick's behaviour, that there was only too good reason for it.

I cannot remember the exact time when I first noticed decided symptoms of his aberration; but it was long before my marriage. It was a Sunday, though, for he had been in the bush all day alone: which was a habit he acquired soon after our arrival at Port Romilly. He had gained so much influence over my father that my father used to allow him to expound a chapter and give an extempore prayer the first thing every Sunday morning. After this he used to depart into the bush, and only come home late at night, leaving my father to blunder through the Litany, and an orthodox sermon in the forenoon, before his family as best he might; which was not very well, for my father's education had been limited, and the slowest of Bible clerks might have given him half the distance, and said amen before him, easily. On this particular Sunday Trevittick was later home than usual. There was no one up but myself, and, when he came in, having taken a long draught of cold tea (he was a strict teetotaller) he sat down opposite me, lit his pipe, and told me that on that very morning he had arrived at the unalterable conviction that he was condemned to everlasting reprobation.

I asked him why.

He said that hitherto he had always believed himself convinced of sin, and regenerate; that he had believed himself possessed of a lively faith. But that only proof of a lively faith was works; that he believed with the rest of the Brianites that the elect could not sin, whereas he, ever since he had come to Port Romilly, had been a habitual Sabbath-breaker; that his faith, not having resulted in works, was not lively; that therefore he was condemned everlastingly. And not only that; he had had a revelation. It had come to him as he was sitting that very day by the burnt hut. There came a shiver of wind through the shrubs, and a voice spoke in his heart as it went by and told him this:—the unmentionable sin was to believe yourself elect when you were not so, and he had committed this sin.

I tried to combat all this midsummer madness as best I might. I spoke such platitudes to him as I could lay hold of at the time, and my arrows were very few, and drawn from all sorts of quivers. To flatter his humour, I told him that there was little doubt but that he had fallen away from original righteousness, as we all had done. I recommended him to read "Winslow on Personal Declension and Revival," a book which I confessed I had found tough myself, but which would suit his case exactly. And so I went on, trying to argue against a dull, settled, obstinate fanaticism, until I lost my temper, and told him that, if there were an unforgivable sin, he would find that it consisted in doubting the sufficiency of the great Sacrifice; which was probably the only piece of good sense which I uttered during the argument.

But it had no effect; he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and left me with an expression of calm scorn. The next Sunday he rambled away just the same; and I, sitting up for him after every one else was gone to bed, had another innings with him, in which I got completely worsted.

He was equally assured of his own condemnation. Nothing could ever shake that conviction. Condemnation was to be everlasting; no reasonable

man could doubt that. But he said that he would not condescend to allow this conviction to make the very least alteration in his morality. His life had always been blameless (and indeed he was right), and it should continue to be so. He would continue this sin of Mammon worship on the Sabbath, because it would benefit others, and might keep them from temptation. Otherwise he would watch the uprightness of his walking more closely then ever.

In my desperation I asked him why should he do so.

He answered scornfully, "Had I any proper pride? Was I only righteous from fear of punishment? And suppose it came into God's great scheme that I should be punished everlastingly, either for an example, or for some deep hidden reason, was I therefore to doubt the goodness and justice of God?" I had nothing to say, but I felt inclined to say with Polonius, "If this be madness, there is method in it." But I didn't.

The next phase of his lunacy—one which had not, to my knowledge, made its appearance before, but which seems to me to be the somewhat natural result of the state of mind which I have attempted to describe—was this: He became abjectly superstitious. He began to revive all the old west country witch-quackeries, which his religion had taught him to consider not quackeries, but arts of the devil. For instance, he got Fred to hold a lot of ink in his hand, under the new moon, and look into it, to see what he saw. That dear boy instantly saw Guy Fawkes and the devil walking arm in arm over Battersea Bridge, which, however interesting in a scientific point of view, led to no practical results; and Fred, being naturally seized with a panic, made himself all over a gore of ink, as my mother expressed it—she having stepped in with an absolute veto against the repetition of any such unorthodox manœuvres. I expected at this time to find him using the famous Cornish superstition of the divining rod, but, to my astonishment, he spoke of it with unutterable scorn, as a mere delusion of ignorant and unscientific quacks.

He grew worse, as I said, just about the time of my marriage: he would start up in the night and pray, and make strange incomprehensible ejaculations. Tom Williams had often considerable difficulty in getting him quiet again. But the most awful night he had with him was the night before the land sale: it reacted on my father so that I was afraid he would scarcely get through the day's business. Trevittick seemed possessed of a dumb devil, and spent the whole night in walking silently up and down, with a short snatching gait, like a tiger in its cage. Tom said it was worse than any trick he had played him, and nearly scared him to death. Trevittick looked very ghastly the morning of the sale too; the dark brown in his complexion remained, but the red was all gone, and he looked more like an unhealthy mulatto than a rich-coloured Cornishman.

Everybody was up early, with a full determination to make holiday of it; for land sales were few and far between in those days; and this one, coming a few days before Christmas, would make a very good starting point for the Christmas saturnalia. The young men caught their horses, and rode about; or, if they had no horses of their own, borrowed some one else's: at the same time was begun a long, objectless, and incomprehensible game of cricket, in the which a man, by dexterous manœuvring, might have sixteen or seventeen innings, and which lasted from cockcrow to long after curfew. At the same time also everybody began to bathe, and kept on bathing while they were not riding about or cricketing, all day. Harry confided to me that he had been "in" eight times. At about nine o'clock the black fellows arrived, and the dogs began barking "as though there were bears in the town," and barked on until the black fellows left late in the afternoon.

At about ten the auctioneer arrived, and with him the Hon. Mr. Dawson. Soon after this all the elders of the township adjourned into the little courthouse to look at the plans, and I, having

been married a week, felt several degrees more dignified than the Governor, and took my place among the others with becoming gravity. After some time the court was filled, and the business began. Mr. Dawson sat next the auctioneer, and, just as he began to speak, my cousin, dressed in black, came up and thrust himself in among the foremost.

"Here's the devil come for old Jack Dawson" said some one who was standing in the crowd, and everybody laughed, for my friend's popularity was not high in the township. The auctioneer began: "Silence, gentlemen, pray silence."

"Silence yourself, you old scrubber," was the polite rejoinder, the gentleman who spoke being slightly in liquor. "What's the good of such a farce as this here? Why, there sits old Jack Dawson, the blacksmith, with his pockets full of money, ready to buy up the whole boiling, scot and lot; while a poor man can't get a bit of land to put his foot on. He is going to be king at Port Romilly, mates; and we're to be his humble servants. Blow that, I say."

There was a murmur of discontent through the hall. I saw Mr. Dawson wince; for he could not bear unpopularity. The first lot was put up, a lot of twenty acres, with frontage on the Erskine. After a brisk competition it was knocked down to my cousin Samuel, for the high sum of ten pounds an acre. Mr. Dawson did not compete.

Neither did he for the next lot, or the next. It was evident that he had been affected by the sarcasms of the drunken man, and the evident applause with which they were received. All the lots with wharfage along the Erskine went without a sign from him: and next the land further back towards the Cape Wilberforce mountain, was put up. "Your father is mad," Erne said to me. "He is letting his fortune slip away under his eyes: why on earth don't he bid? All the best land is going. Do pray him to bid for this she-oak lot; it's only 640. Why, it would grow 40 bushels to the acre; I was over it yesterday."

My father's folly did seem to me incomprehensible. I pushed through to him, and pointed out what Erne had said. He was very pale and anxious; but all I could get out of him was, "All right, old man, leave it to me."

As the sale went on there was less and less competition, as the land grew both poorer in quality from being nearer the mountain, and being further removed from the river and the bay. Several lots just under the mountain went for the upset price; and at last the sale was nearly concluded, and the people began to go out. Three lots remained to be sold, and these three comprised a large portion of the mountain itself. As lot 67 was mentioned, I saw my father and Mr. Dawson exchange glances, and everybody began to be funny.

"Lot 67, gentlemen," began the auctioneer, "a most eligible lot, gentlemen. If you were to ask me my opinion, as between man and man, I should say the most eligible lot which I have had the honour of tempting you with to-day. 1280 acres, or shall we say, two of 640. The soil, though not fertile, is dry, the situation is elevated, the air invigorating and salubrious, and the scenery romantic. On a clear day, as I am informed by our venerable and respected harbour-master, the lighthouse on Cape Pitt is distinctly visible to the naked eye."

Somebody said that with a glass you might see old Jack Dawson sanding the men's sugar at Myrnong, sixty miles off. This unexpected attack on my unoffending friend resulted in a violent and acrimonious personal fracas between Mr. Dawson and the gentleman who had so rudely assailed him, in which several joined; during which the noble gentleman so far forgot himself in the heat of debate as to say, that 'if he got any more cheek from him, or any other carroty-haired, 'possum-headed, forty-acre, post and rail son of a seacook, he would knock his head into the shape of a slush-lump in about two minutes.' Peace being restored in about ten minutes, and the Hon. Mr. Dawson being left in a great heat, the auctioneer went on with the description of the lot, only once interrupted by the Hon. Mr. Dawson,

suddenly, irrelevantly, and gratuitously informing the company, in a loud and defiant voice, that he would find a young smith, not twenty-one, who should fight the best man in that room for a hundred pound a side.

Much as I was flattered by this proof of my friend's confidence, I was glad no one came forwards. The auctioneer concluded.

"Now whom can I tempt with this lot? Can I tempt you, Mr. Dawson?"

"Yes, you can, sir," retorted the still angry Mr. Dawson. "And I'll have this lot, sir, and my friend Mr. Burton shall have the next, sir, if it cost fifty thousand pound, sir. Now. And, if any individual chooses to run this lot up out of spite, sir, whether that individual has red hair or green hair, sir, I will punch that individual's head immediately after the termination of these proceedings, sir, and knock it against the blue stone and mortar which compose the walls of this court-house. Now, sir.

However, nobody, I suppose, caring to get his head punched for a whim, the lot was knocked down to him, and immediately afterwards my father stepped forward looking as white as a sheet.

"Now we come to lot 68, commonly known by your fellow-townsmen as the Burnt Hut lot; exactly similar to lot 67, just knocked down to the Hon. Mr. Dawson, as a site for his new country house. Now who would like to have our honoured legislative councillor for a neighbour? What gentleman of fortune can I tempt with this lot? The lot is up. At one pound an acre. Will any one bid one pound an acre."

"I will," said my father, in a queer, hoarse voice. I saw that he was moistening his dry lips with his tongue. I began to grow deeply interested, half frightened.

"Going at a pound. Come, gentlemen, if any one is going to bid, be quick. It is the last lot."

There were but few left: and no one of them spoke. The hammer came down, and I saw Mr. Dawson clutch my father's arm.

"The land is yours, Mr. Burton. If you'll be good enough to step up and sign, I'll be able to get on as far as Stawell to-night. There is a good deal of snow-water coming down the Eldon this hot weather, and I don't like that crossing place after dark."

Thanks to James Oxton's excellent conveyancing bill, lands with a title direct from the Crown were transferred to the purchaser in about ten minutes. In that time my father was standing outside the court-house, with his papers in his hand, with Mr. Dawson beside him.

"Where's Trevittick?" almost whispered Mr. Dawson.

"Go seek him at home, Jim, and fetch him here," said my father in the same tone.

I went quickly home with a growing awe upon me. Every one was behaving so queerly. My awe was not dissipated by my finding Trevittick, with his head buried in the blankets, praying eagerly and rapidly, and Tom Williams standing by as pale as a ghost.

"This is the way he has been carrying on this last hour," said poor Tom. "I can't make nothing of him at all."

I went up to him and roused him. "Trevittick," I said, "father has got the bit of land he wanted."

He jumped up and clutched me by both arms. "Jim," he said, "if you're lying —. If you're lying —. If you're lying —."

We walked out and joined the two others, and all walked away towards the hill in silence. The boys were bathing, the cricketers were shouting, and the quaint-scattered village bore a holiday look. The neighbours were all sitting out at their doors, and greeted us as we went by: but yet everything seemed changed to me since the morning. I almost dreaded what was to come, and it seems to me now that it all happened instantaneously.

We crossed the low lying lands which had been sold that day, and came to our own—a desolate, unpromising tract, stretching up the side of the mountain which formed Cape Wilberforce, about

three miles from the sea. The land bought by Mr. Dawson was similar to our own, separated from it by a rib of trap rock; both lots were just as Erne described them, but ours was rather the rockier of the two.

It was soon over. Trevittick took a hammer and some gads from behind a rock, and, going up to a low ledge, set them in, and began working furiously. Once he struck aside and hit the rock, and the rock, instead of clinking, gave forth a dull thud. In a few minutes Trevittick had succeeded in detaching a piece about two feet square, the broken side of which shone strangely in the sun. It was a mass of solid, gleaming, virgin copper.

The murder was out now. With the exception of one on Lake Superior, and one in South Australia, my father was the proprietor of the richest copper mine in the world.

To be continued.

FELLOWSHIP.

BY WILLIAM BARNES.

Well! here we be, woonce mwore at leäst,
A-come along, wi' blinkèn zight,
By smeechy doust a-vlee-en white
Up off the road, to Lincham feäst,
Bwoth maïd an' man, in dousty shoes,
Wi' trudgèn steps o' trampèn tooes,
Though we, that mussen hope to ride,
Vor ease or pride, have fellowship.

Poor father always tried to show
Our vo'k, wi' hands o' right or left
A-pull'd by zome big errand's heft,
And veet a-trudgèn to and fro,
That rich vo'k be but woone in ten,
A-reckon'd out wi' workèn men,
And zoo have less, the while the poor
Ha' ten times mwore, o' fellowship.

An' he did think, whatever peärt
We have to plaÿ, we all do vind
That fellowship o' kind wi' kind
Do keep us better up in heart;
An' why should workèn vo'k be shy
O' work, wi' all a-workèn by,
While kings do live in lwonesome steätes,
Wi' nwone vor meätes in fellowship?

Tall tuns above the high-flown larks,
On houses, lugs in length, an' zights
O' windows, that do gleäre in lights
A-shot up slopes or woodbound parks,
Be vur an' wide, an' not so thick
As poor men's little hwomes o' brick,
By twos or drees, or else in row
So small an' low, in fellowship.

But we, wherever we do come,
Ha' fellowship o' hands wi' lwoads,
An' fellowship o' veet on roads;
An' lowliness ov house an' hwome;
An' fellowship in hwomely feäre,
An' hwomely clothes vor daily wear;
An' zoo mid Heaven bless the mwore
The workèn poor wi' fellowship!

CLAUS SEIDELIN: A DANISH APOTHECARY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY ANDREW HAMILTON.

We almost shrink now from the bare mention of the name of unhappy Denmark; but what I am going to say has so little to do with Schleswig-Holstein and its attendant calamities (which bid fair to sow the discord of ages between races—ourselves, the Germans, and the Scandinavians — which surely were meant, if ever any on this earthly ball, to live in the harmony and united action of brothers and neighbours), that I venture to beg all who will to turn with me from the present *misère* of war, wrath, hatred, and all malignity, to a few years of home-baked commonplace, embedded deep in the middle of the last century. The life of an apothecary of that period, in his shop in the quiet grass-grown High Street of a dull little town, or rather village, on a petty island in the Danish waters, will probably *primâ facie* not greatly tempt the curiosity of most English readers. And I do not intend so far to outrage expectation. The fact is, *this* apothecary was a traveller in his youth, at the age when he had to *do* his *Wanderjahre*, and saw, in such proximity as was possible for him, some men and things whose figures have acquired a certain familiarity for us through other mediums than the eyes of a druggist's apprentice. But our apprentice, having healthy vision, took his own impression of what he saw, and, as he was at the pains long after to commit to paper what he yet retained, I believe we should be unthankful if we refused to profit by his "Recollections."

Several learned doctors have of late years written laborious treatises on the rise and early progress of pharmacy and all things pharmaceutical in Denmark. I have read whatever of the sort I could lay hands on; yet after much reflection I have been convinced that profound ignorance as to how drugs were compounded and where they were sold in, for instance, the fifteenth century, need not interfere with our interest in the travels of a worthy lad who was striving hard to become skilful in the composition of drugs in the eighteenth. The truth is that the origin of what we should now-a-days call an apothecary's shop is, north of Germany, recent enough. Down to a late period, drugs of manifold ingredients were sent to distinguished persons from France and Italy, and, in course of time, stores, or magazines, came into vogue, in which both simples and compounds could be bought, along with wines, and spices, and other outlandish wares. Ladies and monks, as we all know, dabbled much in medicine; and a Dr. Gram has, in our own day, written a book—or, at least, an article—to prove that Paracelsus meant Copenhagen when he says Stockholm, and that the *matrona quædam nobilis* whom he says he saw or heard of there was Sigbrit, Christian II.'s "lady," who worked so successfully at drug-making that she achieved the re-

putation of witchcraft. It was not till Christian III.'s time, in 1536, that an apothecary became a permanent institution in Copenhagen. His predecessor, Frederick I. had twice over vainly applied to Parliament for the necessary grant. Once introduced, however, the institution spread rapidly. At first, the letters-patent granting the privilege limited it to the holder's lifetime; but before the middle of the sixteenth century such property had become freehold—it could be bought and sold, and transmitted from father to son, or from husband to wife. Hence the need of frequent inspections on the part of the medical faculty. Hence, too, the necessity that one son at least in a family should follow the father's profession.

Nothing could well lie further from the world's great highways than the petty island of Falster. It is situated to the south of Zealand, separated by a strait just broad enough to cut it off even from such claims to publicity as the mother-island may think herself in possession of. The population at the present day may be about 20,000, and the chief town is what we should call the village of Nykjöbing, although the geography-book says it has seven streets. Yet the islanders were not wholly denied the blessing of an occasional glimpse of some of those exalted forms which fill earth's high places. Nykjöbing and the country round it were a royal demesne, and had for ages been the prescriptive appanage of dowager-queens, where they were wont to pass their *villeggiatura;* and we may well fancy that the annual arrival of widowhood, in all its majesty, must have solemnized the natives not a little. There was also, as we shall see, at the period of which I am going to speak, an utterly unhoped-for glimpse of an even greater personage. With such exceptions, life in the little market-town passed with fewer events, with bigger rumours, and with greater contentment, probably, than in most places.

Claus Seidelin was a native of Nykjöbing. There he was born; there he was bred; there, after his apprenticeship in the metropolis, and his six years of wandering — among Papists, and Frenchwomen, and what not—he spent his easy, useful life, and married, and brought up his children; and there, in his seventy-ninth year, he sat down and began to write his "Recollections." In the following year he died. The manuscript is now in the hands of his great-grandson, a parish priest, who has kindly placed it at the disposal of the Historical Society of Copenhagen, by which learned body it has been recently edited. I have chosen but few passages for translation; they will in great part require no commentary. They will give us glimpses of a certain society of those years, not, indeed, behind the scenes, but from the shilling gallery. Or, rather, they will take us up into the dingy lumber-room of a house now silent and tenantless, and show us Czar Peters and Friedrich Wilhelms, and other motes and midges of the eighteenth century, floating in the quaint sunbeams that straggle through the dusty attic window.

"Into this sinful world was I, Claus Seidelin, born of godly and honourable parents. My late father was the worthy, skilful, and honourable man, Frederick Seidelin, by appointment apothecary to His Majesty for Nykjöbing, in Falster, son of Hans Seidelin, Master of Arts, formerly priest and dean at the Holm's Church in Copenhagen. My late mother was the God-fearing and virtuous matron Karen, youngest daughter of Claus Iversen, sometime alderman in Copenhagen. And my birth fell upon the twenty-sixth day of January, *anno* 1702."

The baptism comes next, with five godfathers and godmothers. Then he goes to school, and gets nine floggings in one forenoon. What follows is pleasanter:—

"In my tender years came his late Majesty King Christian V.'s widowed queen, Charlotte Amalie, once in the year to Nykjöbing by the space of three or four months, the palace of Nykjöbing, with what pertained thereto, forming part of her jointure, whereby my late father had occasion to supply no small quantity of medicine to Her

Majesty, as also to her suite. Now it also happened that my revered father did one Sunday permit a lad in our employment to conduct me to the *château* for my amusement, on which occasion we had scarce entered the outermost guard-room when the queen, rising from table, caused the doors of that apartment to be thrown open, and, followed by her whole court, proceeded to cross the guard-room. I, nowise deterred, ran straightway up to her, kissed her hand and the hands of all her ladies, and then, placing myself alongside of a dwarf-woman whom the queen had, thinking her to be a child like myself, I followed with the rest of the train. My father's lad had well-nigh swooned at his carelessness in not looking better after me; but the queen was very gracious, inquiring whose child that was, and being informed it was the apothecary's child, she opened a little closet in which she kept some orange trees and other fine plants, from which she herself gathered a *bouquet*—as they call it—and gave it to me, with orders that I should be restored to my father's messenger. When we came home, and related what had passed to my revered father, the lad received a reprimand, and my father said to me, 'It is very well, my son, that the queen has given thee a *bouquet*, but I had rather she had given thee half a score of ducats.'"

"*Anno* 1712.—On October 18th it pleased God, according to His all-wise counsel, to remove by a happy death from this troublesome world to the glory and blessedness of His heavenly kingdom, my tender and pious mother Karen, Claus's daughter, in child-bearing of my youngest sister, unto the great sorrow and distress of my late father, myself, and my eldest brother, none of my other brothers or sisters being old enough to give much heed thereto. My honoured father was well-nigh inconsolable; for two days he shut himself up in his chamber to give free course to his tears, refusing to eat or drink, or speak with any person, until, by the visits and comforting discourses of our clergyman and other kind friends, he was moved to quit his prison, well knowing that it was his duty to submit to God's holy will, and that it lay upon him to convey the remains of the blessed departed unto their resting-place, the which he then set about with all the more diligence, causing them to be interred very honourably in a vault which he had but lately purchased under the choir of Nykjöbing church. He himself chose the text for the funeral sermon, as well as the introductory words, and subsequently begged *Magister* Zimmer for a copy of the discourse. I doubt not it is yet to be found among the books which I left behind me to my successor on retiring from business."

Two years afterwards the widower found consolation. His "dear brother" wrote to him from Copenhagen, proposing a likely widow there who had already lost an apothecary in the plague, and seemed not disinclined to take another. The negotiation advanced so far that the bridegroom proceeded to Copenhagen to arrange preliminaries, whereupon "their first meeting was very loving." Subsequent meetings must have been less so, for the project was given up; on which "he immediately sought himself another bride, a maid of thirty," and "the wedding took place in the house of his dear mother."

"*Anno* 1716, we had a visit, at Nykjöbing, from Czar Peter of Russia, called the Great. He came ashore in the middle of the night at a place about two miles from Gjedesbye, and had Prince *Menzicoff* and a lot of other Russian princes and generals with him in two or three open boats. They all directly threw themselves on some plough-horses that were going loose in the fields, and rode into the village, where they stopped at the innkeeper's, who was also the village justice. Him and his wife the Czar turned out of their bed, and jumped into it himself, with his boots on, warm as it was. Meantime, the innkeeper had to see about the others as best he could; after which he sent a messenger on horseback to Nykjöbing to give notice of the Czar's arrival, whereupon everything was done to prepare a suitable

reception. [Here he enumerates all the provincial dignitaries who were hurried together.] . . . They proceeded straightway to Gjedesbye, and took all the hackney coaches, private carriages, and horses that were in the town, to place them at the Czar's service; the town-crier went through, summoning all the inhabitants to meet in parade at his entry; and all the best housewives in Nykjöbing had to repair to the castle to cook his dinner. He arrived the following forenoon at eleven o'clock, yet not in a coach, but in a kind of little open chaise which he had with him, drawn by two horses. He was driven to the castle, but waxed wroth thereat, having designed to take his dinner at an inn; and, finding his cook on the steps of the castle, he gave him a sound thrashing. At length, however, he consented to abide where he was, but insisted on dining alone, so that the Danish lords had to withdraw. He looked like a sergeant, or rather hangman. He was tall of stature, wore a dirty blue cloth coat with brass buttons, had a big broad cutlass like a hangman's sword at his side in a leathern sword-belt outside his coat, great boots on his legs, a little velvet cap on his head, a middling-sized moustache, and a long cane in his hand; but did not look so much amiss after all. He did not sit long at dinner, and, as soon as he had done, he went down with his lords to the smithy, where he had ordered a boat to be got ready. On the road from the castle two or three of the townsfolks, who had ventured too near, got a taste of his stick; and, as he could not get into the boat dryshod, Claus Wendt had to carry him out to it, for which he gave him eight skillings [about twopence]. As soon as he and his lords had embarked, they pushed from land, but, coming to the pier, he got ashore again to take a look at the position. He then sailed to Haselöe and further, to fetch the galleys in which he had come from Mecklenburg: now these were not to be counted for number, for he had on board an army of 36,000 men. He then returned to Nykjöbing, about five or six in the afternoon, and came ashore with his lords. Yet would he not sup in the castle, where everything had been got ready, but went to the house of the postmaster, Iver Rosenfeldt, and there caused himself to be served with both rye and wheaten bread, butter, Dutch cheese, strong ale, brandy, and wine; and there was in particular some Dantzig liquor which he greatly liked; other than that they had not to place before him. Now some of the townsfolks, and myself among the number, managed to slip into Rosenfeldt's house to see the Czar sup, which indeed he did with much elegance, for every time he buttered himself a piece of bread he licked the butter clean off the knife again. At my parent's house there were a number of his suite, who were served in a like fashion. As soon as the galleys arrived, all the crews came ashore, so that every street and house was so crowded that nobody could stir; and in a few hours there was not a bit of bread, nor any bacon, butter, eggs, beer, or spirits to be found in the town. Towards night the Czar and his lords went back to the galleys, and on a signal given the rest had also to retire on board. Early in the morning we saw some thousands of camp-kettles on the beach, with fire underneath, to feed which the soldiers stole whatever would burn; and then they gathered all the nettles and hemlock and other green things that they could find, and chopped them up quite small, and threw them into the kettles. The next thing was to cut one salt herring into little bits to each kettle, after which, when the whole came a-boil, the kale was ready, which they ate as fast as they could, and then went on board again with their kettles. The Czar immediately set the fleet under sail towards Guldborg, and thence to Copenhagen, so that by noon not a galley was to be seen. The Czar's consort came here a few days after his departure: she had travelled from Mecklenburg, through Holstein and Laaland. When she arrived in the ferry-boat, the governor and sheriff were standing on the landing-place to receive her, but she was not very gracious to them. On the other hand, when she

perceived among the spectators the late Reverend Ole Lund, of Weyerlöse, who, being an old, grey-headed man, had a venerable aspect, she bent low out of the chaise to salute him, thinking most likely that he was the patriarch of the country. She liked her quarters in Nykjöbing Castle well enough, for she remained five days, and the goodwives of the place had to take their turns in going up to the castle to cook for her. She was very well pleased, too, with all their cookery, and with the rare wines and such like that were rummaged together for her entertainment. Then she proceeded to Copenhagen, to her consort."

In 1717, the elder Seidelin took his son to Copenhagen, and placed him as apprentice with the court apothecary, Herr Becker. One of the first events that struck him there was the bicentenary festival of the Reformation, which was celebrated for three days together with an enthusiasm of velvet coats and embroidered breeches on the part of kings, knights, and nobles, such as the Reformation seems little likely ever to evoke again. Lutheranism drove to court in those days in a gorgeous equipage, with six horses, and six lackeys, all in fine new liveries, covered with lace, besides outriders and runners; was escorted by the guards in their gala uniform; was thundered at with military honours by all the troops that could be crowded together; was speechified to by *Rector Magnificus* and the other learning of the kingdom; attended divine service under a perfect flutter of gold lace, and plumes, and ermine; and banqueted royally to the clatter of silver and blaze of gold.

"*Anno* 1718, the health of the late King Frederick IV.'s queen Louisa began to be very delicate, so much so that she had to keep her bed, and a new doctor, called Gaulcke, was sent for from Germany. He was immediately appointed her physician, and abode continually beside her in her palace, where he caused a little laboratory to be fitted up, in which he himself prepared sundry medicines for the queen's use. Now, coming frequently to my master's, he conceived so great a favour for me that he begged my master to let me attend upon him at the palace to help him in these preparations. Sometimes he took me with him in his carriage along with the necessary drugs, vases, and instruments; on which occasions I had the honour to make up his prescriptions—powder, or whatever else it might be—in the queen's ante-room, in presence of all the ladies and gentlemen; and, as soon as it was ready, he took a dose of it and went in with it to the queen . . . But Dr. Gaulcke could not succeed in bringing back the queen's health, for it pleased God, *anno* 1719, to call her away. Whereupon, King Frederick caused a magnificent *castrum doloris* to be laid out for her remains in the palace church, and had the funeral conducted to Roeskilde with all possible royal pomp, the Crown Prince, with Prince Charles, and other members of the royal family, accompanying it; but the king went not himself, though the state mourning coach paraded in its proper place with all usual signs of sorrow as if the king had been sitting in it. On the other hand, on the day following, whilst the funeral train was yet in Roeskilde, His Majesty did cause his former mistress, Countess Anna Sophia Reventlow, who had already for some years been called Duchess of Schleswig, to hold her progress publicly in an equipage hung with black from her own mansion to the palace, where, that same evening, he was married to her, in presence of a few of her friends, by the German chaplain, Herr Clausen. So that the royal children, on their return from Roeskilde, found that they had got a new mother and the king a new consort. A fortnight later, a great solemnity was ordered at Fredericksberg, to which the king invited both his own and the foreign ministers, the higher clergy, the magistrates, and professors, &c. and caused the queen's crown, on a red velvet cushion, embroidered with gold, to be borne into the audience chamber by the wife of the grand chancellor and the Countess Lansvig. He then himself took the crown, and

placed it on the head of his consort, and those two ladies, her sisters, had to fasten it, as that it might not fall; whereupon he publicly declared her Queen of Denmark and Norway, and conducted her to the royal table, where she dined with the crown on her head. Again, a fortnight later, she held her public entry into Copenhagen as queen, with great splendour and all wonted ceremony; at night, there were illuminations and all the tokens of joy which, in the short time, could be got in readiness."

This was the second marriage of Frederick IV. to Countess Anna Sophia Reventlow. After carrying her off from her family, notwithstanding the strongest opposition from her mother, he formally married her in 1712, during the life-time of his first queen, so that, for nine years, he had two wives. After his death, his son banished Anna Sophia to Jutland, where she spent the rest of her days, but not till she had been forced to give up several estates and a good deal of jewellery, given or left to her by the late king.

Having served the period of his apprenticeship and a year to boot, it was time for Seidelin to think about his *Wanderjahre.* He left his native land at Easter, 1722, and, after marvelling sufficiently at the wonders of Lübeck and Hamburgh, accepted, "in the name of God," the offer of a situation at Nordhausen in Thuringia, where, however, his employer starved him so painfully on mashed turnips and "salad leaves, with a little soup poured over them, made of smoked bacon, chopped up with an egg and sour vinegar"—never giving him "a decent roast of meat all the time"—and, what was worse, crept about the house at night on felt slippers to make sure that the shop-boys were stealing nothing, that Seidelin was not slow in seeking other quarters. These he found in Berlin, again in the house of a court apothecary, and entered upon his functions on New Year's Day, 1723.

"There was always a large garrison in Berlin, and at Michaelmas of every year the king reviewed an army of fifteen or sixteen régiments, horse and foot, whose fine accurate drill it was a pleasure to behold. When the review was over the troops would march in perfect order, the one regiment behind the other, into Berlin by one gate, past the palace, and out by another gate to the camp again. All which, being extremely remarkable, I neglected not, on fitting occasion, to observe and consider. . . . . The princes of the royal house, with their consorts and families, such as the Markgraves Albert and Louis, *item,* the Dowager Markgravine Philip with her family, resided constantly in Berlin; but the king and queen, with their numerous family, resided for the most part at Potsdam, where the king had built a fine palace, with offices, and laid out a garden. Nay, he had caused his generals, ministers, and other high office-bearers, to build a town there, as each of them required a mansion to reside in while attending court. He had also erected three or four splendid churches; and it was at Potsdam, moreover, that for his own especial diversion he kept his big grenadiers,—a corps of 2,000 men or upwards, all of them uncommonly tall, strong fellows, whom he had been collecting for a great many years at much trouble and expense. Nevertheless the king was wont to come to Berlin once a week by the space of two or three days, and then he came for the most part on horseback, attended by two pages, but never resided in the principal part of the palace. On the contrary he had caused to be fitted up for himself two rooms on the ground floor, with a bed in one of them; and this lodging, which was close to the street, was surrounded by an ordinary railing, but strongly guarded by a number of sentries at ten paces from each other. For in one of these rooms was the stair which led down to his treasure-chamber—a place consisting of several massive vaults with iron doors, full of all kinds of gold and silver coins in neat strong sacks and bags, regularly arranged on shelves from floor to ceiling, and with a label on each sack telling what sort of coin it con-

tained, and how much. There was not another potentate in Europe that had such a treasure-chamber.

"When the king came thus to Berlin he gave no audiences either to his own ministers, or the foreign ambassadors, or the generals, or anybody else, except on parade, and, when the parade was over, he would say to one or two of the nobles present, whether they were his own or foreign: 'To-day I will dine with *you*, and to-morrow with *you*;' for he held no kitchen in Berlin either for himself or anybody else. He was a singular prince; uncommonly thrifty and saving; all royal splendour was abolished at his court. He kept but two pages and as many lackeys [other authorities say six or eight]; his table at Potsdam was supplied with no more than six dishes, amongst which were oftentimes kale, peas, bacon, &c.; and in the evening with three dishes; confects there were none, saving a plate of biscuits for the queen and princesses; neither would he eat out of silver. Toward evening he always had his *Tabacks-Collegium*, at which there appeared sometimes generals and sometimes lieutenants, but neither he nor they got anything but a pipe of tobacco, a glass of beer, and a slice of bread and butter ready cut. If the queen happened to have a dish at supper which she knew the king liked, she sent him word, whereupon he went to her apartment, ate some, and then returned to his *Tabacks-Compagnie.* His dress was always the uniform of the big grenadiers.

"For the rest he lived very lovingly with his queen, and they had many children; he attended regularly the house of God, and made his soldiers do the same. What he liked best was money and soldiers, and of both he gathered together a great quantity, yet did he not in his lifetime conquer other lands by means of them than the province of Stettin in Pomerania. His son, the present king, who at that time was a prince of eleven or twelve years, has acquired still more money and soldiers, and with them has taken many lands, such as Silesia, Polish Prussia, East Friesland, &c. yet without oppressing his subjects by extraordinary exactions. Once, as I was standing in the shop door, the king came galloping from Potsdam, with his two pages after him, and, on getting off his horse at the entrance to his chambers, I saw with surprise how he threw the bridle over the railing, and, having perceived that one of the horse's hind shoes was loose, caused a page to hold up the foot, while he himself looked about for a stone and knocked the nails tight again. Another day I saw the king going along a street in Berlin, when all at once he espied a paper of pins in the mire; he at once stopped and raked the paper out with his stick, and called to a girl who was passing that she should pick it up. . . ."

After making a short tour at Easter, 1724, he goes on again,—

"As soon as I had returned from Leipzig and Wittenberg, the royal *Collegium Medico-Chirurgicum* in Berlin was inaugurated; whereupon I set myself with extreme diligence to profit thereby, and neglected the lecture of no professor, although I lodged a full mile (English) from the anatomical theatre, viz. in the house of my former employer, and must needs travel that distance twice a day, thither and back, even in winter: yet did I not regret it, God granting me health. With more especial diligence I attended on the chemical lessons of Professor Neumann, which were held in the house of the court apothecary, inasmuch as he was wont to demonstrate by experiments in the laboratory whatever he had treated of in his lecture. There was always an immense concourse of *auditores*—even of clever physicians and surgeons—who sat and wrote down upon their knee everything he said, as if each word had been worth a ducat. The most learned chymicus Dr. Pott also delivered his physico-chymical lectures in the same place, but had no such concourse; for, although what he stated was extremely learned and profound, yet was it not so readily to be understood or so profitable, especially for beginners, as Herr Neumann's. Such

other vacant hours as I had, I employed in taking lessons in the French tongue from a firstrate French teacher, and in learning from a music-master to play on the *flaute-douce*; later in the evening I occasionally frequented the dancing-school. This I continued one whole year as I had proposed: the professors were, particularly at first, very painstaking, and the chamber of anatomy was that winter well supplied with a very great number of *cadavera* of both sexes, old and young, even of lying-in women, so that there was enough to practise on in all branches of anatomy; and, when anything particular occurred at the hospital of the *Charité*, we were permitted to be present.

"Among the extraordinary and remarkable things that took place in Berlin during my stay there, may be reckoned the following: — "King George I. of Great Britain, who likewise was Elector of Hanover, having come to Germany that year, formed the resolution that he would come likewise to Berlin, to visit his son-in-law and daughter, the King and Queen of Prussia. On hearing that, these latter set about with all their might making such preparations as were necessary to receive with becoming respect this their august father and guest in their royal palace in Berlin. All economy was wholly put aside. The king hired twenty-four pages and forty lackeys, who were all clad in velvet and fine cloth of a dark blue colour, with red breeches most richly embroidered with gold lace. Also, the splendid royal equipages which were still standing from the time of the king's father, the late magnificent *Fredericus Primus*, had to be brought out for a day and inspected; and, in truth, they were so rich and costly that I never afterwards saw their like, even in France. The royal *gens-d'armes* had to be rigged out in new uniforms. A pretty considerable army was drawn together round Berlin to divert the King of England by their manœuvres. All the great nobles and their ladies were summoned to appear in handsome equipages. Some opera people, men as well as women, were written for, and others were set to work on decorations for the court festivities: all which was got ready before King George's arrival; so that the Prussian Court really looked very magnificent, and no longer like itself. And, indeed, it was very pleasant to see those two kings drive through Berlin in such a fine coach, and afterwards dine together along with the whole royal Prussian house. The King of Prussia conducted his father-in-law in like manner to the royal treasure-chamber. And there was, moreover, talk of a double marriage between the two kings, viz. between the Crown Prince of Prussia, his present Majesty, and the eldest princess of the Prince of Wales, as also between the eldest prince of this Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal of Prussia. But this august visit and all the grandeur lasted but a few days; for, as soon as the King of England was gone, the King of Prussia caused all the new liveries to be packed up in boxes, to be kept till they were again wanted, dismissed the new lackeys, and resumed his former economy. . . . . It was a strange and remarkable thing that the king had in his head at this time, viz. to people a piece of waste land in the province of Prussia. To this end he invited a number of the reformed from the Pfalz,[1] who were suffering oppression from the Catholics in that country. They willingly accepted the offered conditions, and came to Brandenburg to be transported further. But, this not being sufficient, the king caused young country lads and girls of his own subjects to cast lots, that every tenth one should be sent to Prussia; and of these, too, there came, about the same time, between five and six hundred on their journey. When they arrived, the king

[1] This emigration from the Palatinate, which Seidelin says he witnessed, must not be confounded with the later exodus from Salzburg, of which we have all read in Mr. Carlyle's book. Friedrich Wilhelm toiled for many years in getting inhabitants to that "piece of waste land." There were emigrations to Prussia from many parts of Germany, but I have never read elsewhere of one from the Palatinate, though the Polish Elector there *did* quarrel with his subjects.

gave each of the girls permission to select her husband from among the young men; and, as soon as any one was fixed on, he was married forthwith, the clergy having received orders to that effect, so that two hundred couples and upwards were married in the churches of Berlin in the course of two or three days. Some lads went to the altar pretty quietly, but others had wet eyes, and were as white as if they had been going to the scaffold; the women-folk looked all glad. But this kind of diversion had nearly gone too far; for there were two girls of Berlin who came to the king and offered to go to Prussia with the rest, on condition that they might have two young merchants whom they named; whereupon, to everybody's surprise, the king gave his consent, and forced these swains into this wedlock, probably with a promise of some special support. But at that all the respectable young men of Berlin got frightened, and I myself as much as any of them. At last, however, the whole party were sent forward to Prussia, and so the alarm was at an end.

"Before I left Berlin, I went out to Potsdam again, to see the big grenadiers on parade. Now just at the hour of parade the mail-coach happened to come in, and with it a travelling doctor from foreign parts, who, being as desirous as myself to see the big grenadiers, went straightway to the parade-ground. He was a decent-looking man, and wore a smart suit of blue clothes, with an elongated peruke, which, being in that place somewhat unusual, drew the king's eye, who at once came galloping down on the doctor, and asked him—'Who are you?'—'Please your Majesty,' said the doctor, 'I am a *doctor medicinæ*, and I live in such-and-such a place.'—'What are you doing here?' said the king.—'Please your Majesty,' quoth he, 'I have but this moment arrived with the mail, and desired to take advantage of the opportunity to do myself the pleasure of seeing your Majesty's famous grenadiers.'—'What!' cried the king, 'what business have you with my grenadiers? Look you after your books and your patients!' and with that His Majesty called a *gend'arme* and said, 'Take this fellow, and lead him straightway out of the town!'—'Please your Majesty,' replied the doctor, 'I have done no harm, and mean to do none. I am departing in a few minutes with the mail, and beseech your Majesty but to grant me time to eat a morsel of food at the inn ere I go.'—'Hold your tongue!' cried the king, repeating his order; 'take him out of the town this instant, and bring me word when you have done it!'—Whereupon the soldier dragged the doctor away; but, when they had gone a bit, the doctor bribed the trooper to let him halt and get something to eat; after which he continued his journey with the coach. As I happened to be standing just behind him, I feared lest I should also fare like him; but the king rode away again; so I escaped,[1] and had a good view of the parade, which I must confess was well worth the trouble of seeing, for the men were all like giants, their muskets were big in proportion, and the drill was splendid. After the parade I called on the biggest of the grenadiers, whose name was Jonas; he was a Norwegian, and, therefore, a countryman of my own; he showed me his gloves, which were so large that I could put my hand into every finger, and his shoes, which were more than half an ell (Danish) long. Even the bigger boys in Potsdam were fond of the diversion of running, at their full height, between Jonas's legs; but once, when he got tired of the sport, and a middling-sized boy was running between his legs in this fashion, Jonas suddenly struck his knees together, and hit the boy on the temples so that he fell down dead: but Jonas was not punished. Notwithstanding his great height, his legs were crooked; on which account the king inquired of various physicians and surgeons whether they could not be broken and fastened together again so as to look straight. But whether

[1] Seidelin was in no danger, for the king's wrath was doubtless excited solely by the wig. There are many stories of his attacks on wigs when they were larger than he approved of.

this operation was ever tried, or, if tried, whether it succeeded, I cannot say for certain."

In 1725, Seidelin left Berlin and found his way to Strasburg, where he remained for a year. We can afford to pass over his reminiscences of this first visit to France. Let us follow him rather to Switzerland, where he went in the society of a fellow-countryman of like profession with himself, with whom indeed he shared the greater part of his future wanderings. They both found situations in Berne, though with different employers, and their tastes seem to have coincided. Alpine travel in the earlier half of last century was so rarely undertaken *con amore*—anything like a tourist's account of passes and glaciers in those days is so scarce—that the following narrative may be entertaining. An old man of seventy-nine, writing from memory more than half a century after his tour, may be forgiven for confounding the *Grimsel* and the *Gries*. I have let the blunder stand, all the more as the Danish editor has also done so. Distances, both here and in the other extracts, are given in English miles, unless the contrary is specified.

". . . . But by far the most remarkable thing either for Westen or myself was the following:—Having entered on our situations in Berne about Easter, we immediately formed the resolution that if it were possible we should visit and try to ascend the loftiest of the Swiss Alps which begin at a distance of about fifty miles from Berne, and what was more, that we should also try to continue the journey as far as Milan in Italy; but this our design we kept hidden lest we should be altogether prevented by our employers from undertaking the excursion. Yet in the month of August we carried our plan into execution, having in the first place obtained the necessary permission to go to see the Alps. We enlisted ten young fellows of our acquaintance to bear us company, each of whom had to supply himself with a great-coat, a canvass jacket, a pair of boots, a hunting-knife, some linen, a pair of stockings, some money, a green cockade on his hat, and a good stick in his hand. Thus we all pursued our journey on foot till we came, one Sunday, to a place pretty high up in the mountains, where we found a church, a hall of justice, and an inn, at which we caused ourselves to be served with dinner,—and never in my life did I dine in greater style . . Each one of us had, on his word of honour, to make a declaration of how much money he had about him, all which being put in a common purse, we found the sum, as far as we could guess, sufficient for the whole journey, thither and back. We next procured a passport in the names of twelve persons, Swiss, and hired a guide, who understood Italian, at the charge of half-a-dollar, with victuals, *per diem*, until he should have brought us back to the same place. On the next day, which was Monday, we set out; but, having that day to ascend a part of the high Alps—the beginning of the great Gries (Grimsel) mountains—our travelling companions grew all at once tired of so laborious an expedition, and resolved to turn back, which greatly chagrined Westen and me, as we thus not only lost the pleasure and security which their society would have afforded us, but found our passport also, which was in the name of twelve, useless and suspicious; moreover, we had to pay all the expenses of our guide. None the less did we resolve to go on our way, with guide and passport as they were,—a most hazardous resolution, owing to our ignorance of the Italian language. But, God being our guide, we reached Milan on the fourth day, and after sojourning there for three days, accomplished, in the same manner, our return to Berne,—a journey altogether of more than three hundred miles, the whole of which we performed on foot, save that on one or two occasions we sailed for a few miles across some lake or canal. Nevertheless, all this was not done without many hardships and much that was disagreeable being mingled with our enjoyment. At the very outset, as soon as we had parted from our companions, it behoved us to ascend the lofty Gries mountain before we could gain the so-

called *Wallis* country. . . After that we had again to ascend the still loftier and more dreadful mountain called Grimsel (Gries), before we could reach the borders of Italy, which delighted us with many pleasant things. For we passed, as it were, from mere deserts and wildernesses into the finest country that can be imagined, with grassy walks, cornfields, vineyards, and splendid fruit-trees planted along the very fields and roads, as if they were all gardens. But the first city we came to was Domo, a small fortified town; and there the commandant would have arrested us, not only on account of our passport, but our appearance also, for, being covered with dust and sweat, we might have passed for vagabonds, particularly Westen, who had lost his peruke out of his pocket, and really looked like a good-for-nothing. But for our good luck, the commandant and garrison were Germans, with whom we were able to come to an explanation: so we got leave to pass. Further on, we came to a town called Sesto, &c. &c. &c. . . . . We were warned by some persons whom we met that our guide was suspected of having murdered two or three travellers whom he was guiding, which information put us into low spirits; and, in fact, he played us several tricks. For instance, one day as we sat enjoying our dinner in a beautiful garden in Milan, in which several hundred persons were dining at the same time, he spoke evil of us to the landlord, telling him that we were heretics, and that it would be no sin to get as much out of us as he could. This was overheard by a Calvinistic journeyman from Switzerland, who had but lately arrived at Milan from Spain by way of Barcelona and Genoa, and was now on his road home again. He was civil enough to come into the garden and inform us, that we might be on our guard, believing us to be Swiss like himself; on which account, for our greater safety, we took this young journeyman into our company on our homeward way, providing him his victuals. In the course of this our return, we caused ourselves to be rowed to an island in Lago Maggiore, called *Isola Bella*, belonging to the Borromeo family; in it there was a splendid palace, and an immense garden with orange and lemon trees growing in the very ground, and a laurel wood, where the fallen leaves lay under the trees an ell thick. Thence we went by the same road as we had come, and our heavenly Father brought us, after an absence of seventeen days, safe back to our employers at Berne; whom we feared to find mightily incensed against us for tarrying so long without permission, for they might well suppose that we had deserted or come to harm. But, on our humble supplication, they proved not implacable, and were right glad to have us again. To the wives of both of them we had brought presents of fruit from *Isola Bella*, of which they were pleased to accept. . . Switzerland is so strangely and wonderfully constructed, that you have got to march now up some lofty mountains, and then down into some deep valley. On the highest parts of the Grimsel and Greis Alps, you walk as it were among the clouds, and in many places the mountain is covered for several miles together with ice many ells in thickness, which never melts, and in which you often find cracks half an ell wide, reaching down sometimes to the very abyss, at the bottom of which you can hear the water roaring; and there is no help for it but to jump across, for bridges there are none. Indeed, the thing likest a bridge, as far as ever I could see, was here and there a wisp of straw thrown down to show which way the road went; for once there you see nothing all round you but an ocean of ice; and it is as cold in August as in winter. . . . I shudder to this day whenever I think of that journey, and I wonder how we could make up our minds to attempt it; but youth, health, and a desire to see the world, carried us through all difficulties; which could not, however, have been the case had not the blessed God so manifestly by His almighty hand guided, upheld, and guarded us from sickness and all other adversity: for which His holy name be for praised!"

"*Anno* 1727 I left my situation in

Berne, having previously given due notice; and, this being the last year of my residence abroad, my late father at my request granted me permission to return home by way of France, England, and Holland. Westen in like manner requested permission to do the same, but his father would neither agree to it nor send the needful money. Yet none the less did Westen determine on accompanying me to France, in hope that once there he might succeed in persuading his father; so that at the beginning of May we entered upon our journey."

They arrived, with various adventures, by way of Neuchâtel, the Jura Mountains, and Portarlier, at Besançon, whence he continues his narrative thus:—"As soon as we arrived we secured the two first and best places in the ordinary *carosse* of the country, which runs once a week from Besançon to Paris. These *carosses* are very commodious, with two seats behind, two before, and two on each side *à la portière*,—also with a *panier* in front for portmanteaus. The vehicle was drawn by six horses, bigger and fatter than I ever saw either before or since. Now it so happened that two noble ladies who had possessions in Upper Burgundy, by name Madame d'Aubigni and her lady daughter, were going to Paris by this very *carosse;* but, being as it chanced the last who inscribed their names, they found themselves forced to occupy the two worst places, viz. those *à la portière*. But after that we had gone a certain distance, finding these ladies extremely affable—for the mother was a discreet lady, and her daughter a witty, virtuous, and beautiful damsel of about twenty years of age—it grieved me that they upon so long a journey should be so inconveniently accommodated. Wherefore I proposed to Westen that we should offer them our own places; and, obtaining his consent, I proceeded—as Westen did not speak the French language—to convey our offer to the ladies. To which the elder of the two replied, 'No, Messieurs, your politeness is so great that we dare not accept of it without ourselves appearing *impolies*, for it is not a thing to be demanded of you that you should on our account occupy inferior places, the first being yours by right.' Hereto I answered that they would show us a particular favour by accepting our proposal, for it was a thing we could not endure, to see such charming ladies seated so inconveniently in a coach. At last we persuaded them, and the mother said, 'Messieurs, I must avow to you that the Danish nation excels ours in politeness. But what shall we devise whereby in some degree to repay your kindness? Since you are foreigners, imperfectly acquainted with the customs of the country, and therefore liable to be imposed upon, will you permit me to undertake your *ménage* during the journey? I shall endeavour so to take charge of it that you will not have cause to be dissatisfied.' This proposal we then accepted with many expressions of thanks; and I can truly declare that she took such charge of us as if we had been her own children, and saved us the half of what our living would otherwise have cost. Of an evening when we reached an inn—and the inns are very elegant on the post-roads in France—she would at once look out a bedroom with two beds, one for them and one for us, whereupon we would lay our swords on the one bed and they their night-clothes on the other, by that securing them. Then she would proceed to the kitchen and select what we were to have for supper, giving directions how it was to be cooked: the which she also took care to do at the taverns where we dined, so that we always had good living and little to pay. *In summâ* she took the same care of us as of herself, and most politely and familiarly held much intercourse with us. In the evening, when it was time to go to bed, she would request us to absent ourselves for a short space, after which, when we had returned to the chamber and laid ourselves also to rest, she would say, 'Messieurs, I wish you a good night; to-morrow, if it please God, we shall renew our conversation.' In the morning she would call out, 'Good morning, Messieurs; will it please you to get up and walk about the house a little,

while we also get up?' Thus everything betwixt us was conducted with regularity, propriety, and familiarity.

"Yet this familiarity was the cause of a certain difficulty into which I got on the subject of religion. For, happening one day to lose one of our travelling companions,—a respectable man, whose journey was at an end,—we got in his stead for some hours a monk, a sharp fellow, who, on hearing that we were foreigners and Danes, put several questions to me about Denmark, he knowing very well that the Lutheran religion was the only one practised in our country, and that the government was absolute. Now, when this monk had left us, and they by his means had learned that we were Lutherans, the younger lady did attack us with might and main, saying:—'Ah! Messieurs, how it grieves me to hear that such *honnêtes gentilhommes,* to whom we are so greatly indebted, should be so unfortunate as to call themselves Lutheran heretics! Ah! I beseech you, for the love of God and Mary and Joseph, and all the saints, forsake your errors and turn to the true religion, that you may be saved!' To which I replied:—'Mademoiselle, you mistake in your thoughts of the Lutherans: I assure you that they are orthodox evangelical Christians.'—'What, then, do you believe?' she inquired. 'Do you believe in the true Three-One God and in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who became man, and suffered death on the cross?' When I had given satisfactory answers to these questions, she inquired further, whether we believed that the Virgin Mary was the mother of Christ, and worthy of all adoration: *item,* that the Pope was sacred and infallible, &c. I replied that we certainly did believe the Virgin Mary to be the mother of Christ, and highly favoured among women; but that the Pope, being a man, could be infallible, we did not believe. 'O!' quoth she, 'then you are in error after all.' Thus did she continue, probably at her mother's instigation, to assail me, and insisted on teaching me some prayers to the Virgin Mary—short ones, which I easily got by heart; and, perceiving me to be so apt a scholar, she urged Westen and myself to accompany her and her mother to a Catholic priest in the next town we came to, in order to profess their religion. But I paid her the compliment of assuring her that, if any person in the world were able to convert me to the Catholic religion, she herself was that person, adding, that the matter was too important to permit any man at once to profess himself of another religion without being thoroughly grounded in it beforehand. They then requested us to visit them frequently in Paris, where there would be no lack of learned priests to give us the needful instruction. This we promised to do, yet not with the design of fulfilling our promise: neither did we fulfil it.

"Having arrived within a few miles of Paris, where the country is beautiful, with many splendid palaces and delightful gardens, there met us the *carosse* of the Duke of Noailles, with six horses and lackeys, to fetch Madame d'Aubigni and her daughter, who were related to the duke:[1] and inside the carriage sat an old prior from a convent in Paris, who turned out to be Madame d'Aubigni's brother; so here we had to separate. Westen and myself took leave of both mother and daughter with all submission, much kissing of hands, and many expressions of thanks for the favours shown us. But Madame d'Aubigni said:—'My daughter, it is not right that you take leave of these worthy Messieurs and Danish *gentilhommes* who have shown us so great civility, without bestowing on them a kiss.' Of this permission we were not slow to avail ourselves; after which, with fresh kissing

[1] The original editor remarks: "These ladies were, doubtless, related to Françoise d'Aubigné, Marquise de Maintenon, whose niece, Amable Charlotte Françoise d'Aubigné, in 1698, married a Duc de Noailles. This is confirmed by the fact that Seidelin afterwards met them at Versailles. They probably belonged to the branch of Madame de Maintenon's family which proceeded from her uncle, Nathan d'Aubigné, whose descendants were for the most part in a comparatively humble walk of life—one, for instance, was a priest, another a physician, and several were officers."

of hands, we conducted the ladies to their carriage, where I thought the old prior regarded us with envious eyes. For the rest, we were glad, on religious grounds, that we had parted in kindness; and I must say that this was the only temptation for the sake of religion that I met with in all my travels."

Here follows a long and lively description of Paris and his life there for four months. He attended Professor Jussieu's lectures on botany in the *Jardin du Roi*, and Geoffroy's on chemistry and *materia medica.* Falling in with a few fellow-countrymen of rank, he seems with their help to have looked on now and then from a safe distance at the doings of the great world. The queen was confined of twin princesses, on which occasion Seidelin saw the waters play at Versailles. Another time he got into trouble at Marley for fingering the embroidered curtains of Her Majesty's bed. He and his friend behaved like arrant cowards toward their fair proselytizing travelling-companion. They went, he tells us, to Versailles, on Whit Sunday, to see the king and the Knights of the Holy Ghost attend mass in the chapel, where it was said by Cardinal Fleury:—"When the mass was at an end, the king and the knights left the church, and we went after them, and then it came about that we met Madame d'Aubigni with mademoiselle her daughter, whereupon madame immediately cried out, '*Voilà nos gentilhommes Danois!*' With that they got hold of us, and reproached us for not visiting them according to our promise. I excused myself by assuring them that we had forgotten their address, which they therefore repeated, and we promised that we should this time come without fail; but we never went."

In London our friend was astonished chiefly at the rapacity of the Custom House officers, out of whose hands it cost him nearly an "English guinea" to deliver himself, and at the loyal demonstrations which closed the solemnities of George the Second's coronation. "When their royal Majesties had got to about the middle of the place (Westminster), there commenced these joyful shrieks, '*Vivat, God bless de Kingh, vivat, God bless de Qveen!*' whereat all the men swung their hats, and the women their white handkerchiefs; which sight so amazed me that I lost all countenance, forgot their Majesties, and all the grandeur, to gaze alone upon this; indeed, I may say it was the strangest sight I had seen in the whole world. Nay, I was well-nigh getting into trouble because of it, for I was so astonished that I forgot to swing my hat, so that one standing behind me gave me a poke in the back, and they all began to cry, 'Jacobite!' till I was fain to pull off my hat and swing it too."

He went home by way of Holland, and, after an absence of six years, set foot on his native islet, and, losing his father soon after his return, settled down to the inevitable successorship. At first he tried to resist, thought Nykjöbing a wretched little hamlet, and started negotiations for a change to the metropolis. But these failed, and he in consequence conceived such a spite against Copenhagen, that he would not go near it for fifteen years. Instead of that he married, and had plenty of children, and gave his excellent wife a great deal of trouble. Then he tried various speculations to give play to the energies which were so imperfectly taxed by the pursuit of pharmacy in Nykjöbing. He turned farmer and grazier and candle-maker, and what not. But his crops failed, and his cattle died, and the rats ate his tallow:—"and that was always the way with everything I tried besides my *Apotheke.*" Trials of a worse sort came in due time. Children died, one son turned out ill, his own health grew infirm. Yet he was neither discontented nor unhappy, and indeed had no cause. From his arm-chair he doubtless often enough rehearsed to untravelling listeners the adventures of his youth beyond sea. Within a few months of his "golden wedding," he began the composition of his autobiography; but the long narrative of his half-century of village life,

though sprinkled here and there with quaint shadows, is not sufficiently remarkable to tempt us further. "I can now," he says, "neither walk nor drive, nor oftentimes lie, but must continually sit; never to mention my powers of mind and body, which are as good as entirely gone. Yet it pleaseth the blessed God to keep me in life; nay, He is so gracious as at times to grant me some relief from pain. May He add this one favour more, and spare my beloved wife to close my eyes; and may He reunite us at last with the elect before His throne, to praise Him in a blessed eternity for all His mercy and faithfulness!"

ABOUT IRON; OR, WHAT THEY DO AT SCHWALBACH.

BY WILLIAM POLE, F.R.S.

If the value of an article is measured by its utility, it is scarcely possible to form a sufficiently high estimate of the value of iron. It has been one of the most powerful agents in promoting civilization; its uses and applications are far beyond all enumeration; and indeed it is difficult to conceive anything conducive to the happiness or advancement of mankind, with which iron has not to do in some way or other. This is truly the Age of Iron;—and its production keeps steady pace with our rapid intellectual and physical progress. Steam, railways, the printing press, the electric telegraph, and almost all other inventions of importance have to thank iron for their success, and have, in return, stimulated and improved its production. Let any one try to picture to himself what we should do, and what we should be, without iron, and he will soon learn to appreciate its value.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the latest applications of iron is the immense magnitude of articles made of it. The hull of a first-class iron ship such as the Warrior is a marvel of manufacture; so is one of the huge modern armour plates; so is Sir Wm. Armstrong's 22-ton wrought-iron gun. But it is not always magnitude which determines utility. A needle is a more useful thing than a 600-pounder; and there is an application of iron which, though it deals with quantities still smaller, yields to no other in general interest to mankind. This is the use of iron as a *medicine.*

Physiologists tell us that the most important component of the blood, that grand element of the animal system, consists of certain particles called "red globules," and that these globules owe their colour and some of their most important properties to the presence of iron. The chief office of the iron is said to be to absorb oxygen from the air in the lungs, and to convey it, by means of the circulation, through the whole system, where it is detached from its vehicle of conveyance, and made to assist in the various physiological processes for which oxygen is so vitally necessary. Hence the difference in colour between arterial and venous blood. In the former the iron is highly oxidized, having a bright red colour; in the latter it has parted with oxygen, and has lost its brilliancy, till this is renewed by further exposure to atmospheric air. It is clear therefore that the presence of a certain quantity of iron in the blood is absolutely necessary to the healthy action of the system, and that, if the quantity falls short, disorder of some kind must ensue. And that this often does take place is well known; for diseases exist, whose name is legion, directly traceable to some form of what is called *anœmia*, or an impoverished state of the blood, consisting chiefly of a diminution of the proportion of the red globules, and of the quantity of iron they contain. In 1000

parts of healthy blood, the average normal proportion of red globules is said to be about 127, and of metallic iron about 0·51; these have been found reduced in cases of *anæmia* by about one-third, or even more. Our fair readers must not suppose, by our use of this hard Greek word, that the matter does not concern them; on the contrary, they are usually the greatest sufferers from the class of diseases we have mentioned. There are few females in town life who do not know, by sad personal experience, some of the almost infinite varieties of ailment synonymous with, or arising out of, what is popularly called "debility," or "want of tone in the system;" and in a very large number of these cases the fundamental cause of all the mischief is the want of a few grains more of that health-giving metal, a thousand times more precious than gold. Nor are women the only sufferers. The fast life, both bodily and mental, of the present age has brought the more robust sex also considerably under the anæmic category. It is not improbable that a direct relation may exist between the state of the corporeal fluid and that of the mental and nervous energy; and, if this is so, the production of a poem, or the solution of a hard mathematical problem, may have a material effect upon the red globules, and we may say that, whenever a great engineer, like Stephenson or Brunel, racks his brain to design a Britannia Bridge or a Great Eastern, for every ton of iron he puts into the structure, he abstracts a fraction of a grain of the same material from the life-blood flowing in his veins.

For those ills that our modern flesh is so peculiarly heir to, the obvious remedy is to add to the system the substance which it lacks, and hence preparations of iron form a large element in every doctor's prescriptions, and in every apothecary's stores. *Tonics*, as they are called, are, now-a-days, the most popular of all medicaments; and rightly so, for, since Nature is after all the only real acting physician, the best of her deputies and assistants devote their chief endeavours to aid her in her beneficent operations. Tonics are simply aids to Nature, and some of the most valuable tonics are the various preparations of iron. The sulphate, the muriate, the citrate, even the simple oxide of the metal from a blacksmith's forge or from rusty nails, are all made avilable; "steel pills" are almost in as common request as sal-volatile; and of late some clever fellow, having found out that phosphorus is a large ingredient of the cerebral matter, has given us *phosphate* of iron, with the view of furnishing us at one draught with both body and brains!

No doubt these preparations are very beneficial; and heaven forbid that any discouragement should be offered to their fuller development or to their enlarged application! But they are still only artificial; and, somehow, Nature has a way of preferring her own productions, when she can get them, to those we make for her. And there *is* a way of getting iron into the system, which, as it is Nature's own contrivance, is better than the doctor's, however good the latter may be. *Ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ*, water's the thing: the best preparation of iron in the world is iron water, and the best iron water in the world is that of Langen Schwalbach in Nassau, where I am now writing this article.

The efficacy of mineral waters in cases of chronic disease is very imperfectly appreciated in England, either by the public or the medical profession. Our own few springs are but little resorted to with any serious intention; and, although we know the principal foreign ones well enough by name, we are too much in the habit of considering them only as resorts for gaiety, or gambling, or for pleasantly passing a holiday, and of attributing the cures they work only to change of air, scene, and occupation. Few of our medical practitioners have taken the trouble to learn much about them, or have qualified themselves to give advice as to their use; and, consequently, when English patients resort to them in serious cases, they often go wrong, and bring discredit on what are really institutions of the highest value.

We can afford to allow all that is said

as to the accidental advantages and collateral attractions of the mineral springs. It is true that thousands go to such places as Baden Baden or the Pyrenees merely to enjoy themselves; and small blame to them, for it is impossible to conceive a more delightful mode of passing a holiday. And it is also true that in Baden, and Homburg, and Ems, and some other places, those much-maligned green tables attract considerable numbers. And it is further impossible to deny that the change of scene and habit, the invigorating air, the careful diet and regimen, have an important part in the hygienic effects, and may, indeed, themselves be sufficient in certain cases to effect a cure. But still the real physical changes produced are very, very far beyond anything that can be accounted for in this way, and the therapeutic action of the waters on the system is as positive and well established as that of any article in the Materia Medica. No one who has had the opportunity of learning much about the foreign "Heilquellen" can doubt the reality of their wonderfully healing properties, or can do otherwise than regret that such admirable and beneficent provisions of Nature for the health of mankind should have remained without due appreciation. Almost all the nations of Europe, except ourselves, understand them, and flock to them in shoals, and their study is as much a part of a French or German physician's education as that of any other medicament. The baths in Germany and France are increasing their fame, and extending their operations; and at this moment a company is being formed for the purpose of opening out new sources in a large district of France (the province of Auvergne), where mineral springs have been discovered in great abundance, and of great value, but which have been hitherto undeveloped for want of capital.

But it is our object now to speak of the one particular watering-place which we have already mentioned as celebrated for its fine tonic chalybeate waters. Schwalbach is not unknown to the English public, as it was described many years ago in a charming little book entitled "Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau, by an Old Man." The author states that he was suddenly sentenced, in the cold evening of his life, to repair his worn-out frame by drinking the Schwalbach waters; and, as he toddled about in his old age, with grizzled eyebrows, and stiffened muscles, he was driven to amuse himself by blowing the "Bubbles" which have travelled so far and so wide. This was in 1825; and, if the account the author gave of his age be correct, it is certainly a proof of the miraculous efficacy of the waters that he is now, after forty years, still alive and active, as was proved by his attempt, a short time ago, to upset one of the most prominent historians of the day! The account of the place given in the "Bubbles" is excellent, and still remains, in a great measure, correct; but, though we can lay no claim to follow the "Old Man" in the graces of his style, we conceive the place will bear a few additional words of plain description.

The Taunus mountains, belonging to the Duchy of Nassau, and lying in the space bounded on three sides by the Rhine, the Lahn, and the Maine, are peculiarly rich in mineral waters, containing the celebrated springs of Wiesbaden, Homburg, Ems, Schwalbach, Schlangenbad, Soden, Weilbach, Selters, and others less known. It is also worthy of remark that on their west slope lies the well-known district of the Rheingau, famed for producing the most valuable wines in the world. Indeed the wine and the water form the great wealth of the little duchy, and furnish the chief elements of its prosperity.

Schwalbach is a small village lying in the heart of the Taunus, about ten miles north-west of Wiesbaden; but the nearest point of access to it is a station called Eltville, on the right bank of the Rhine, a little above the hill of Johannisberg. This place has railway communication from Calais without a break, and may be reached

in twenty-five hours and a half from Charing Cross. From Eltville to Schwalbach is a two hours' pleasant drive through a charming country, by way of Schlangenbad; and omnibuses run to and fro in correspondence with the trains.

The baths are said in an old chronicle to have been known to the Romans under the name of *Aquæ Vinariæ*, the present chief source being called the Wine Spring. In A.D. 790 the village was given by Charlemagne to the Abbey of Prüm; and, after changing hands repeatedly, it came, in 1816, into the possession of the Duchy of Nassau. Modern history authenticates the existence of the Wine Spring in 1569, when it is said to have worked wonderful cures. It was made known some years after by a celebrated physician of Worms, who had himself received benefit from it; and, before the middle of the seventeenth century, patients are said to have flocked to the place in large numbers. From this time to the middle of the eighteenth century it was one of the most fashionable resorts of Germany, provided with gaming tables and places of public amusement; and in July, 1711, it numbered no less than eleven personages of princely, and fifteen of ducal, rank among its visitors. It was during this period that the place was generally laid out as it now stands. It fell off during the French occupation of Germany; but, after it became transferred to Nassau, it again flourished—not, however, this time as a fashionable resort, but for its curative powers; and it has continued to preserve its reputation to the present day.

Schwalbach (from *Schwalbe*, a swallow, and *Bach*, a brook) lies in a short, deep cleft of the mountains, formed at right angles to the valley of the Aar, a river draining the north-western slope of the Taunus hills, and falling into the Lahn, at Diez. The village is elevated about 900 feet above the sea, or 700 feet above the Rhine, but it is within a mile or two of the summit of the range, which is about 450 feet higher. The sides of the ravine are steep, but excellent roads give access in three different directions—from the Rhine, from Wiesbaden, and from Ems, respectively. The country is highly picturesque, and the hills are covered in many places with fine woods of oak, beech, and fir trees, through which well-kept paths afford pleasant walks of considerable extent and variety. The air at this elevation is fresh, bracing, and healthy; the surrounding hills protect the village from piercing winds; and the salubrity of the place is remarkable, endemic disorders being unknown. This healthy state of the locality is said to be due to the remarkably good drainage, from the porous schisty rock lying immediately below the soil, combined with the steep slope of the ground. This prevents the accumulation of water, and the consequent generation of noxious miasmata. Hence the place is admirably adapted for invalids, the only precaution necessary being to wrap up warm when the temperature is low. The months when there is the greatest influx of visitors are July and August; but May, June, and September are also available.

The Schwalbach ravine lies nearly east and west, and is of the shape of the letter Y. The lower leg, abutting at the east end directly on the Aar, is nearly a mile long, and is built over for a great part of its length, forming a long street; whence the name *Langen Schwalbach.* This part, however, is inhabited almost entirely by the permanent residents, and the inhabitants of the poorer class; the visitors occupy the two diverging arms of the ravine, in which the principal springs are situated, and which rise rapidly towards the hills.

There are a great number of mineral springs, all more or less of the same nature, in the immediate neighbourhood. Ten well-defined ones exist in the village itself, but only three are known to visitors—namely, the Weinbrunnen, the Stahlbrunnen, and the Paulinenbrunnen; one or two others being, however, made use of to supply water for bathing. The Weinbrunnen is said to furnish 150, the Stahlbrunnen, 30, and the Paulinenbrunnen, 21 cubic feet of water per hour.

The general character of the water is the same in all the springs, containing bicarbonate of iron, in combination with a large proportion of carbonic acid,[1] which not only holds the iron well in solution, but renders it easy of digestion, and suitable for patients for whom ordinary iron preparations are objectionable; and it is this property which renders the Schwalbach iron-water so distinctly preferable to all others. The Tunbridge Wells water, for example, though tolerably rich in iron, is flat and heavy, and of little use, and is now scarcely prescribed by even the local doctors without an admixture of chloric ether to facilitate its absorption into the system. The place is resorted to more for the salubrity of the air than for the properties of the mineral spring. The Schwalbach water, on the contrary, is bright and sparkling, the carbonic acid effervescing from it in large quantities, as it escapes from the springs. It is highly exhilarating, and by no means unpleasant to the palate, the slight well-known iron taste being overpowered by the refreshing coldness and the agreeable sharpness of the acid. Most patients look forward to their daily invigorating draught rather with pleasure than otherwise.

The *Weinbrunnen*, the principal one, and the one most frequented, lies in the left or south branch of the forked ravine (corresponding with the thick arm of the printed letter), in which the majority of the visitors reside. We may call this ravine, for distinction's sake, the Weinthal. The source is sunk a few feet below the ground, and walled round, forming a large circular shallow pit, round the edge of which the visitors assemble. The water bubbles up in a clean bright metallic basin, from whence it is handed round, sparkling and fresh, by the attendant Hebe. The whole is covered with an ornamental roof, supported on iron columns, to protect the drinkers from the rain in bad weather. The bottom and sides of the valley are laid out in pleasant ornamental gardens, with plantations of shrubs and flowers, and shaded walks and avenues, extending far up the valley. The scene is also enlivened by a small lake, with a boat and water-fowl, and a pretty creeper-covered pavilion for the orchestra.

The *Paulinenbrunnen* lies in the same valley, about a quarter of a mile above the Weinbrunnen. This is the newest of the springs, having been discovered about 40 years ago, and named after the reigning Duchess of Nassau. It was at first thought more highly of than the others, particularly for females, and accordingly became, for some time, very fashionable; but experience has not confirmed this opinion, and it is now only used in certain cases for bathing, being quite deserted as a drinking-fountain.

The *Stahlbrunnen*, which divides the patronage with the Weinbrunnen, is in the right or north arm of the fork. The spring is arranged in like manner to the Weinbrunnen, and the valley is also similarly laid out, but on a smaller scale. The water contains nearly 50 per cent. more iron than the Weinbrunnen, and a little more carbonic acid, but less salts, and it is considered less easy of digestion.

The general effect of the waters in all the brunnen alike is highly tonic, astringent, and revivifying. The slight differences between the three are, that the Weinbrunnen is more purely tonic and not exciting, the Paulinenbrunnen is slightly exciting, and the Stahlbrunnen is more efficacious in its astringent powers.

The bath-house, which is a government establishment, is situated in the Weinthal, near the Weinbrunnen. It is a plain substantial building, about 250 feet long and 50 feet wide, and two storeys high. It contains fifty-seven bath-rooms, the water being supplied from the various brunnen, as may be ordered by the physicians. It is admitted cold, and warmed by steam

[1] The Weinbrunnen contains, in one gallon or 70,000 grains of water, about four grains of bicarbonate of iron, 190 grains of free carbonic acid (equal to 430 cubic inches), and 100 grains of other matters, principally alkaline salts. The other two springs differ somewhat in the proportions.

underneath. It is important this should only be done immediately before the bath is used, as the heat drives the gas from the water, and thereby causes the precipitation of the iron. Indeed, it is in all cases necessary to the full effect of the waters that they be used as fresh from the spring as possible, from the constant tendency of the gas to escape. Some provision is made for douche and shower-baths; but the Germans seem in this respect far behind the French, who have made the external use of mineral waters a special and very successful study. The Nassau authorities might take a useful lesson from the French as to the state and attendance of their baths, which are exceedingly rough and slovenly, and such as would not be tolerated in a French bathing place.

The water is brought to the bath-house from the springs by iron pipes, and collected in reservoirs, due care being taken to keep it from agitation or exposure to the air. For this reason, also, the bath-house is laid at such a level that the water can flow from the brunnen into the reservoirs, and from these into the baths, by its own gravity without pumping. The number of baths given annually has, for the two last years, reached 28,000, exclusive of those given at the private houses, which may, perhaps, be 5,000 or 6,000 more. It is said that, in the height of the season, as many as 350 (or, with the private ones, say 400) are given in one day.[1] The charge for each is one florin, or twenty pence.

The bath building also contains a sort of assembly-room and a covered promenade, lined with shops and stalls, where the water drinkers may take their prescribed exercise in rainy weather and spend their money at the same time.

Baths may also be obtained in a few private hotels and lodging-houses, as any inhabitants of the village have the right of fetching water for the purpose from the springs.

The kinds of diseases and ailments for which the Schwalbach cure is recommended comprise, as has been already stated, all that enormous class of which debility is the chief characteristic, and for which a general tonic action on the system is the appropriate treatment. We cannot attempt to particularise them; they are sufficiently well known, both to medical men and to their patients, and there are few of those which will not here find relief, if not perfect cure. For persons, however, of full-blooded habit, or sanguine and plethoric temperament, the iron waters are poison, as they have already too much of what the waters would give them.

Patients coming here should immediately put themselves under the care of one of the local physicians, of whom there are four—all men apparently of good medical knowledge, and whose large experience with the waters renders their advice essential. The method of treatment is varied according to the nature of the ailment and the constitution of the patient; but the following is the course generally followed.

The cure consists of a combination of drinking and bathing. The patient rises early, say about six in the morning, and goes to the brunnen to drink the water, keeping afterwards in gentle exercise for an hour or two, after which he is generally ready for a good breakfast. Another draught is taken about noon, and everybody dines at one. A third drinking and walking process takes place from five to seven, after which a light supper, and early to bed. One bath is taken during the day—best between breakfast and dinner; but, in the full season, bathing goes on nearly all the day.

There is some difference of opinion as

[1] Reckoning 14 cubic feet for each bath, this would require 5,600 cubic feet of water per day. We have seen that the three principal springs only furnish about 200 cubic feet per hour, or 4,800 feet per day, but there are other springs brought into the reservoirs. It is clear, however, that, unless the yield of water can be augmented, the baths will not accommodate much further increase of patients —unless, indeed, the doctors should suddenly discover (as the authorities of Vichy have lately done) that the mineral water is too powerful for bathing, and requires dilution!

to the quantity of water to be drunk. The older practitioners recommended large doses, amounting sometimes to seventy or eighty ounces of water in a day. Dr. Genth combats this practice, and shows that the quantity of iron required to restore the blood from an anæmic to a normal condition is much smaller than is generally supposed,[1] and that it is much more important that a little water should be well digested than that the stomach should be flooded with enormous quantities, which most probably do rather harm than good. It is recommended therefore to begin with say half a tumblerfull, three times a day, which may be gradually increased to double, or more. It is generally considered best to begin with the Weinbrunnen, and then to go on to the stronger ones; but this is a matter for medical direction. It is necessary that the water should be drunk on an empty stomach, and that the drinking should be accompanied by exercise. The reunion of the visitors at the three stated periods round the brunnen forms one of the attractions of the place, and would be a very pretty sight, were it not for an absurd habit that has lately crept in, of sucking up the water out of the glasses through long tubes, instead of drinking it in a Christian-like manner—through a fear (entirely fallacious) of its injuring the teeth. The ludicrous way in which pretty women consent to distort their features in conforming to this monstrous fashion must be seen to be believed.

The bath should be taken at as low a temperature as can be endured consistently with remaining in it a sufficiently long time; for it is found that the lower the temperature the more readily are the contents of the water absorbed by the skin. This, also, is a matter for medical advice; but it is customary to begin with a temperature of about 90° Fahr. and to lower it gradually to about 80°. The time of remaining in commences with about ten minutes, and is gradually increased to half an hour or more. The impression of the bath is agreeable. The body, immediately after immersion, becomes covered with little bubbles of carbonic acid gas, which gradually expand and rise to the surface; and it is desirable to keep as quiet as possible, in order to promote the action of the gas on the body.

The regimen recommended during the cure is simple and sensible. Plain digestible diet, with absence from fresh fruit, sour dishes, and vegetable acids; a little good, not too strong, wine; early to bed and early to rise; as much exercise as can be borne without fatigue; freedom from bodily or mental excitement; and the utmost possible exposure to the open fresh air. It is never to be lost sight of that the iron is only a secondary agent, its office being to carry oxygen, and that for this purpose it must be well oxygenated; to effect which exercise and fresh air are the chief means.

The operation of the cure soon becomes apparent in the better appetite, the astringent effect, and other signs by which the presence of iron in the body is usually recognised. The duration varies according to the case and the individual. It should be carried on till symptoms appear, such as headache, &c. indicating the saturation of the system with iron, or hyperoxydation of the blood. It is considered desirable to bring this on as slowly as possible, particularly when the patient is very weak. In ordinary cases, the length of the cure is generally four to six weeks; but it is often determined by the number of baths taken, between twenty and thirty being the ordinary course. The drinking of the water should then be gradually, not suddenly, discontinued. Many people take a quantity in bottles away with them on leaving the place. The doctors recommend that, to complete the cure, exposure to fresh, pure air should be maintained for some time afterwards; for which purpose a short trip to Switzerland, or a week or two at the sea-side,

[1] According to Liebig, the total weight of iron in the healthy human system is only about 105 grains, and consequently, supposing one-third of this to be morbidly absent, the maximum quantity necessary to be introduced into the system in most cases can be only about 30 grains.

is thought a good conclusion to the Schwalbach course of waters. The improvement in the health is often more marked after a little time.

The creature comforts, without which the cure would be indifferently appreciated, are fairly provided for. There are several respectable hotels in the village. The largest is the "Allée Saal," so called from an assembly-room, built at an early period, in the principal walk or "Allée," and to which a good hotel has been attached. The next in size is the "Herzog von Nassau," which specially invites the attention of the English by its additional inscription, "Hotel to the Duke of Nassau," and by the recommendation of the omnipotent, but by no means infallible, "Murray." The select circle of proud islanders frequenting Schwalbach have responded to the invitation by taking the hotel under their gracious patronage, the effects of which have been various.

The mania of the English for spoiling the foreign cookery is utterly incomprehensible. When we consider that an Englishman cannot step upon any part of the Continent of Europe without finding the cookery superior to his own (if, indeed, we have any cookery at all; which is doubtful, for our national principle is to ignore the art altogether), and when we know that he will go to any expense at his club and his dinner party to imitate at home what he might get as ordinary fare abroad, even in the least pretentious places, what a monstrous inconsistency is it that his first impulse at a foreign hotel is to find fault with everything, and to insist on being served with unutterable abominations, intended, at his fierce demand, to imitate his national roast and boiled! I caught a few days ago, one of these worthies *in flagrante delicto.* I was dining at one of the principal *tables d'hôte* at Wiesbaden, where there was brought round a dish of *purée de pommes de terre* that would have done credit to the *Trois Frères*, when a pompous Englishman opposite me, who evidently considered himself an important representative of his country, soundly rated the waiter for "calling such a mess as that potatoes," and insisted on being given some "done in a proper way." He was accordingly served with some wretched boiled bullets, which of course the poor waiter would take care to present to the English in future in preference to the maligned *purée.* In the same town, at another hotel, I was brought a steak detestably cooked, as the waiter admitted on remonstrance; but he explained that, as he knew I was English, he had done it so purposely, thinking I might prefer it. I have travelled in almost every part of France, not only on main routes, but in all sorts of remote corners; and I can aver that I have scarcely ever known what bad cookery meant, except in the places where English influence has prevailed. Indeed, I have learnt now, when I go into a French or German hotel where English most do congregate, in ordering my dinner, to speak a few words in an under tone to the waiter, begging him on no account to give a hint to the cook of my nationality, but to make him believe he has to prepare for a Russian, or a Spaniard, or a Turk; or even to give me such a dinner as he would provide for one of his own fellow-servants, rather than for a "Milor Anglais." But I must beg pardon for digressing; the subject is one on which it is difficult to keep one's equanimity.

There is a third respectable hotel, the "Post," and a fourth, the "Taunus;" and the "Goldene Kette" (mentioned by Sir F. Head, but rebuilt a few years ago), and the "Russischer Hof," and the "Hotel Wagner," and some others, are all very tolerable.

But most of the visitors prefer residing in private lodging-houses, of which there are a large number, built on the two oblique arms of the Y, principally on the left hand one, and conveniently situated, commanding fine views of the country, and close to the springs, baths, and hotels. They are all called by special names—as the Panorama, the Stadt Coblenz, the Einhorn, the Kranich, and so on, and are generally spacious, well laid out to receive lodgers, and provided

with all necessary conveniences to make them comfortable. Eatables are partly furnished in the houses themselves, and partly obtained from the hotels or from restaurants, of which there are several close at hand. Wine of excellent quality is a natural production of the district—the Rheingau being within gunshot of the village; and Dilthey's Rüdesheimer close at hand. To give a notion of the cost of living, I subjoin a memorandum of what I am now paying for three persons, put into English currency:—

	Per day. s.	d.
Lodgings, consisting of sitting-room and bed-rooms, with fine view, in the best situation, and attendance	4	4
Breakfast; coffee, &c. with steak and omelette from the Restaurateur	2	10
Dinner at the best table d'hôte in the place	6	0
(This might be reduced to 3*s.* by getting it from the Restaurateur).		
Bottle of good Rhine wine	1	8
Supper; coffee, with meat and omelette	2	8
	17	6
Or for each person per day	5	10

and everything as good as need be set before the king.

The amusements of the place are but limited. There is a respectable band, of sixteen performers, who play at the brunnen promenades two hours every morning and evening; and it happened that during my stay a London musician was there, who amused himself by arranging popular English airs for them to play, which put us pleasantly in mind of "Home, Sweet Home." Then there are reading-rooms, circulating libraries, and billiard-rooms. Further than this, there is nothing but the enjoyment of the charming country walks and drives; and, as people come here really for health, the absence of amusements tending to excitement and late hours is an advantage rather than otherwise. There are German Catholic and Lutheran churches, and also English divine service during the season.

The statistics of the place have been given by Dr. Genth. There are about 2,200 permanent inhabitants, and nearly 300 houses; in addition to which there are 60 or 70 large buildings prepared expressly for visitors, and containing nearly 1,000 well-furnished rooms. The number of visitors usually present at one time in the height of the cure is about 1,000—the total number this season being nearly 4,000.

Schwalbach has been especially favoured this year by the presence of two Empresses, with crowds of royal and other distinguished visitors. The Empress of Russia came, with three children, on the 15th of July, and remained till the 23d of August. She is said to have derived much benefit; indeed the improvement was obvious by the increased strength she latterly manifested in her daily walks. She had the whole of the Alleé Saal Hotel fitted up for her accommodation; and she was visited during her stay by others of her children and relations, and by the King of Bavaria. The other distinguished patient was the Empress of the French, who arrived on the 7th of September, and took up her quarters in a pretty little house close above the Weinbrunnen, called the Villa Herber. She was attended only by a very small suite, and went through the cure in a most unostentatious way. She drank (from a glass, abjuring the odious pipe) at the Weinbrunnen regularly three times a day, had an ordinary bath at the bath-house, and took her regular walks in the grounds, wet or fine, in as plain and simple a manner as the humblest guest in the village. She adopted all the habits of the place—dined at the local hour, of viands cooked by the local artists, in the local style; went to bed soon after dark; and was out soon after daylight in the morning. Her dress was simple, and the lower portion of very moderate circumference. Her unaffected and kindly manner quite won the hearts of the people. She was visited during her stay by the Emperor of Russia, the Duke of Nassau, the King of Prussia, the Queen of Holland, Prince Metternich, and several other distinguished guests.

In addition to these two great personages were Prince and Princess Wil-

liam of Hesse Phillipsthal Barchfeld, with their suite, from Cassel, and many other individuals of royal families, or of noble descent. I counted about sixty persons of noble families in the list at one time, and probably this number may have been exceeded earlier in the season.

According to the custom of all watering places, there is published a list of the visitors, or, as it is here termed, a *Kur-liste*, from which everybody who is curious can see who everybody else is. A few items from the number now before me are worth extracting.

The Empresses were defined by their travelling titles simply as follows:—

Frau Gräfin Borodinsky nebst drei Kindern, aus St. Petersburg.
Comtesse de Pierrefonds, aus Paris.

The following blunders are amusing (I have altered most of the English names):—

Dr. Doe, Cambridge Collegue, England.
Madame Wilieminoff, avec Princesse Lydie Wirzimsky, son neveu.
Colonel Helène Rostiker.
Mrs. Styles und Mr. Nokes, mit Söhnchen, aus England.
Miss Charles Roe, aus London.
Miss T. Smith, und Jones, aus Miss Wiesbaden.
Marcheisse of Angleka, aus England.

The Continental nations have an odd love for titles; as for example:—

Frau Doctor von Biltering, aus Curland.
Frau Generalin Bosse, aus Wiesbaden.
Frau Buchbinder Atinger, aus Stuttgart.

And then there are some curious names, as—

Mad. und Fräulein Bräutigam.
Fräulein Schuh.
Fräulein Sauerwein.
Fräulein Graf nebst Fräulein Bauer.
Frau Schäfer und Frau Fischer.
Fräulein Teufel, aus Berlin.

But in opposition to this we have—
Herr Rosanoff, Psalmist, aus Stuttgart, and the
Rev. Honourable St. John.

Lastly, we commend the names of the following distinguished personages as studies in pronunciation:—

Fürstin Lwoff.
Baronin Csekonicshissthay.
Mad. Argyropoulonée de Creszoulesco.
Hepexoba Kpomkaba C. Remepsypea.
Floirzoba Cypsyseoba Ca Nemepndyyre.

This year there have been jubilee fêtes all over Nassau, in honour of the twenty-fifth year of the present duke's reign. Wiesbaden, on the 21st August and following days, was decorated splendidly with garlands and wreaths. Music, fireworks, and illuminations made the gay little residence gayer than usual, and it was proposed to let the public fountains run for an hour with wine. Some of the preparations for this purpose were actually made; but, as the time drew nigh, the municipal courage failed, and the project was abandoned. Schwalbach manifested its loyalty by bell-ringing, gun-firing, processions, and general jollification, and by the public singing of an ode by a native poet, in which not only were all due glorifications offered to the sovereign, but somewhat unnecessarily, dire threats were enunciated against any unprincipled plunderer who would dare to lay his hand on the sacred Nassau soil—a warning which we hope Prussia and Austria will keep in mind if it should ever suit their purpose to divide the little Duchy between them! By the way, this ode was sung to the tune of Haydn's well-known Austrian hymn, and it says but little for German musical originality that this and our "God save," both exotics, appear to be the only loyal tunes the northern Germans use.

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A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART XIII.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

This important decision, when at last finally settled, necessitated other steps more embarrassing and difficult than anything that could be discussed in the ilex avenue. Even Sora Antonia's protection ceased to be altogether satisfactory to the suddenly-awakened mind of Alice, who at the same time was so unaccustomed to think or act for herself that she knew not what to do in the emergency. If Colin had been the kind of man who would have decided for her at once, and indicated what he thought she ought to do, Alice was the kind of woman to act steadily and bravely upon the indication. But, unfortunately, Colin did not understand how to dictate to a woman, having known most intimately of all womankind his mother, who was treated after an altogether different fashion; and Lauderdale, though sufficiently aware of the embarrassing nature of their position, belonged, notwithstanding his natural refinement, to a class which sets no great store upon punctilio. Now that everything was settled between the "young folk," Alice's unprotected state did not distress him so much as formerly. The marriage, which must take place immediately, was already in his eye a sufficient shelter for the solitary girl; and the indecorum of the whole business no longer occurred to him. As for Colin, he, as was natural, regarded with a certain excitement the strange step he was about to take, not knowing what anybody would think of it, nor how he was to live with his bride, nor what influence an act so unsuitable to his circumstances would have upon his prospects and position. It was of a piece with the rashness and visionary character of the whole transaction, that Alice's money, which she had herselt recurred to as "enough to live upon," never entered into the calculations of the young man who was going to marry on the Snell scholarship, without being at all convinced in his own mind that the Snell scholarship could be held by a married man. A married man!—the title had an absurd sound as applied to himself, even in his own ears. He was just over one-and-twenty, and had not a penny in the world. But these considerations, after all, had not half so much effect upon him as the thought of his mother's grave countenance when she should read his next letter, and the displeasure of his father, who perhaps already regarded with a not altogether satisfied eye the spectacle of a son of his gone abroad for his health. If Colin could but have made sure of the nature of the reception he was likely to have at Ramore, prudential considerations of any other character would have had but a momentary weight; but at present, amid his other perplexities, the young man felt a certain boyish confusion at the thought of asking his mother to receive aud recognise his wife. However, the important letter had been written, and was on its way, and he

could only hope that his previous letters had prepared the household for that startling intimation. Apart from Ramore, the matter had a less serious aspect; for Colin, who had been poor all his life, no more believed in poverty than if he had been a prince, and had a certain instinctive certainty of getting what he wanted, which belonged to his youth. Besides, he was not a poor gentleman, hampered, and helpless, but knew, at the worst, that he could always work for his wife. At the same time, in the midst of all the seriousness of the position — of his tender affection for Alice, and reverence for her helplessness, and even of that inexpressible blank and sense of disappointment in his heart which even his affection could not quite neutralize,—a curious sense of humour, and feeling that the whole matter was a kind of practical joke on a grand scale, intruded into Colin's ideas from time to time, and made him laugh, and then made him furious with himself; for Alice, to be sure, saw no joke in the matter. She was, indeed, altogether wanting in the sense of humour, if even her grief would have permitted her to exercise it, and was sufficiently occupied by the real difficulties of her position, secluding herself in Sora Antonia's apartments, and wavering in an agony of timidity and uncertainty over the idea of leaving that kind protector and going somewhere else, even though among strangers, in order to obey the necessary proprieties. She had not a soul to consult about what she should do except Sora Antonia herself and Lauderdale, neither of whom now thought it necessary to suggest a removal on the part of either of the young people; and though thoughts of going into Rome, and finding somebody who would give her shelter for a week or two till Colin's arrangements were complete, hovered in the mind of Alice, she had no courage to carry out such an idea, being still in her first grief, poor child, although this new excitement had entered into her life.

As for Colin, affairs went much less easily with him when he betook himself to the English clergyman to ask his services. The inquiries instituted by this new judge were of a kind altogether unforeseen by the thoughtless young man. To be sure, a mourning sister is not usually married a few weeks after her brother's death, and the questioner was justified in thinking the circumstance strange. Nor was it at all difficult to elicit from Colin a story which, viewed by suspicious and ignorant eyes, threw quite a different colour on the business. The young lady was the daughter of Mr. Meredith of Maltby, as the clergyman, who had laid Arthur in his grave, was already aware. She was young, under age, and her father had not been consulted about her proposed marriage; and she was at present entirely in the hands and under the influence of the young Scotchman, who, though his manners were considered irreproachable by Miss Matty Frankland, who was a critic in manners, still lacked certain particulars in his general demeanour by which the higher class of Englishmen are distinguished. He was more interested, more transparent, more expressive than he would probably have been had he been entirely Alice's equal; and he was slightly wanting in calmness and that soft haze of impertinence which sets off good breeding—in short, he had not the full ring of the genuine metal; and a man who lived in Rome, and was used to stories of adventurers and interested marriages, not unnaturally jumped at the conclusion that Colin (being a Scotchman beside, and consequently the impersonation, save the mark! of money-getting) was bent upon securing to himself the poor little girl's fortune. Before the cross-examination was done Colin began somehow to feel himself a suspicious character; for it is astonishing what an effect there is in that bland look of superior penetration and air of seeing through a subject, however aware the person under examination may be that his judge knows nothing about it. Then the investigator turned the discussion upon pecuniary matters, which after all was the branch of examination for which Colin was least prepared.

"Miss Meredith has some fortune, I presume?" he said. "Is it at her own disposal? for on this, as well as on other matters, it appears to me absolutely necessary that her father should be consulted."

"I have already told you that her father has been consulted," said Colin, with a little vexation, "and you have seen the answer to my friend's letter. I have not the least idea what her fortune is, or if she has any. Yes, I recollect she said she had enough to live upon; but it did not occur to me to make any inquiries on the subject," said the young man; which more than ever confirmed his questioner that this was not a member of the higher class with whom he had to deal.

"And you?" he said. "Your friends are aware, I presume—and your means are sufficient to maintain——"

"I," said Colin, who with difficulty restrained a smile, "I have not very much; but I am quite able to work for my wife. It seems to me, however, that this examination is more than I bargained for. If Miss Meredith is satisfied on these points, that is surely enough—seeing, unfortunately, that she has no one to stand by her——"

"I beg your pardon," said the clergyman, "it is the duty of my office to stand by her. I do not see that I can carry out your wishes—certainly not without having a conversation with the young lady. I cannot say that I feel satisfied;—not that I blame you, of course,—but you are a very young man, and your feelings, you know, being involved. However, my wife and myself will see Miss Meredith, and you can call on me again."

"Very well," said Colin, getting up; and then, after making a step or two to the door, he returned. "I am anxious to have everything concluded the earliest possible moment," he said. "Pray do not lose any time. She is very solitary, and has no proper protector," Colin continued, with an ingenuous flush on his face. He looked so young, so honest, and earnest, that even experience was shaken for the moment by the sight of Truth. But then it is the business of experience to fence off Truth, and defy the impressions of Nature,—and so the representative of authority, though shaken for a moment, did not give in.

"By the bye, I fear I did not understand you," he said. "You are not living in the same house? Considering all the circumstances, I cannot think that proper. Either she should find another home, or you should leave the house,—any gentleman would have thought of that," said the priest severely, perhaps by way of indemnifying himself for the passing sentiment of kindness which had moved him. Colin's face grew crimson at these words. The idea flashed upon himself for the first time, and filled him with shame and confusion; but the young man had so far attained that perfection of good breeding which is only developed by contact with men, that the reproof, which was just, did not irritate him,—a fact which once more made the clergyman waver in his opinion.

"It is very true," said Colin, confused, yet impulsive; "though I am ashamed to say I never thought of it before. We have all been so much occupied with poor Arthur. But what you say is perfectly just, and I am obliged to you for the suggestion. I shall take rooms in Rome to-night."

Upon which the two parted with more amity than could have been expected, for Colin's clerical judge was pleased to have his advice taken so readily, as was natural, and began to incline towards the opinion that a young man who did not resent the imputation of having failed in a point which "any gentleman would have thought of," but confessed without hesitation that it had not occurred to him, could be nothing less than a gentleman. Notwithstanding, the first step taken by this sensible and experienced man was to write a letter by that day's post to Mr. Meredith of Maltby, informing him of the application Colin had just made. He knew nothing against the young man, the reverend gentleman was good enough to say,—he was very young and well-looking, and had a good expression, and

might be an unexceptionable connexion; but still, without her father's consent, Mr. Meredith might rest assured *he* would take no steps in the business. When he had written this letter, the clergyman summoned his wife and took the trouble of going out to Frascati to see Alice, which he would not have done had he not been a just and kind man; while at the same time his heart was relenting to Colin, whom the clerical couple met in the street, and who took off his hat when he encountered them, without the least shadow of resentment. It is so long since all this happened that the name of the clergyman thus temporarily occupying the place of the chaplain at Rome has escaped recollection, and Colin's historian has no desire to coin names or confuse identities. The gentleman in question was, it is supposed, an English rector taking his holiday. He went out to Frascati, like an honourable and just person as he was, to see what the solitary girl was about, thus left to the chances of the world, and found Alice in the great *salone* in her black dress, under charge of Sora Antonia, who sat with her white handkerchief on her ample shoulders, twirling her spindle, and spinning along with her thread many a tale of chequered human existence, for the amusement of her charge; who, however, for the first time in her life, had begun to be unconscious of what was said to her, and to spend her days in strains of reverie all unusual to Alice—mingled dreams and intentions, dim pictures of the life that was to be, and purposes which were to be carried out therein. Sora Antonia's stories, which required no answer, were very congenial to Alice's state of mind; and now and then a word from the narrative fell into and gave a new direction to her thoughts. From all this she woke up with a little start when the English visitors entered, and it was with difficulty she restrained the tears which came in a choking flood when she recognised the clergyman. He had seen Arthur repeatedly during his illness and had given him the sacrament, and laid him in his grave, and all the associations connected with him were too much for her, although after Arthur's death the good man had forgotten the poor little mourning sister. When she recovered, however, Alice was much more able to cope with her reverend questioner than Colin had been—perhaps because she was a woman, perhaps because she had more of the ease of society, perhaps because in this matter at least her own feelings were more profound and unmixed than those of her young *fiancé*. She composed herself with an effort when he introduced the object of his visit, recognising the necessity of explanation, and ready to give all that was in her power.

"No; papa does not know," said Alice, "but it is because he has taken no charge of me—he has left me to myself. I should not have minded so much if you had been of our county, for then you would have understood; but you are a clergyman, and Mrs. ——"

"I am a clergyman's wife," the lady said, kindly; "anything you say will be sacred to me."

"Ah," said Alice, with a little impatient sigh; and she could not help looking at the door, and longing for Colin, who was coming no more, though she did not know that; for the girl, though she was not clever, had a perception within her, such as never would have come to Colin, that, notwithstanding this solemn assurance, the fact that her visitor was a clergyman's wife would not prevent her story from oozing out into the common current of English talk in Rome;—but, notwithstanding, Alice, whose ideas of her duty to the world were very clear, knew that the story must be told. She went on accordingly very steadily, though with thrills and flushes of colour coming and going—and the chances are that Colin's ideal woman, could she have been placed in the same position, would not have acquitted herself half so well.

"It will be necessary to tell you everything from the beginning, or you will not understand it," said Alice. "Papa did not do exactly as Arthur

thought right in some things, and, though I did not think myself a judge, I—I took Arthur's side a little; and then Mrs. Meredith came to Maltby suddenly with the children. It was a great surprise to us, for we did not know till that moment that papa had married again. I would rather not say anything about Mrs. Meredith," said Alice, showing a little agitation, "but Arthur did not think she was a person whom I could stay with; and, when he had to leave himself, he brought me with him. Indeed, I wanted very much to come. I could not bear that he should go away by himself; and I should have died had I been left there with papa, and everything so changed. I wrote after we left, but papa would not answer my letter, nor take any notice of us. I am very sorry, but I cannot help it. That is all. I suppose you heard of Mrs. Meredith's letter to Mr. Lauderdale. My aunt is in India; so I could not go to her—and all the rest are dead; that is why I have stayed here."

"It is very sad to think you should be so lonely," said the clergyman, "and it is a very trying position for one so young. Still there are families in Rome that would have received you; and I think, my dear Miss Meredith—you must not suppose me harsh; it is only your good I am thinking of—I think you should yourself have communicated with your father."

"I wrote to Aunt Mary," said Alice. "I told her everything. I thought she would be sure to advise me for the best. But papa would not answer the letter I wrote him after we left home, and he refuses to have anything to do with me in Mr. Lauderdale's letter. I do not understand what I can do more."

"But you have not waited to be advised," said the English priest, whose wife had taken the poor little culprit's hand, and was whispering to her, "Compose yourself, my dear," and "We are your friends," and "Mr. —— only means it for your good," with other such scraps of consolation. Alice scarcely needed the first exhortation, having, in a large degree, that steady power of self-control which is one of the most valuable endowments in the world. "You have not waited for your aunt's advice," continued the clergyman. "Indeed, I confess it is very hard to blame you; but still it is a very serious step to take, and one that a young creature like you should not venture upon without the advice of her friends. Mr. Campbell also is very young, and you cannot have known each other very long."

"All the winter," said Alice, with a faint colour, for affairs were too serious for ordinary blushing; "at least all the spring, ever since we left England. And it has not been common knowing," she added, with a deepening flush. "He and Mr. Lauderdale were like brothers to Arthur—they nursed him night and day; they nursed him better than I did," said the poor sister, bursting forth into natural tears. "The people we have known all our lives were never so good to us. He said at the very last that they were to take care of me; and they have taken care of me," said Alice, among her sobs, raised for a moment beyond herself by her sense of the chivalrous guardianship which had surrounded her, "as if I had been a queen."

"My dear child, lean upon me," said the lady sitting by; "don't be afraid of us; don't mind crying, it will be a relief to you. Mr. —— only means it for your good; he does not intend to vex you, dear."

"Certainly not, certainly not," said the clergyman, taking a little walk to the window, as men do in perplexity; and then he came back and drew his seat closer, as Alice regained the mastery over herself. "My dear young lady, have confidence in me. Am I to understand that it is from gratitude you have made up your mind to accept Mr. Campbell? Don't hesitate. I beg of you to let me know the truth."

The downcast face of Alice grew crimson suddenly to the hair; and then she lifted her eyes, not to the man who was questioning her, but to the woman who sat beside her. Those eyes were full of indignant complaint and appeal. "Can you, a woman, stand by and see

the heart of another woman searched for its secret?" That was the utterance of Alice's look; and she made no further answer, but turned her head partly away, with an offended pride which sat strangely and yet not unbecomingly upon her. The change was so marked that the reverend questioner got up from his chair again almost as confused as Alice, and his wife, instinctively replying to the appeal made to her, took the matter into her own hands.

"If you will wait for me below, George, I will join you by-and-by," said this good woman. "Men must not spy into women's secrets." And "I have daughters of my own," she added softly in Alice's ear. Let us thank heaven that, though the number of those be few who are able or disposed to do great things for their fellows, the number is many who are ready to respond to the calls for sympathy at the moment, and own the universal kindred. It was not an everlasting friendship that these two English women, left alone in the bare Italian chamber, formed for each other. The one who was a mother did not receive the orphan permanently into her breast, neither did the girl find a parent in her new friend. Yet for the moment nature found relief for itself; they were mother and child, though strangers to each other. The elder woman heard with tears, and sympathy, and comprehension, the other's interrupted tale, and gave her the kiss which in its way was more precious than a lover's. "You have done nothing wrong, my poor child," the pitying woman said, affording an absolution more valuable than any priest's to the girl's female soul; and as she spoke there passed momentarily through the mind of the visitor a rapid, troubled enumeration of the rooms in her "apartment," which involved the possibility of carrying this friendless creature home with her. But that idea was found impracticable almost as soon as conceived. "I wish I could take you home with me, my dear," the good woman said, with a sigh; "but our rooms are so small; but I will talk it all over with Mr. ——, and see what can be done; and I should like to know more of Mr. Campbell after all you tell me; he must be a very superior young man. You may be sure we shall be your friends, *both your friends*, whatever happens. I should just like to say a word to the woman of the house, and tell her to take good care of you, my dear, before I go."

"Sora Antonia is very kind," said Alice.

"Yes, my dear, I am sure of it; still she will be all the more attentive when she sees you have friends to take care of you," said the experienced woman, which was all the more kind on her part as her Italian was very limited, and a personal encounter of this description was one which she would have shrunk from in ordinary circumstances. But when she joined her husband it was with a glow of warmth and kindness about her heart, and a consciousness of having comforted the friendless. "If it ever could be right to do such a thing, I almost think it would be in such a case as this," she said with a woman's natural leaning to the romantic side; but the clergyman only shook his head. "We must wait, at all events, for an answer from Mr. Meredith," he said; and the fortnight which ensued was not a cheerful one for Alice.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

There can be no doubt that the clergyman was right in suggesting that Colin should leave Frascati, and that the strange little household which had kept together since Arthur's death, under the supervision of Sora Antonia, was in its innocence in utter contradiction of all decorum and the usages of society. It was true besides that Alice had begun to be uneasy upon this very point, and to feel herself in a false position; nevertheless, when Lauderdale returned alone with a note from Colin, and informed her that they had found rooms in Rome, and were to leave her with Sora Antonia until the arrangements were made for

the marriage, it is inconceivable how blank and flat the evening felt to Alice without her two knights. As she sat over her needlework her sorrow came more frequently home to her than it had ever done before—her sorrow, her friendlessness, and the vague dread that this great happiness, which had come in tears, and which even now could scarcely be separated from the grief which accompanied it, might again fly away from her like a passing angel. Sora Antonia was indifferent company under these circumstances; she was very kind, but it was not in nature that an elderly peasant woman could watch the changing expressions of a girl's face, and forestall her tears, and beguile her weariness like the two chivalrous men who had devoted themselves to her amusement and occupation. Now that this rare morsel of time, during which she had been tended "like a queen," was over, it seemed impossible to Alice that it ever could be again. She who was not clever, who was nothing but Arthur's sister, how could she ever expect again to be watched over and served like an enchanted princess? Though, indeed, if she were Colin's wife—! but since Colin's departure and the visit of the clergyman, that possibility seemed to grow dimmer and dimmer—she could not tell why. She believed in it when her lover came to see her, which was often enough; but, when he was absent, doubt returned, and the bright prospect glided away, growing more and more dim and distant. She had never indulged in imagination, to speak of, before, and the few dreams that had possessed her heart had been dreams of Arthur's recovery—fantastic hopeless visions of those wondrous doctors and impossible medicines sometimes to be met with in books. But now, when her own position began to occupy her, and she found herself standing between hopes and fears, with such a sweet world of tenderness and consolation on one side, and so unlovely a prospect on the other, the dormant fancy woke up, and made wild work with Alice. Even in the face of her stepmother's refusal to have anything to do with her, the spectre of Mrs. Meredith coming to take her home was the nightmare of the poor girl's existence. This was what she made by the clergyman's attention to the proprieties of the situation; but there was at least the comfort of thinking that in respect to decorum all was now perfectly right.

As for Colin, he, it must be confessed, bore the separation better; for he was not at all afraid of Mrs. Meredith, and he had a great many things to see and do, and, when he paid his betrothed a visit, it was sweet to see the flush of unmistakeable joy in her face, and to feel that so fair a creature sat thinking of him in the silence, referring everything to him, ready to crown him with all the hopes and blossoms of her youth. And then, but for her sake, Colin, to tell the truth, was in no such hurry to be married as his clerical censor supposed. The weeks that might have to elapse before that event could be concluded were not nearly so irksome to him as they ought to have been; and, even though he began to get irritated at the ambiguous responses of the clergyman, he was not impatient of the delay itself, but found the days very interesting, and, on the whole, enjoyed himself; which, to be sure, may give some people an unfavourable impression of Colin's heart, and want of sympathy with the emotions of her he looked upon as his bride. At the same time, it is but just to say that he was not aware of these emotions—for Alice said nothing about her fears; and his love for her, which was genuine enough in its way, was not of the nature of that love which divines everything, and reads the eye and the heart with infallible perception. Such love as he had to give her was enough for Alice, who had known no better; but Colin himself was sensible by turns of the absence of the higher element in it, a sense which sometimes made him vexed with himself, and sometimes with the world and his fate, in all of which a vague want, a something vanished, struck him dimly but painfully whenever he permitted himself to think. But this impression, which came only now

and then, and which at all times was vague and unexpressed in words, was the only thing which disturbed Colin's tranquillity at the present moment. He did not suffer, like Alice, from fears that his dawning happiness was too great, and could never come true; for, though he had fully accepted his position, and even with the facility of youth had found pleasure in it, and found himself growing fonder every day of the sweet and tranquil creature to whom he became day by day more completely all in all, this kind of calm domestic love was unimpassioned, and not subject to the hopes and fears, the despairs and exultations of more spontaneous and enthusiastic devotion. So, to tell the truth, he endured the separation with philosophy, and roamed about all day long with many a thought in his mind, through that town which is of all towns in the world most full of memories, most exciting and most sorrowful. Colin, being Scotch, was not classical to speak of, and the Cæsars had but a limited interest for him; but, if the tutelary deities were worn out and faded, the shrine to which pilgrims had come for so many ages was musical with all the echoes of history, and affecting beyond description by many an individual tone of human interest. And in Papal Rome the young priest had an interest altogether different from that of a polemical Protestant or a reverential High-Churchman. Colin was a man of his age, tolerant and indulgent to other people's opinions, and apt to follow out his own special study without pausing to consider whether the people among whom he pursued it were without spot or blemish in matters of doctrine. The two friends spent a great deal of time in the churches; not at the high mass, or sweet-voiced vespers, where irreverent crowds assembled, as in a concert-room, to hear Mustapha sing, but in out-of-the-way chapels, where there were no signs of *festa*; in the Pantheon, in churches where there were no great pictures nor celebrated images, but where the common people went and came unconscious of any spectators; and many and strange were the discussions held by the two Scotchmen over the devotions they witnessed—devotions ignorant enough, no doubt, but real, and full of personal meaning. It was Rome without her glorious apparel, without her grandeur and melodies,—Rome in very poor vestments, not always clean, singing out of tune, and regarding with eyes of intensest supplication such poor daubs of saints and weak-eyed Madonnas as would have found no place in the meanest exhibition anywhere in the world. Strangely enough, this was the aspect in which she had most interest for the two friends.

"It would be awfu' curious to hear the real thoughts these honest folk have in their minds," said Lauderdale. "I'm no much of the idolatry way of thinking mysel'. It may come a wee that way in respect to Mary. The rest of them are little more than friends at court so far as I can see, and it's no an unnatural feeling. If you take the view that a' natural feelings are like to be wrong to start with, that settles the question; but if, on the other hand—"

"I don't believe in idolatry under any circumstances," said Colin, hotly; "nobody worships a bad picture. It is the something represented by it never to be fully expressed, and of which, indeed, a bad picture is almost more touching than a good one—"

"Keep quiet, callant, and let other folk have a chance to speak," said Lauderdale; "I'm saying there's an awfu' deal of reasonableness in nature if you take her in the right way. I'm far from being above that feeling mysel'. No that I have ony acquaintance with St. Cosmo and St. Damian and the rest; but I wouldna say if there was ony rational way of getting at the ear of one of them that's gone—even if it was Arthur, poor callant—that I wouldna be awfu' tempted to bid him mind upon me when he was near the Presence Cha'amer. I'm no saying he had much wisdom to speak of, or was more enlightened than myself; and there's no distinct evidence that at this moment he's nearer God than I am; but I

tell you, callant, nature's strong—and, if I kent ony way of communication, there's nae philosophy in the world would keep me from asking, if he was nigh the palace gates and could see Him that sits upon the throne, that he should mind upon me."

"You may be sure he does it without asking," said Colin—and then, after a moment's pause, "Your illustration comes too close for criticism; but I know what you mean. I understand the feeling too; but then the saints as they flourish in Rome have nothing to do with Scotland," said the young man. "It would be something to get the people to have a little respect for the saints; but, as to saying their prayers to them, there is little danger of that."

"The callant's crazy about Scotland," said Lauderdale; "a man that heard you and kent no better might think ye were the king of Scotland in disguise, with a scheme of Church reform in your hand. If you're ever a minister you'll be in hot water before you're well placed. But, Colin, its an awfu' descent from all your grand thoughts. You'll have to fight with the presbytery about organs and such like rubbish—and when you're to stand, and when you're to sit; that's what ambitious callants come to in our kirk. You were like enough for such a fate at any time, but you're certain of it now with your English wife."

"Well," said Colin, "it is no worse than the fight about candles and surplices in England; better, indeed, for it means something; and, if I fight on that point, at least, I'll fight at the same time for better things."

"It's aye best no to fight at all," said the philosopher, "though that's no a doctrine palatable to human nature so far as I have ever seen. But it's aye awfu' easy talking; you're no ready for your profession yet; and how you are ever to be ready, and you a married man——"

"Stuff!" said Colin; "most men are married; but I don't see that that fact hinders the business of the world. I don't mean to spend all my time with my wife."

"No," said Lauderdale with a momentary touch of deeper seriousness, and he paused and cast a side glance at his companion as if longing to say something; but it happened at that moment, either by chance or intention, that Colin turned the full glow of his brown eyes upon his friend's face, looking at him with that bright but blank smile which he had seen before, and which imposed silence more absolutely than any prohibition. "No," said Lauderdale, slowly changing his tone; "I'll no say it was that I was thinking of. The generality of callants studying for the kirk in our country are no in your position. I'm no clear in my own mind how it's to come to pass—for a young man that's the head of a family has a different class of subjects to occupy his mind; and as for the Balliol scholarship"—said the philosopher regretfully; "but that's no what I'm meaning. You'll have to provide for your own house, callant, before you think of the kirk."

"Yes, I have thought of all that," said Colin. "I think Alice will get on with my mother. She must stay there, you know, and I will go down as often as I can during the winter. What do you mean by making no answer? Do you think she will not like Ramore? My mother is fit company for a queen," said the young man with momentary irritation; for, indeed, he was a little doubtful in his own mind how this plan would work.

"I've little acquaintance with queens," said Lauderdale; "but I'm thinking history would tell different tales if the half of them were fit to be let within the door where the Mistress was. That's no the question. It's clear to me that your wife will rather have you than your mother, which is according to nature, though you and me may be of a different opinion. If you listen to me, Colin, you'll think a' that over again. It's an awfu' serious question. I'm no saying a word against the kirk; whatever fools may say, it's a grand profession; there's nae profession so grand that I ken of; but a man shouldna

enter with burdens on his back and chains on his limbs. You'll have to make your choice between love and it, Colin; and since in the first place you've made choice of love——"

"Stuff!" said Colin, but it was not said with his usual lightness of tone, and he turned upon his friend with a subdued exasperation which meant more than it expressed. "Why do you speak to me of love and——nonsense," cried Colin, "what choice is there?" and then he recollected himself, and grew red and angry. "My love has Providence itself for a second," he said; "if it were mere fancy you might speak; but, as for giving up my profession, nothing shall induce me to do that. Alice is not like a fanciful fool to hamper and constrain me. She will stay with my mother. Two years more will complete my studies, and then——" here Colin paused of himself, and did not well know what to say; for, indeed, it was then chiefly that the uttermost uncertainty commenced.

"And then—" said Lauderdale, meditatively. "It's an awfu' serious question. It's ill to say what may happen then. What I'm saying is no pleasure to me. I've put mair hope on your head than any man's justified in putting on another man. Ye were the ransom of my soul, callant," said the philosopher, with momentary emotion. "It was you that was to *be*—nothing but talk will ever come out of a man like me; and it's an awfu' consolation to contemplate a soul that means to live. But there's more ways of living—ay, and of serving God and Scotland—than in the kirk. No man in the world can fight altogether in the face of circumstance. I would think it a' well over again, if I were you."

"No more," said Colin, with all the more impatience that he felt the truth of what his friend was saying. "No more; I am not to be moved on that subject. No, no, it is too much; I cannot give up my profession," he said, half under his breath, to himself; and, perhaps, at the bottom of his soul, a momentary grudge, a momentary pang, arose within him at the thought of the woman who could accept such a sacrifice without even knowing it, or feeling how great it was. Such, alas, was not the woman of Colin's dreams; yet so inconsistent was the young man in his youth, that ten minutes after, when the two walked past the Colosseum on their way to the railway, being bound to Frascati (for this was before the days when the vulgar highway of commerce had entered within the walls of Rome), a certain wavering smile on his lip, a certain colour on his cheeks, betrayed as plainly that he was bound on a lover's errand, as if it had been said in words. Lauderdale, whose youthful days were past, and who was at all times more a man of one idea, more absolute and fixed in his affections, than Colin, could understand him less on this point than on any other; but he saw how it was, though he did not attempt to explain how it could be, and the two friends grew silent, one of them delivered by sheer force of youthfulness and natural vigor from the anxieties that clouded the other. As they approached the gate, a carriage, which had been stopped there by the watchful ministers of the Dogana, made a sudden start, and dashed past them. It was gone in a moment, flashing on in the sunshine at the utmost speed which a reckless Italian coachman could get out of horses which did not belong to him; but in that instant, both the bystanders started, and came to a sudden pause in their walk. "Did you hear anything?" said Colin. "What was it?" and the young man turned round, and made a few rapid strides after the carriage; but then Colin stopped short, with an uneasy laugh at himself. "Absurd," he said; "all English voices sound something alike," which was an unlover-like remark. And then he turned to his friend, who looked almost as much excited as himself.

"I suppose that's it," said Lauderdale, but he was less easily satisfied than Colin. "I cannot see how it could be her," he said, slowly; "but—. Yon's an awfu' speed if there's no reason

for it. I'm terrible tempted to jump into that machine there, and follow," the philosopher added, with a stride towards a crazy little one-horse carriage which was waiting empty at the gate.

"It is I who should do that," said Colin; and then he laughed, shaking off his fears. "It is altogether impossible and absurd," the young man said. "Nonsense! there are scores of English girls who have voices sufficiently like her's to startle one. I have thought it was she half-a-dozen times since I came to Rome. Come along, or we shall lose the train. Nothing could possibly bring her into Rome without our knowledge; and nothing, I hope," said the young lover, who was in little doubt on that branch of the subject, "could make her pass by *me*."

"Except her father," said Lauderdale, to which Colin only replied by an impatient exclamation as they went on to the train. But, though it was only a momentary sound, the tone of a voice, that had startled them, it was with extreme impatience and an uneasiness which they tried to hide from each other that they made their way to Frascati. To be sure Colin amused himself for a little by the thought of a pretty speech with which he could flatter and flutter his gentle *fiancée*, telling her her voice was in the air, and he heard it everywhere; and then he burst forth into "Airy tongues that syllable men's names," to the consternation of Lauderdale. "But then she did not syllable any name," he added, laughing; "which is proof positive that it can have been nothing." His laugh and voice were, however, full of disturbance, and betrayed to Lauderdale that the suggestion he had made began to work. The two mounted the hill to Frascati from the station with a swiftness and silence natural to two Scotchmen at such a moment, leaving everything in the shape of carriage behind them. When they reached the Palazzo Savvelli, Colin cleared the long staircase at a bound for anything his companion saw who followed him more slowly, more and more certainly prescient of something having happened. When Lauderdale reached the *salone*, he found nobody there save Sora Antonia, with her apron at her eyes, and Colin, sunk into Arthur's chair, reading a letter which he held in both his hands. Colin's face was crimson, his hands trembling with excitement and passion. The next moment he had started to his feet and was ready for action. "Read it, Lauderdale," he said, with a choking voice; "you may read it; it has all come true; and in the meantime I'm off to get a vettura," said the young man, rushing to the door. Before his friend could say a word, Colin was gone, tearing frantically down the stairs which he had come up like lightning; and in this bewildering moment, after the thunderbolt had fallen, with Sora Antonia's voice ringing in his ear as loudly and scarce more intelligibly than the rain which accompanies a storm, Lauderdale picked up poor Alice's letter, which was blotted with tears.

"Papa has come to fetch me," wrote Alice. "Oh, Colin, my heart is broken! He says we are to go instantly, without a moment's delay; and he would not let me write even this if he knew. Oh, Colin, after all your goodness and kindness, and love that I was not worthy of!—oh, why did anybody ever interfere? I do not know what I am writing, and I am sure you will never be able to read it. Never so long as I live shall I think one thought of anybody but you; but papa would not let me speak to you,—would not wait to see you, though I told him you were coming. Oh Colin, good-bye, and do not think it is me—and tell Mr. Lauderdale I shall never forget his kindness. I would rather, far rather, die than go away. Always, always, whatever any one may say, your own poor Alice, who is not half nor quarter good enough for you."

This was the hurried utterance of her disappointment and despair which Alice had left behind her ere she was forced away; but Sora Antonia held another document of a more formal description, which she delivered to Lauderdale with

a long preface, of which he did not understand a word. He opened it carelessly; for, the fact being apparent, Lauderdale, who had no hand in the business on his own account, was sufficiently indifferent to any compliments which the father of Alice might have to pay to himself.

"Mr. Meredith regrets to have the sentiments of gratitude with which he was prepared to meet Mr. Lauderdale, on account of services rendered to his son, turned into contempt and indignation by the base attempt on the part of Mr Lauderdale's companion to ensnare the affections of his daughter. Having no doubt whatever that when removed from the personal coercion in which she has been held, Miss Meredith will see the base character of the connexion which it has been attempted to force upon her, Mr. Meredith will, in consideration of the services above mentioned, take no legal steps for the exposure of the conspiracy which he has fortunately found out in time to defeat its nefarious object, but begs that it may be fully understood that his leniency is only to be purchased by an utter abstinence from any attempt to disturb Miss Meredith, or bring forward the ridiculous pretensions of which she is too young to see the utterly interested and mercenary character."

A man does not generally preserve his composure unabated after reading such an epistle, and Lauderdale was no more capable than other men of dissembling his indignation. His face flushed with a dark glow, more burning and violent than anything that had disturbed his blood for years; and it was as well for the character of the grave and sober-minded Scotsman that nobody but Sora Antonia was present to listen to the first exclamation that rose to his lips. Sora Antonia herself was in a state of natural excitement, pouring forth her account of all that happened with tears and maledictions, which were only stopped by Colin's shout from the bottom of the staircase for his friend. The impatient youth came rushing upstairs when he found no immediate response, and swept the older man with him like a whirlwind. "Another time, another time," he cried to Sora Antonia, "I must go first and bring the Signorina back," and Colin picked up both the letters, and rushed down, driving Lauderdale before him to the carriage which he had already hastened to the door; and they were driving off again, whirling down hill towards the Campagna, before either had recovered the first shock of this unlooked-for change in all their plans. Then it was Lauderdale who was the first to speak.

"You are going to bring the Signorina back," he said with a long breath. "It's a fool's errand, but I'll no say but I'll go with you. Colin, it's happened as was only natural. The father has got better, as I said he would. I'm no blaming the father"—

"Not after *this?*" said Colin, who had just read in a blaze of indignation Mr. Meredith's letter.

"Hout," said the philosopher, "certainly not after that;" and he took it out of Colin's hand and folded it up and tore it into a dozen pieces. "The man kens nothing of me. Callant," said Lauderdale, warming suddenly, "there is but one person to be considered in this business. You and me can fend for ourselves. Pain and sorrow cannot but come on her as things are, but nothing is to be done or said that can aggravate them, or give her more to bear. You're no heeding what I say. Where are you going now, if a man might ask?"

"I am going to claim my bride," said Colin, shortly. "Do you imagine I am likely to abandon her now?"

"Colin," said his friend anxiously, "you'll no get her. I'm no forbidding you to try, but I warn you not to hope. She's in the hands of her natural guardian, and at this moment there's nae power on earth that would induce him to give her to you. He's to be blamed for ill speaking, but I'm not clear that he's to be blamed for this."

"I wish you would not talk," said Colin roughly, and opened Alice's little letter again, and read it and put it to his lips. If he had never been impassioned

before he was so now; and so they went on, dashing across the long level Campagna roads, where there was nothing to break the sunshine but here and there a nameless pile of ruins.

The sunshine began to fall low and level on the plain before they reached the gates. "One thing at least is certain—he cannot take her out of Rome to-night," said Colin. It was almost the only word that was spoken between them until they began their doubtful progress from one hotel to another, through the noisy resounding streets.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Now we have found them let me face them by myself," said Colin, to whom the interval of silence and consideration had been of use. They were both waiting in the hall of one of the hotels facing towards the Piazza del Popolo, to which they had at last tracked Mr. Meredith, and Lauderdale acquiesced silently in Colin's decision. The young man had already sent up his card, with a request that he might see not Alice but her father. After a considerable time, the servant who had taken it returned with an abrupt message that Mr. Meredith was engaged. When he had sent up a second time, explaining that his business was urgent, but with the same effect, Colin accompanied his third message with a note, and went with his messenger to the door of the room in which his adversary was. There could be no doubt of the commotion produced within by this third application. Colin could hear some one pacing about the room with disturbed steps, and the sound of a controversy going on, which, though he was too far off to hear anything that was said, still reached him vaguely in sound at least. When he had waited for about five minutes, the clergyman, whom he had not in the least thought of or expected to see, made his appearance cautiously at the door. He did not attempt to admit the young man, but came up to him on tiptoe, and took him persuasively, almost caressingly, by the arm. "My good friend, my excellent young friend," said the puzzled priest, with a mixture of compunction and expostulation which in other circumstances would have amused Colin, "let us have a little conversation. I am sure you are much too generous and considerate to add to the distress of—of——" But here the good man recollected just in time that he had pledged himself not to speak of Alice, and made a sudden pause. "There in that room," he went on, changing his tone, and assuming a little solemnity, "is a sorrowful father, mourning for his only son, and driven almost out of his senses by illness and weakness, and a sense of the shameful way in which his daughter has been neglected—not his fault, my dear Mr. Campbell. You cannot have the heart to increase his sufferings by claims, however well founded, which have been formed at a time——"

"Stop," said Colin, "it is not my fault if he has not done his duty to his children; I have no right to bear the penalty. He has cast the vilest imputations upon me—"

"Hush, hush, I beg of you," said the clergyman, "my excellent young friend—"

Colin laughed in spite of himself. "If I am your excellent friend," he said, "why do you not procure me admission to tell my own story? Why should the sight of me distress your sorrowing father? I am not an ogre, nor an enemy, but his son's friend; and up to this day, I need not remind you," said the young man with a rising colour, "the only protector, along with my friend Lauderdale, whom his daughter has had. I do not say that he may not have natural objections to give her to me, a poor man," said Colin, with natural pride; "but, at all events, he has no reason to hurry her away by stealth, as if I had not a right to be told why our engagement is interrupted so summarily. I will do nothing to distress Alice," the young man went on, involuntarily lingering by the door, which was not entirely closed; "but I

protest against being treated like a villain or an adventurer—"

"Hush, hush, hush," cried the unlucky peacemaker, putting out his hand to close the unfastened door; but before he could do so, Mr. Meredith appeared on the threshold, flushed and furious. "What are you else, sir, I should like to know," cried the angry British father, "to drag an unprotected girl into such an entanglement without even a pretence of consulting her friends, to take advantage of a deathbed for your detestable fortune-hunting schemes? Don't answer me, sir! Have you a penny of your own? have you anything to live on? That's the question. If it was not for other considerations, I'd indict you. I'd charge you with conspiracy; and even now, if you come here to disturb my poor girl——. But I promise you, you shall see her no more," the angry man continued. "Go, sir, and let me hear no more of you. She has a protector now."

Colin stood a moment without speaking after Mr. Meredith had disappeared, closing the door violently after him.

"I have not come to distress Alice," said the young man. He had to repeat it to himself to keep down the hot blood that was burning in his veins; and as for the unfortunate clergyman, who was the immediate cause of all this, he kept his position by the door in a state of mind far from enviable, sorry for the young man and ashamed of the old one, and making inarticulate efforts to speak and mediate between them. But the conference did not last very long outside the closed door. Though it did not fortunately occur to Colin that it was the interference of his present companion which had originated this scene, the young man did not feel the insult the less from the deprecatory half-sympathy offered to him. "It is a mistake—it is a mistake," said the clergyman, "Mr. Meredith will discover his error. I said I thought you were imprudent, and indeed wrong; but I have never suspected you of interested motives—never since my first interview with the young lady;—but think of her sufferings, my dear young friend; think of her," said the mediator, who was driven to his wits' end. As for Colin, he calmed himself down a little by means of pacing about the corridor—the common resource of men in trouble.

"Poor Alice," he said, "if I did not think of her, do you think I should have stood quietly to be insulted? But look here—the abuse of such a man can do no harm to me, but he may kill her. If I could see her it might do some good.—Impossible? Do you suppose I mean to see her clandestinely, or to run away with her, perhaps? I mean," said Colin, with youthful sternness, "that if I were permitted to see her I might be able to reconcile her a little to what is inevitable. Of course he is her father. I wish her father were a chimney-sweep instead," said Colin; "but it is she I have to think of. Will you try to get me permission to see her?—only for ten minutes, if you like—in your presence, if that is necessary; but I must say one word to her before she is carried away."

"Yes, yes, it's very natural—very natural," said the peacemaker; "I will do all I can for you. Be here at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning; the poor dear young lady must have rest after her agitation. Don't be afraid; I am not a man to deceive you; they do not leave till five o'clock for Civita Vecchia. You shall see her; I think I can promise you. I will take the responsibility on myself."

Thus ended Colin's attempt to bring back the Signorina, as he said. In the morning he had reached the hotel long before the hour mentioned, in case of an earlier departure; but everything was quiet there, and the young man hovered about, looking up at the windows, and wondering which might be the one which inclosed his little love, with sentiments more entirely lover-like than he had ever experienced before. But, when the hour of his appointment came, and he hurried into the hotel, he was met by the indignant clergyman, who felt his own honour compromised, and was wroth beyond

measure. Mr. Meredith had left Rome at dawn of day, certainly not for Civita Vecchia, leaving no message for any one. He had pretended, after hot resistance, to yield to the kind-hearted priest's petition, that the lovers might say farewell to each other, and this was the way he had taken of balking them. It was now the author of the original mischief who felt himself insulted and scorned, and his resentment and indignation were louder than Colin's, whose mind at first lost itself in schemes of following, and vain attempts to ascertain the route the party had taken. Lauderdale, coming anxious but steady to the scene of action half an hour afterwards, found his friend absorbed in this inquiry, and balancing all the chances between the road by Perugia and the road by Orvieto, with the full intention of going off in pursuit. It was then his careful guardian's time to interfere. He led the youth away, and pointed out to him the utter vanity of such an undertaking. Not distance or uncertainty of road, but her father's will, which was likely to be made all the more rigorous by a pursuit, parted Alice from her young protector and bridegroom; and if he followed her to the end of the world, this obstacle would still remain as unremovable as ever. Though he was hot-headed and young, and moved by excitement, and indignation, and pity, to a height of passion which his love for Alice by itself would never have produced, Colin still could not help being reasonable, and he saw the truth of what was said to him. At the same time, it was not natural that the shock which was so great and sudden should be got over in a moment. Colin felt himself insulted and outraged, in the first place; and in another point of view he was equally mortified—mortified even by the relief which he knew would be felt by all his friends when the sudden end of his unwelcome project was made known to them. The Ramore household had given a kind of passive acquiescence to what seemed inevitable—but Colin was aware they would all be very glad at home when the failure was known—and it was a failure, howsoever the tale might be told. Thus the original disappointment was aggravated by stings of apprehended ridicule and jocular sympathy, for to no living soul, not even to his mother, would Colin have confessed how great a share in his original decision Alice's helpless and friendless position had, nor the sense of loss and bondage with which he had often in his secret heart regarded the premature and imprudent marriage which he had lived to hear stigmatized as the scheme of a fortune-hunter. It was thus that the very generosity of his intentions gave an additional sting at once to the insult and the sympathy. After a day or two, his thoughts of Alice as the first person to be considered, and deep sense of the terrible calamity it was to her, yielded a little to those thoughts of himself and all the humiliating accompaniments of this change in his intentions. During this period his temper became, even by Lauderdale, unbearable; and he threw aside everything he was doing, and took to silence and solitary rambles, in utter disgust with the shortsightedness and injustice of the world. But after that unhappy interval it has to be confessed that the skies suddenly cleared for Colin. The first symptom of revival that happened to him came to pass on a starry, lovely May night, when he had plunged into the darkness of the lonely quarter about the Colosseum alone, and in a state of mind to which an encounter with the robbers supposed to haunt these silent places would have been highly beneficial. But it chanced that Colin raised his moody eyes to the sky, suddenly and without any premeditation, and saw the moon struggling up through a maze of soft white clouds, parting them with her hands as they threw themselves into baffling airy masses always in her way; and suddenly, without a moment of preface, a face—the face—the image of the veiled woman, who was not Alice, and to whom he had bidden farewell, gleamed out once more through the clouds, and looked Colin in the eyes, thrilling him through and through with a guilty astonishment.

The moment after was the hardest of all Colin's struggle; and he rushed home after it tingling all over with self-contempt and burning indignation, and plunged into a torrent of talk when he found his friend, by way of forgetting himself, which struck Lauderdale with the utmost surprise. But next day Colin felt himself somehow comforted without knowing how; and then he took to thinking of his life and work, which now, even for the sake of Alice, if nothing else, he must pursue with determined energy; and then it seemed to him as if every moment was lost that kept him away from home. Was it for Alice? Was it that he might offer her again the perfected mind and settled existence to which his labours were to lead him? He said so to himself as he made his plans; but yet unawares a vision of deeper eyes came gleaming upon him out of the clouds. And it was with the half-conscious thrill of another existence, a feeling as of new and sweeter air in the sails, and a widening ocean under the keel, that Colin rose up after all these varying changes of sentiment were over, and set his face to the north once more.

"It's awfu' strange to think it's the last time," said Lauderdale, as they stood together on the Pincian Hill, and watched the glowing colours of the Roman sunset. "It's little likely that you and me will ever see St. Peter yonder start up black into the sun like that another time in our lives. It's grander than a' their illuminations, though it's more like another kind of spirit than an angel. And this is Rome! I dinna seem ever to have realized the thought before. It's awfu' living and life-like, callant, but it's the graves we'll mind it by. I'm no meaning kings and Cæsars. I'm meaning them that come and never return. Testaccio's hidden out of sight, and the cypress trees," said the philosopher; "but there's mony an eye that will never lose sight of them even at the other end of the world. I might have been going my ways with an awfu' different heart, if it hadna been for the mercy of God."

"Then you thought I would die?" said Colin, to whom, in the stir of his young life, the words were solemn and strange to say; "and God is merciful; yet Meredith is lying yonder, though not me."

"Ay," said Lauderdale, and then there was a long pause. "I'm no offering ony explanation," said the philosopher. "It's a question between a man and his Maker—spirit to spirit. It's an awfu' mystery to us, but it maun be made clear and satisfying to them that go away. For me, I'll praise God," he said abruptly, with a harsh ring in his voice; and Colin knew for the first time thoroughly that his faithful guardian had thought nothing better than to bring him here to die. They went into the church on the hill, where the nuns were singing their sweet vespers as they descended for the last time through the dusky avenues, listening as they went to the bells ringing the Ave Maria over all the crowded town; and there came upon Colin and his friend in different degrees that compunction of happiness which is the soul of thanksgiving. Others,—how many!—have stood speechless in dumb submission on that same spot and found no thanks to say; and it was thus that Colin, after all the events that made these four months so important in his life, entered upon a new period of his history, and took his farewell of Rome.

To be continued.

A LETTER TO A COLONIAL CLERGYMAN

ON SOME RECENT ECCLESIASTICAL MOVEMENTS IN THE DIOCESE OF CAPETOWN AND IN ENGLAND.

MY DEAR SIR.—Your last letter was evidently written in much anxiety. You feel that a question has been raised in one of the colonies of Great Britain which must affect all her colonies. If it has not yet approached yours, you yet hear the threatenings of what may be a tempest. And it is a tempest which it cannot be solely or chiefly the business of statesmen to avert or to encounter. The clergy must be in the midst of it; they are asked to assist in raising it.

You say that the controversy in the diocese of Capetown has evidently entered on an entirely new phase. The question about the authority of the Pentateuch has been abundantly discussed; you have no doubt that truth will issue from the discussion; your sympathies were not with the Bishop of Natal in that strife. But, for the purpose of condemning him, claims have been put forward which involve, you see clearly, the establishment of such an ecclesiastical authority as is absolutely incompatible with the Queen's supremacy, as must issue in the dissolution of the bonds between any colony wherein it exists and the mother-country. Your own experience makes you dread this result, and other results that will accompany it. You hear much of a free Church, and of the bondage which it is now suffering from the State. You foresee anything but freedom for either clergy or laity under the *régime* which is to supersede the one under which you are living. Still you find it very difficult to maintain your ground against the number of arguments which are addressed directly to your clerical conscience. "Ought you not to assert that "there is a Kingdom of God which is "higher than all mere secular arrange-"ments? Ought there not to be a "power strong enough to compel the "clergy to confine themselves within the "religious system which is set forth "in the Articles to which they have "sworn? Can jurisdiction upon such "a subject be safely left in the hands "of laymen? Have they not proved "by their acts that it cannot?" These are questions which you think ought to be answered, and which we in England ought to consider as well as you. They are mixed, of course, with suspicions and denunciations which are more or less disagreeable. But such you have learnt to expect. You consider *them* the proper badges of your profession.

When you wrote, I think you cannot have received a copy of the "Case" which Dr. Pusey submitted to the Attorney-General and Sir Hugh Cairns, and of the Preface "To those who love "God and His truth," with which he has introduced it.[1] After you have read that preface you will understand that it is no specially colonial debate in which you are involved. The battle you will see has to be fought here. You will learn with what weapons Dr. Pusey thinks that his side should provide themselves. You will see that ecclesiastical dominion and the Kingdom of God are identified in his mind; that he does not for a moment seek to distinguish them. He considers the decision of the lay courts in the case of Mr. Wilson to be simply wicked. Every one who loves God and His truth must do his utmost to get it reversed, and to establish a permanent jurisdiction which shall secure the

[1] "Case as to the Legal Force of the Judgment *In Re* Fendall *v.* Wilson; with the Opinion of the Attorney-General and Sir Hugh Cairns, and a Preface to those who love God and his Truth." By the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D. J. H. and J. Parker, and Rivingtons. Second edition.

Church against similar outrages. If that result cannot be obtained, there is no alternative but a free Church; that is to say, one disclaiming the Queen's supremacy, and simply governed by the Bishops and the priesthood.

Such a statement as this puts an end to all compromises. It brings the whole question to a plain and direct issue. There are many other ways in which it may present itself to laymen. To us it must present itself in this way:—"Is the assumption true? Are the "Kingdom of God and ecclesiastical "dominion convertible terms? Have "they any connexion with each other, "and, if any—what?" These should be our most prominent inquiries. And these will rise out of them:—"Has the "English Church reason to complain "of the Queen's supremacy, or to re-"joice in it? Has lay jurisdiction been "injurious to truth, or justice, or has it "been their protection? Are we pledged "to a religious system, or is it true that "those who think they are pledged to "one become impatient of our Church "and seek refuge in some other?"

If in attempting to consider these points I lead you into a tedious historical inquiry, you must blame yourself. You have asked for my thoughts on this great subject. You have shown that you feel there is a close relation between the events which are passing now in a youthful colony and those which have occupied England and mankind for centuries. The historical facts to which I shall allude are all notorious, lying on the surface of our reading. Yet they point to unchangeable principles, to the grounds of our personal and our social life. They are as important to the laity as the clergy. I believe that there are good and obvious reasons why they should be first and most distinctly suggested to the clergy. If *they* are able to distinguish between true moral freedom and the freedom to coerce other men—if they have courage to assert the highest dignity of the priesthood, and therefore to abjure all privileges and exercises of power which interfere with it—they may save old communities and infant communities from perishing; if not, I fear they will be the destruction of both.

I wish chiefly to seek illustrations on this topic in our own history, but I cannot confine myself to that. The fourteenth century—the century of Boniface VIII.—the century in which Rome was deserted of its Bishop—was the one which brought the controversy between the lay and ecclesiastical powers most distinctly to an issue—which involved all Europe in that controversy. Then lived the patriot, poet, Theologian of Florence. I suppose our modern Catholics in England or abroad will not deny that last name to Dante. Theology was the ground of his poem and of his life. In its highest sense, as the vision of God, it expresses all his thoughts of Paradise. And I need not say that he did not dwell only in Paradise. Dr. Pusey speaks of some who wish to get rid of hell. I do not know who they are. I think they must be feeble people, who know little of themselves, and have little recollection of the words which our Lord addressed to the scribes and Pharisees. But, at all events, Dante will not be accused of that offence. Nor can he be suspected of undervaluing the priesthood, or those who exercised the most power over Europe as preachers. Francis and Dominic are found in his most inward and celestial circle. He is free from all imputation of heresy; the shape and structure of his Christianity were determined by the most orthodox schoolmen. And this man was the asserter, in his "Divina Commedia," and in his acts and sufferings as a Florentine citizen, of the lay power against the ecclesiastical. He had not inherited that position. He grew into it as he became more experienced and more devout. It was in the maturity of his mind and character that he felt himself called to defend the Holy Roman Empire when it stood most directly in opposition to the Popes. His prose, as well as his poetry, was enlisted in this cause. It was no lazy advocacy. Such men as Frederic II., as Manfredi, notwithstanding the suspicions of Ma-

hometanism and infidelity which were cast upon the first — notwithstanding the resolution of the spiritual power to persecute both to the death—were found by him in the region of purification, while so many of the Popes were consigned to that from which all hope is banished. And this was no mere homage to men who favoured refinement and cultivation; no censure of those who might hold Italy in chains. Dante spoke in his character of theologian, as a witness for the God of justice and truth against those who were trampling upon justice and truth. He was pleading for the spiritual influence of the priesthood—for that which he had reverenced in the founders of the mendicant orders. He was bearing his testimony against what seemed to him the worst and most concentrated exhibition of secularity and mammonism. Therefore he maintained the sanctity of lay tribunals, in which principles of justice were acknowledged, and to a certain extent acted on; therefore he implored the German emperors to vindicate the down-trodden Italy; therefore he appealed to the judgment-seat of Heaven against the priests who were pretending to pronounce and execute its decrees upon earth.

I dwell upon this subject because I do trust that modern Italy will lay to heart the lesson which is taught her by her greatest poet. What has she to do with German or Anglican doctors? Let her call to her aid her old theology. In that name let her fight with her oppressors. The dream of a Holy Roman Empire has passed away. She is not tempted as the men of the fourteenth century were to invoke the help of the foreigner on behalf of her own freedom. She has a native ruler. Let none persuade her that in paying homage to him she is rendering to Cæsar the things that are his; that in paying homage to the Pope she is paying to God the things that are God's. A native ruler is not a Cæsar; the Pope is not God. She will fulfil our Lord's command if she gives up the hearts on which God has set His image and superscription to Him who is the Deliverer out of bondage, if she joyfully and thankfully pays her tribute to the prince who has bound scattered provinces in one. So she will inaugurate a new and blessed era for the Florence of her great singer; so it will prove itself worthy to be the capital of a united Italy till a better time shall render her a true and regenerated Rome, till it shall testify of a city that is indeed eternal.

I must take one more instance from the general history of the same century —an instance less memorable, of course, for the men concerned in it—even more applicable to the subject before us for the class which they represented. It is the period of the conflict between the spiritual Franciscans, those who adhered to the strict rule of their order, and those who, under one pretext or other, would allow mendicants to become holders of property. John XXII. threw his weight into the scale of what he considered the moderate party—the one most in sympathy with his own acts and character. What followed? The most vehement protest that had ever been made for the lay authority against the ecclesiastical proceeded *from the Spiritualists.* It was urged distinctly, formally, in the name of theology. William of Ockham, the English Franciscan, the champion of Franciscan poverty, denounces the Canonists, the champions of ecclesiastical law and jurisdiction, as the great enemies of theology, and appeals to the Bible as the witness against them. In the interest of theology and the Bible he takes the part of Louis of Bavaria against the Pope. He utters the well-known sentence, "Defend me by thy sword, and I will defend thee by my pen."

These instances flash forth at intervals in the records of the Continental Church, and throw a light upon its government and life in all its different stages. But in England the history has been continuous. If we look steadily at it there is hardly a break in its testimony from the time of which I have spoken to our own day. In every age the battle has been as of those who believed in a righteous Ruler of the earth—in an

actual kingdom of God—against the ecclesiastical rulers and the ecclesiastical tribunals that were exalting their own authority and calling that the divine authority.

These were the opposers, I need not tell you, of all the movements towards reformation under Wicklif; these made the circulation of his translation among the people penal. It was against the mammonism of the ecclesiastics that Wicklif raised his voice. The Friars, whose earlier history had been so venerable in Dante's eyes, who still had so many worthy champions of freedom among them, were hateful to him as they were to Chaucer, because they were enemies to national and domestic life. For a time, Wicklif felt very clearly that he could only oppose the Pope by vindicating the regal rights of Edward III. He became entangled, probably, in the intrigues of the Court enfeebled by the patronage of John of Gaunt. He saw that his true course was to be the English secular priest, the parson of the town, the unfolder of the Gospel to the middle class. No doubt that was a better and nobler position; but it was a misfortune for his successors that they forgot his earlier ground. When the usurping Lancastrian princes sought the aid of the priesthood to prop their title, and as a reward agreed to burn heretics for them—when that ignoble compact, which is so admirably indicated in the first act of Shakespeare's Henry V. was concluded between the Bishop and the monarch—the Lollards became indifferent to the civil government which trampled upon them, and began to regard it as the devil's government. It was a natural mistake, but it involved them in terrible confusions. They became communists; there was always an excuse for treating them as foes of the State as well as rebels against the Church. They could not therefore work out a national reformation. They were anti-national, like the Friars.

But there were instruments at work which were compelling the people to desire such a reformation. Thanks be to God! there is nothing in His world so mischievous that it may not be the instrument of leading to good. The people had no disposition to rebel against the priests; they would have acquiesced in their teaching; they would have fed at the doors of the monasteries; they would have frequented the plays. But the ecclesiastical courts were too terrible to be borne. They invaded all the sanctity of family life; they presented a spectacle of injustice, indulgence of crimes, hateful bribery such as could be seen nowhere else. The sins of popes might be heard of at a distance; there might be a strong English protest against those who represented them here. But these courts pressed upon the heart of every man. They threatened the peasant who wished to read his Bible for his practical lessons of life, and the student who wished to examine it. There was no secret of the conscience, no detail of common life, into which their agents and spies did not seek to penetrate. And there was really no moral corruption which they did not abet and patronize. There had been a time when those courts testified to a truth, though in a very bewildered manner. If Henry II. had won a complete victory over Becket, the mere customs and legal rules of a kingdom might have been recognised as all in all; the idea of a law of equity and reason which transcends them, and is universal, might have been lost. Even at the perilous price of maintaining a different law for different classes of men in a State, this principle had need to be asserted. But now the ecclesiastical courts were witnesses for no maxims of equity and reason—were practical, habitual, deniers of any such maxims. Against them the devoutest men, the most intelligent men, rose indignantly, as well as the humblest handicraftsmen. To be delivered from them was the greatest deliverance that could be won for individuals, for the nation.

And in what form did it come? In the form of that Act which some among us cry out against as the beginning of our oppression. In the Act of Supre-

macy, in the declaration that the king is over all causes, ecclesiastical as well as civil, within his dominions supreme. I do not gainsay the piety or nobleness of Sir Thomas More, or any man who resisted that Act, and died for his disobedience to it. I must reverence any less dear and venerable person who gave that sign of his fidelity to his convictions. But, if what Sir Thomas More knew of those ecclesiastical courts—if what he has said of them in his first book of the "Eutopia" is true, I am sure that this proclamation must have brought to thousands of hearts the assurance, "Now "we know that the Lord is above all "gods, for that whenever they did "proudly he was above them." It was not merely the liberation from a foreign yoke, which the Plantagenet princes had been as little able to bear as the Tudor, though *their* emancipation from it would have been the emancipation of the kings and not of the people; therefore quite undesirable. It was the deliverance from a deep, penetrating, practical Atheism. The violent wresting of justice in a province creates an unbelief in a people, which no unbelieving dogmas, let them be as widely diffused as they may, are able to generate; such dogmas derive their chief force from the experience which appears to testify that there is no Judge that regardeth. But here the violent wresting came from those who assumed that they were the divine powers of the universe, God's highest delegates on earth: those who represented His authority, which had ceased to work, or could not work, independently of them. That the *most* glaring outrages upon men's moral sense—the acts which, in any tolerably well-organized human society, would stamp the perpetrators of them as infamous—should characterise those courts which were called spiritual, and which assumed to settle what was, and what was not, the moral standard—can any language except the burning language of the prophets—used as that was to describe the enormities of the priests that perverted the law of God in the old days —express the effects of this guilt upon society? That the Tudor princes had any distinct purpose of making their people free in one sense or another, I do not pretend. I do not suppose that if they had had their way, or that if we any of us had our way, that would be the result to which we should come. Henry and Elizabeth were arbitrary, no doubt; often capricious; were tempted continually to the notion that, having thrown off the Pope's authority, they might become popes themselves. But there were perpetual hindrances to this ambition; signs in abundance that they were not absolute, however they might wish to be so. There was the necessity laid upon the king, which Mr Froude has pointed out in Henry's case, of giving much more honour to the House of Commons than his predecessors had done, because the adherents of the pope, even after the dissolution of the monasteries, were so numerous in the Upper House. There was the necessity of appealing to the Bible, and of treating it as containing a law which controlled both kings and people. Without this appeal, the king could not have maintained his ground against the old hierarchy. And how immense was the influence of such a recognition coming from the monarch upon the mind of the nation! It suggests one of the topics which I said would arise in the course of our inquiry.

The whole history of the Bible imparted to the English people the thought of a *kingdom*, not of a religious *system*. The king represented the sacredness of the nation, to which the Old Testament bore witness; the bishops might, if they chose to claim that honour, represent a society consisting of all kindreds and nations—might testify that the divinest and most universal government is a fatherly one. In this respect the English Reformation was peculiar. It was the most national of all; yet it preserved most signs of the existence of a body that was not national but catholic. If the bishops understood their functions, they might keep the monarch continually in mind that his power was limited, not absolute; might teach him that he was not in any sense a pope;

might remind him that he could not take that character, or in any wise exalt himself above law without committing an act of treason against the King of kings. If the monarch understood his function, he might vindicate his title to be the head of the whole nation; he might hinder the Bishops from becoming the heads of a party or sect in the nation, and so degrading and contradicting their own vocation.

Henry VIII. had been well bred in the Catholic system; he would have liked to sanction it by his royal supremacy, to punish all who departed from it. But he could not. There were elements all about him, Romish, Lutheran, Calvinist, which made the maintenance of such a system impossible. So he had to content himself with being an English king. When the Reformers had had their own way under Edward, they would gladly have established a Protestant system. Happily they could not do it; there were too many elements of strife among themselves; there was too strong a Romish force all around them. They could only make a Prayer-book for the nation; whatever they did of their own imagination, and to forward the ends of their system—their notable and ingenious scheme, for instance, of disturbing the hereditary succession for the sake of enthroning a Protestant princess—was defeated by the counsel of God and the indignant protest of the English people. Mary succeeded, no doubt, in establishing a religious system, and in enforcing it in the only way in which a system, be it Romish, Protestant, or what it may, can be rationally or consistently enforced. But she was puzzled between the obligations of her own popedom, which Gardiner would have had her insist upon, and the claims of the Roman Bishop, which Pole regarded as paramount to all others. She never quite knew whether she was punishing Protestants as rebels against the throne, or as deniers of the faith. The two notions were mixed in her mind. She fell despairingly between them, having secured the triumph of the cause which she hated—having been the instrument, by her fires, of calling forth in its advocates the life which their own prosperity and ambition had nearly extinguished.

How much do we owe to that uncertainty of Elizabeth between the two systems, to that incapacity for rejecting the Romish or embracing the Protestant, which so often provokes our indignation, and which did, no doubt, make her alternately unjust—often at the same moment severe—to those who were pledged to either! A religious system could not be established by her or by her bishops. They did produce a set of Articles which they perhaps meant to set forth as an Anglican system, one which should be neither Romanist, nor Lutheran, nor Calvinistical. They only prevailed to produce what many of us have felt to be our great warning against all systems, Romanist, Lutheran, Calvinistical, or Anglican; which has convinced us that a high theology, such as is contained in the Creeds, must be free from the shackles of any of them—must lose its character, and become a contradiction, if it receives its shape and definition from any. At all events, these Articles have proved, as I may show you before I finish this letter, most inconvenient to all holders of a system, let the name it bears be what it may.

I have claimed from English Churchmen, be they clerical or lay, a very serious consideration of the blessings which the Royal supremacy has conferred on them, before they treat it as an enemy to their freedom. I might, I think, prove that it has done more for those who are not Churchmen than they know of; that in it is contained that assertion of the wholeness and unity of the nation, which led first to the acknowledgment of the civil rights of Protestant Nonconformists, ultimately to the acknowledgment of the civil rights of Roman Catholics, when the tendency of Anglican ecclesiastics would have been to deny them to both. But I cannot even hint at such an opinion as this without admitting that the Royal supremacy did take a form in the Stuart age which may well make the first of these bodies regard it with de-

testation for what it did against them; the other with contempt for what it did and what it failed to do in their favour. From the hour when King James uttered the words, "No Bishop, no King"—fulfilled indeed to the letter, but implying in him only the belief that the Bishops would uphold his lawless prerogative if he upheld their authority, and compelled the reluctant people whom he had left to receive it—from the time when the Bishops began to worship him, and call him the breath of their nostrils—from the time in which the priests led him to regard parliament as his foes, and laws as the utterance of his will—the fate of the monarchy and the episcopacy was sealed; God, I believe, not man, was fighting against them. For, so far as the teaching of the Court preachers was heeded, the actual government of God was forgotten or denied. He was supposed to have delegated His power to a set of men who used their offices for ends which they called divine, but which seemed to the conscience of the English people earthly, sensual, sometimes devilish. That which rose up against the slavish doctrines of the bishops and the monarch was an intense conviction on both sides of the Tweed that God is really, and not in pretence, reigning over the nations. Long before that feeling had found its expression in the Solemn League and Covenant, devout and accomplished English gentlemen had uttered their cries against Popery and Arminianism as the twin curses of the land. These patriots had no prejudice against their Roman Catholic ancestors. They appealed continually to the charters which their ancestors had won from the monarchs; they must have regarded Stephen Langton with the profoundest reverence. They cared nothing for the decrees of the Synod of Dort. But they saw that under an Italian name, or a Dutch name—it signified little which—there was creeping in a religious system which exalted men into the throne of the universe, and deprived them of any practical sense of responsibility for their acts and their purposes to a righteous and eternal Judge.[1] And they saw that the great Arminian Bishop of the day, the imitator of all Popish ceremonies, was not content with inculcating a servile theory respecting the person of the monarch. The patriots of the first three parliaments preserved their loyalty to him unimpaired. It was deep and affectionate, and was shown in nothing more than in their determination to maintain the constitutional maxim of treating all usurpations done in the Royal name as chargeable upon evil counsellors. But they knew that Laud had grown to his great influence through Buckingham. They saw that he identified himself with the wickedest minister, morally as well as politically, that ever offended and debased a land. With the deeds of that man the English people were compelled to connect all the schemes of the Bishop and the King for the exaltation of the power of each. Before Dr. Pusey indulges in insinuations which, if they were not written "for the love of God "and His truth," would be called gross personal libels on statesmen of his own day—before he speculates on the possibility of men who have an interest in escaping the punishment of evil hereafter being called to legislate in ecclesiastical affairs—I would advise him seriously to consider what men *were* invited to co-operate in ecclesiastical affairs—what secular influences were invoked—at this crisis. I do not ask him to draw the facts from any dubious and dangerous sources; from Hallam, or Lord Macaulay, or Sir James Mackintosh, or Mr. Forster. Heylin's biography of the modern Cyprian is far more useful and decisive a testimony than

[1] It is not the least of the benefits which Mr. Forster has conferred on English history by his diligent researches at Port Eliot that he has thrown a clear and strong light upon this fact, which had been much misunderstood by historians, Whig as well as Tory. He has shown us that his noble hero was just as earnest on the subject of Papists and Arminians as Pym or any of the patriot leaders who had the strongest Puritan leanings. Yet he had no such leanings; he was simply an earnest English Christian, fondly attached to the worship of his fathers, and suspected by the Puritans for his classical studies.

any of these. There we may learn some of the blessings of ecclesiastical discipline and of ecclesiastical courts. There we may learn how the meanest secular aids were invoked to assist their operations and secure their triumph. There—or anywhere else—we may learn what came of such experiments—what cause the Crown and the Church had to be thankful for them.

Dreary as it may be to repeat the old story about the way in which the monarch and the ecclesiastics after the Restoration profited by the divine lessons which had been read to them during the civil wars, the lesson can never be obsolete, and is surely wanted now more than ever. As illustrating the vitality of the Church, in spite of all that those who tried to regulate its doctrines did to destroy it, the contemplation must be a cheering, as well as a humbling one, to every serious English clergyman. *He* cannot wish to exaggerate offences into which he may so easily fall, or to assume the office which the Judge of all claims for Himself of determining the amount of guilt in one party or another. Many of us feel, and have expressed our conviction, that the Act of Uniformity had this compensation for the many evils which flowed from it, that it asserted worship to be the bond of fellowship to a nation; whilst the Westminster Assembly had tried—with what success we know—to hold it fast by dogmas. But, the more strong this conviction is in our minds, the more it must oblige us to regard the measures of restraint upon the preaching and meetings of the Nonconformists as a miserable adoption and imitation of the maxim upon which they in their hour of triumph had acted—a vulgar and suicidal proclamation that the Episcopalians were a vengeful sect, exulting in the possession of revenues, and in the favour of a Court which they could not hinder from being a scandal to the land,—whilst they were boasting that they constituted a National Church. Was that the way to teach men that worship binds men into one as members of God's forgiven family? Was that the way of leading Englishmen to claim their privileges of confessing their sins against truth and charity to the Father whom they have grieved? Was it not the way to convince Protestant and Romish Nonconformists, that the Anglicans were trying to make their Church the exponent of a system which was neither national nor catholic?

That such a system must merge in a system more complete, more exclusive of all light and air, in a polity sustained by French money, and at last doing homage to a foreign ecclesiastic, the next reign showed conclusively. The *Religio Laici*, which Dryden wrote in Charles's day, the *Hind and Panther* which explains his conversion, are faithful documents respecting the vibrations of men of cultivated minds and somewhat loose morality between the two systems—exhibitions not of the mean dishonesty which Lord Macaulay unfairly imputes to the poet, but of the natural gravitation of troubled consciences and wearied intellects to repose. For the nation, if not for the individual man, the shock of the Revolution disturbed this gravitating tendency. However speculative philosophers in later times have interpreted that event, the authors of the Act of Settlement, embodying the deepest convictions of their time, read in it a sentence of God upon a monarch who had broken his covenant by seeking to set himself above laws. They felt that the supremacy of the monarch gave him no right to be absolute over the consciences of his subjects, but took away from him, as well as from all priests, native or foreign, any such right.

All such notions undoubtedly were much forgotten in the eighteenth century. Both in England and France theocracy began to mean the government of priests, not the government of a just God, and was hated accordingly. Both in England and France the belief in God was chiefly the recognition of an Opifex Mundi. Our first two Hanoverian princes partook of these feelings. The English Church as well as the English nation had some reason for regarding them as strangers ignorant

of our habits, institutions, language; inclined to involve us in Continental quarrels, not the least able to create in us any cordial Continental or human sympathies. But these sovereigns had surely their redeeming points. I cannot but regard that act of theirs, which English clergymen have been most disposed to denounce, as one of those redeeming points. Whatever motives led the first of them to close the doors of the Convocation, I question if an Alfred could have done a greater service to the nation, if a St. Louis could have promoted the interests of Christian life, more than he did by that suspension of the powers of the ecclesiastical synod. I say nothing against its revival in a later time. If it proves itself worthy of its faculty of speech, it will no doubt continue to exercise the faculty. But this I cannot doubt, that, if Convocation had been sitting when Wesley and Whitfield began their preaching, all the efforts of both Houses would have been exerted to silence that preaching and expel the preachers from the Church. More they could not have done at *that* time. Had the Star Chamber been at work, had Laud's spirit been prevalent in it, the noses of the Methodists would have been slit, their ears would have been cut off. What were the transgressions of the Puritans whom he silenced compared with theirs? or what denunciations against the entertainments of a Court and the upper classes to which Leighton or Prynne gave vent were more earnest and extravagant than those which proceeded from adherents of theirs? On both pleas they would have been condemned. If they escaped with only the reproofs and scorn of the Bishops and the brickbats of mobs, that was due to the suspension of ecclesiastical discipline through the influence of the sovereign. I do not say that if the Methodists had been ever so much fined or imprisoned their permanent influence would have been less; perhaps it would have been greater. But the Church was at least saved by the mercy of God from committing itself to some great cruelty, probably to some fierce dogmatic conclusions against the spiritualism of the Methodists, which must have involved the materialism that was then so prevalent.

This last remark especially applies to the question of the present day which has tempted me into this long historical statement. The Court of Appeal which exists amongst us may or may not be the best possible. Any suggestions for its improvement should, of course, be patiently considered. But the charges which the Bishop of Capetown and Dr. Pusey bring against it—the evils in its administration which they hope to see corrected by the Court, whatever it be, which they will substitute for it—are, it seems to me, if the history of England is something better than "an old almanac," the merits which shall endear it to our people generally, and to theologians and ministers of the Gospel especially, provided they derive their ideas of theology and of the Gospel from the Bible and the Catholic creeds. I will add, provided they desire a real union of the most earnest forms of belief at home; provided they wish for such fellowship, either with Protestants abroad or with Christians of the Latin and the Greek communions, as shall not rob us of our own English position. The accusation against the Privy Council is strictly and literally that it has not compelled Englishmen to accept a negative theology—a theology which consists in contradicting certain positions which different parties in the Church have put forward, which are very dear and sacred to those parties, but which are certain to become exclusive and contradictory if any of them were in the ascendant.

Let me explain myself. Feeling as strongly as you know that I do about the force of the words in the Catechism, making them the very ground of my preaching, you may imagine how little sympathy I felt with Mr. Gorham; how likely I should have been, if I had unhappily had the opportunity, to have condemned him, and with him all that large and valuable body of men who

have succeeded to the great awakeners of the Church out of its slumbers in the eighteenth century. Thank God! the case was taken out of the hands of such fanatics as I am. The Privy Council Court refused to pronounce a negative opinion upon the question which was submitted to them. They refused to say that the convictions of Mr. Gorham and of those who agreed with him were not consistent with honest adherence to our formularies, with continuance in the Church. They took away no right from us to express our convictions as earnestly and vehemently as we chose. It seems to me that they gave us a great encouragement to put them in a positive form, that they discouraged us from merely turning them into questions of controversy, from denouncing others who do not accept them. If what we hold is true—if it is connected with the life and education of our people—this must be a great advantage. And it must give us a courage and security in announcing what we believe. For a man may know what that is. And he cannot know what his opponents mean; he can only guess at that; he may make the most prodigious mistakes in judging it or setting it forth. His opponents' maxim may be actually necessary for the full statement of his own. It may fill a blank which his own partial apprehension has necessarily left.

Again, you will not suspect me of any special affection for those theories respecting the Eucharist which came forth from Archdeacon Denison, and were condemned by the Court of the Archbishop of Canterbury. But I cannot help rejoicing that Archdeacon Denison sought relief from the present Court of Appeal, and that, acting upon its habitual maxim—though in this instance upon a bye-point — in consideration of the time during which the suit had been kept pending—it saved the defendant his living and his dignity. That by doing so it gave him an opportunity of abusing it, and of seeking to crush any of his brethren whom it may protect as it protected him, appears to me a very trifling matter indeed. In no way does it signify greatly what becomes of individuals—except that every wise man would wish his opponents to escape the honours of martyrdom. But the interests of theology were saved, I believe, in Archdeacon Denison's case and in Mr. Gorham's, from a purely negative decision —one which is never so mischievous or fatal as in a question respecting the sacraments, which, if they mean anything, must transcend all theories, and may, as Hooker has taught, commend themselves to the deeper heart and spirit of those who are clinging to any theory.

The last decision of this Court of Appeal is quite in the spirit of its predecessors. It merely refuses to endorse a negation. It merely refuses to say all persons must reject a particular notion about inspiration or a particular notion about the punishment of the wicked hereafter. It is conceived in a temper of excellent modesty. Instead of being an assumption on the part of lay judges to decide what formulas are right on subjects so vast, reaching so high, descending so low, it is a distinct disclaimer of any such assumption. We do not see, it says, that such or such a mode of speaking about inspiration is condemned by the Articles; we do not see that such or such a mode of speaking about eternity is condemned by them. It may be a very inadequate mode; it may be a wrong mode. We decide nothing about that; if it is inadequate let it be filled up by other statements; if it is wrong let the right meet it and drive it out.

Is not that what a theologian who believes that he and his fellows are baptized into an infinite eternal Name immeasurable by human plummets, who accepts a creed which is the declaration of that Name, and a Bible which speaks of a love which passes knowledge, would desire? Can he wish that the convictions of particular men or particular ages should be used to destroy the mystery, and contract the revelation? Must he not count it safer and more pious to confess that God is taking the best and wisest methods of

discovering to us that we want a home and dwelling-place? If we had that faith, how much less we should rebel against what we must see is the order of His Providence! How ashamed we should be to wish that we could arrest the vicissitudes and perturbations of human opinions, or compel them to obey our direction! How sure we should be that they must be removing some obstacles which have hindered the full discovery of God's truth to the sons of men!

Dr. Pusey requires an Ecclesiastical Court of Appeal which shall do exactly the reverse of that which the mixed Court of Appeal already existing has done; which shall decree exactly where it has refused to decree, which shall condemn those whom it has refused to condemn. Imagine that! He calls for a Court of Justice which *shall* decree, which *shall* condemn. There is no mistake about it. He solemnly denounces and anathematizes all who shall not come to the conclusion which he affirms and determines to be the only right one. Can there be a better or more complete *reductio ad absurdum* of the notion of ecclesiastical justice?[1] I say of *ecclesiastical* justice, for I think Dr. Pusey faithfully represents the spirit that is in us all. There must be in every priest who is sitting to judge in a case of doctrine an *arrière pensée* that he is meant to do something else, that he has another function—a higher function—than that of the judge. The thought that he is entrusted with a Gospel will intrude itself into his mind when he is exercising the office of a lawgiver and a law administrator. The two offices will mingle together in his mind; and he will be spoiled for both by the mixture. In a very strict—and not an untrue sense—*Jura negat sibi nata*, and the consequence is that he does in the worst sense throw off the obligations of justice for himself and refuse it to others. I cannot account for the crimes of good and honest priests in former days—I could not account for the spectacles we are witnessing constantly now—if I did not feel in myself this tendency, and were less conscious how it must work if by any melancholy accident I were entrusted with power to sit in judgment on those from whom I differ. *Castigatque auditque* might be just as truly Dr. Pusey's complaint against me in that event as it is mine against him now.[2]

But there are two or three reasons given us why we must have this kind of negative theology established among us, why no other is safe. The first and most commonly urged is this. If there is not a distinct religious system recognised among us, if departures from it are not visited by ecclesiastical censure, the laity can have no security whether they shall not hear one doctrine in one week from one preacher, a quite different one from another preacher, or from the same, a year after. I have heard this argument from a distinguished layman. I quite understood what he meant. His mode of dealing with his minister was the approved one.

> "I thowt a said what a owt to a said, and
> I comed awaay."

Of course I sympathized with him. It was very hard for him if at any time a preacher should disturb him in his pew with some words which "A thowt he

[1] Oh no! Dr. Pusey will say. I admit an examination into the *fact*. That is to say, he allows his tribunal to inquire whether a certain man wrote a certain book; which no Englishman could deny if he would, or would deny if he could.

[2] It may be thought that a cloistered divine is more prone to this kind of injustice than one who moves in the world. Recent experience does not confirm the distinction. Last session, a prelate—certainly not the one who has the least acquaintance with the habits and maxims of ordinary society—denounced from his place in the House of Lords a set of clergymen who could not reply to him, as men who had broken their engagements—though they had been absolved from that charge in the Queen's Court. Mr. Windham's celebrated phrase about Horne Tooke, which always excited astonishment in a gentleman of such breeding, was scarcely a precedent for a Christian Bishop. But the most remarkable part of this story has no parallel in the "acquitted felons." The Bishop was defending a vote of Convocation which rested on the ground that a book might be condemned without condemning the persons who wrote it!

owt *not* to 'ave said;" but there are two points ever to be taken into consideration. The first is, whether there may not be a worse calamity than this; whether it might not be sometimes good for a hearer to ask himself, "What does that man mean?" if it only led him back to ask himself, "What do I mean?" whether an ecclesiastical court which made such self-questioning impossible would not insure great quiet to the laity by insuring a quiet infidelity, a quiet death to them. And, secondly, let it be inquired whether laymen *are* exempt from this danger of hearing different doctrines preached even in the same pulpit, even from the same person, and whether they are more likely to be exempt from it if our clergy are taught that they have a system of religion set down for them in the Articles. On this last point I must tell a story I have heard of a man of the highest logical power, who started with that very hypothesis, who would have had it most rigorously enforced. I have been told that his place was once in a great University, and that he exercised an influence there which was unprecedented. I have tried to ascertain whether he was able to follow the system to which he bound himself, whether those who heard him did gather the same lessons from his lips one year and in the year following. I would not have received any testimony on the subject but his own. On that I can rely implicitly. I find that he began by learning the profoundest truth concerning himself through Mr. Scott, the commentator; a truth which he has never forgotten, and hopes never to forget. But Mr. Scott's system does not satisfy him. The highest divines of the seventeenth century give him hints of something less merely personal, more concerning the body of the Church. Their system he endeavours to follow. It has antiquity for its basis. He is vehement against those who oppose it. Scotchmen resemble the Ten. Dissenters must be left to uncovenanted mercies. Liberals are his abomination. Romanists he shrinks from with terror. He will not hear of any relaxation in Subscription to the Articles. Still this Anglican system does not content him. He wavers in his statements about it, in his methods of defending it. His followers waver still more. He finds he has not the sympathy of the Bishops. His countrymen evidently do not understand their own treasure. Is it a treasure? An article of Cardinal Wiseman shakes his opinion that it is. A half sentence of St. Augustine convinces him that it is not. The house of cards tumbles down. It must have a larger system, a world-wide system, an all-embracing system. His heart lingers over old times, old associations. But they must all be severed. Only a universal bishop can give him the universal system.

Now here is a record manifestly true, profoundly interesting; the record not merely of the experiences of a man, but of a movement which affected a number of men, which is affecting them still. Surely it comes with an overwhelming force to meet that argument of which I have spoken. You want a system, and ecclesiastical courts to enforce a system, that the laity may always have the same doctrine, that they may be disturbed with no new opinions. Mothers, we are told on high authority, tremble for their sons. Possibly: it is certain that numbers of them did tremble while Dr. Newman was preaching in Oxford. Did his fervent belief in a system allay their terrors? Did it secure them against vicissitudes of opinion in their children? Did not every Long Vacation show them a new phase of opinion?

But then—this is the second great reason—the English Church has chosen to enforce Articles upon us; while we are faithful to it, we must be faithful to the system of the Articles. It is nothing for me to say—for a number in every age to say—"We do not find a system in "them. They have kept us from following systems; that is a reason which "makes us feel grateful to them." All such language is treated with contempt. We are charged with direct dishonesty for using it. Be it so. Will you listen, then, to this testimony? Here is a man who longed for a system, longed to find

it in them, was driven from them in disgust because he could not find it. Here is one who, because he has the most logical and consistent mind of any who were engaged in the same movement with him, must desert the English Church, though he clings to it with a human fondness, such as one rarely discovers in those he has left behind, amidst all their bitter denunciations of those who are untrue to it.

And why might he not have clung to it? Why might not Mr. Scott's lessons have been felt each year with increasing force; why might not they have been expanded into discoveries of the sacredness of a national calling and a national life; why might not these have only been more fresh and vigorous because he could not be content without a Church of all kindreds and nations; of the past, the present, and the future; of those on earth, and those who have left the earth; such as the Bible would seem to teach us is established in Christ? Why not?—because the system stood in the way. Because the Scott system, the Anglican system, and the Romish system, must exclude each other, must each try to exist by itself, and to comprehend in its hard intellectual bands all living relations, all divine Persons.

There is a third argument, which I am almost ashamed to speak of, but which I see is exercising considerable influence. "The Dissenters turn us "into ridicule, the Roman Catholics turn "us into ridicule, for not being able to "eject from our communion those whom "we dislike. We might, perhaps, en- "dure the scoffs of the *Patriot* news- "paper, but, when we have listened to "them, Dr. Manning and Cardinal "Wiseman are upon us." An intolerable calamity, indeed! Yet, perhaps, like others, it may be faced if we can summon a little resolution. Let us meet each enemy by turn. (1) The Dissenting objection. That is easily removed. You have only to become a sect like one of their sects—frankly to avow that you are—and the difficulty is at an end. You may cashier your ministers, as they cashier theirs; the State will not interfere. Well, you say we are prepared for that. We can cast away revenues, we can endure poverty. Who doubted it? You may accuse us of being mercenary; of binding ourselves by oaths, and of breaking them rather than part with some pelf. But we have not the least wish to retaliate the charge. We never doubted Dr. Pusey's willingness to make sacrifices for conscience' sake. But that is not the question. It is not, "Will you be poor?" but "Will you be a sect?" Will you give up all claim to be witnesses for the unity of the nation? Will you consent to be witnesses only for a certain separate system? It is because we do not consent to this that the Queen claims a right to deal with her ecclesiastical subjects just as she deals with her lay subjects; that she takes pains to have justice done to the first class, as well as to the second; that she does not leave them to the mercy of those who have solemnly declared beforehand what would be the result of the inquiry, and who invoke a furious public opinion to act upon those who swear to judge according to evidence and law.

(2) But Dr. Manning and Cardinal Wiseman—what shall we say to them? This. You ridicule the miserable condition of England. Perhaps it is very miserable. You say we shall never be happy till we acknowledge the Apostle who was crucified on the Janiculum as the ground of our faith. Well! let us go to the Janiculum, and see the model of a happy place. Perhaps that may induce us to think more of him who was crucified on the Janiculum than of Him who was crucified on Calvary. We have heard how sadly the Church is beset by the world in other parts of Europe; there, in Rome, we shall find the Eden which has kept itself unspotted from the world; there we shall learn what that heavenly society is which ecclesiastics are able to establish when they have the dominion in their own hands. Our countrymen do, in considerable numbers, endeavour to acquaint themselves with this chosen spot of the universe. I think they feel the power of its old associa-

tions, classical and mediæval, at least as much as the Italians feel them. I think some of them are at least as willing as ever to see in its modern life the realization of an ideal which has long dwelt in their minds. I am sure, if they found a priesthood powerful to suppress moral evils, to extinguish gambling, to put down brigandage, they would come back triumphantly and tell us what poor creatures we are, and how much good it would do us to be like these divine men of another faith. If we do not hear of such things—if we hear of a priesthood which is impotent for all these great ends; which is ready to make use of the worst means to accomplish the ends that it does consider sacred; which exhibits all the ugliest features of the world under the forms of the Church; which has utterly alienated the population that it rules, and has excited a longing in that population, in Italy, in Europe for deliverance—we are not, as I conceive, to turn these tidings into capital for Protestantism or the English Church; we are not to reject any hints which our Romanist advisers—be they cardinals, monsignori, or the poorest priests—may offer us respecting our evils and for our reformation. But we are most distinctly to say—"We cannot reform our evils "by becoming imitators on a poor and "feeble scale of this ecclesiastical govern-"ment; the nearer we approach to it "the further we shall recede from the "kingdom of righteousness and peace; "the less shall we be able to help other "nations to claim their places in that "kingdom."

These jokes of Dissenters and Romanists, be they ever so pointed, ought not then, I think, to move us much. It moves me very much more to see what kind of weapons an English Clergyman—not a vulgar agitator, but a divine of the devoutest character and purpose—is ready to use for the sake of securing a formal and judicial ratification of the sentence which has already gone forth from his lips against a number of those who possess the same ordination, who have taken the same vows with himself. Read and consider this extract from his letter:—

"Pledges have been the fashion; and "a general election is at no great dis-"tance. Let Churchmen, on the prin-"ciple of the Anti-Corn-Law League, "league themselves for 'the protection "of the faith.' 'The Church is in dan-"ger,' has been, and will again be, a "strong rallying-cry. And now the "peril is not of some miserable tem-"poral endowment, but of men's souls. "Let men league together to support "no candidate for Parliament who will "not pledge himself to do what in him "lies to reform a Court[1] which has in "principle declared God's Word not to "be His Word, and Eternity not to be "Eternity. And let them support per-"sons, of whatever politics, who will "so pledge themselves. Let men bind "themselves not to give over, but to "continue besieging the House of Par-"liament by their petitions, and be-"seeching Almighty God in their prayers, "until they shall obtain some security "against this State-protection of un-"belief. Better be members of the "poorest Church in Christendom, which "can repel 'the wolves which spare not "the flock,' than of the richest, in "which the State forces us to accept as "her ministers those whom our Lord "calls 'ravening wolves.' Withal see "we to it, that we pray God earnestly "day by day to stem this flood of un-"godliness, and to convert those who "are now, alas! enemies of the faith "and of God."

You see what we are told here. All the agencies of a contested election, all the furious passions of the different parties of the land, all their most grovelling interests, are to be invoked for the purpose of exalting what is called the spiritual power above the secular. All ques-

[1] "It has been suggested, that no church should be offered for consecration, no sums given for the building of churches, which by consecration should become the property of the present Church of England, no sums given for *endowment* in perpetuity, until the present heresy-legalizing Court shall be modified. This will show our rulers that we are in earnest."

tions concerning the improvement of the dwellings of the people, concerning their education, concerning the well-being of the myriads in India and in our colonies, are to be treated as nothing; the one question asked of every candidate is to be—"Sir, will you, or will you not, "vote for the abolition of the present "Court of Appeal in questions of doc-"trine?" The most reckless adventurer, the most profligate man, who will give the proper answer to the question, is to be preferred to the most mature statesman, to the most virtuous Christian, who answers it wrongly, or refuses to answer it at all. I entreat all Englishmen, I entreat all thoughtful men in the colonies, to read and weigh this programme, to consider from whom it has proceeded, and how deliberate it is. That is Dr. Pusey's way of proving that he is in earnest. I do not say that such earnestness may not be attended with a considerable measure of success. Parties among us are nicely balanced. The number of Tories, or Whigs, or Radicals, who may be ready to take this pledge in hopes of securing the votes of the clergy I cannot the least calculate. Nor can I make another calculation. Dr. Pusey says, "It is a question of immortal souls." It is, indeed! The souls of candidates, which may be made knavish and hypocritical by these engagements—the souls of electors, which may be drawn into drunkenness and ferocity, now as in former days, by the shriek of "The Church in danger"—I believe no man is able to estimate. The whole system of pledges I hold to be an unconstitutional, immoral, godless one. And there are no persons on whom they operate so mischievously as upon ambitious young men eager to obtain seats in parliament, not debased, but not over scrupulous in conscience, willing to make their way by fair means, if possible, but ready to obtain help by identifying themselves with some opinion which will tell on the hustings, and which may be afterwards explained away in Parliament. How many noble souls have been destroyed by these temptations, none, I should think, might know better than a Canon of Christ Church. And he is the person himself to bait the hook!

My dear Sir, while I have been talking so much about ourselves, and about the world in general, I have not forgotten you. I thought, as I said at the beginning of my letter, that I should help you best by showing you how much the question which is likely to agitate every colony is the same with that which is now occupying the mother-country and the old world. The word Mother-Country may cease to have a meaning for you. I cannot tell how soon the time of separation may be appointed for any of you. But surely you will strive that it may not occur in its most bitter and aggravated form, and that the clergy may not be the instruments in making the breach. I remember, when the first movement for the establishment of colonial bishoprics was commenced, what sympathy it excited among many statesmen interested in the well-being of the colonies—some from whom I should have expected no such feeling—because it seemed to them the method most likely to make the religious feelings of the colonists a bond of union, and not a cause of separation, among themselves, and between them and the natives. I remember how "beautiful souls," little troubled about political considerations, welcomed it with a sympathy still keener, because they thought the Bishops would teach the new world what a fatherly government is, and so in the best manner link it to the old world. Are the hopes of both to be equally disappointed? Whilst you call yourselves our dependencies, are we to think that we have only helped to confuse you respecting all your relations and duties; that we have sent among you that which is to renew the worst contentions of the former ages of Christendom mixed with all the special perplexities of our own? If you should leave us, are we to think that we have cast you off dowered with the curse of a civil and religious war?

My friend, God will assuredly bring good even from the evil if it should be

in store for you. The mere condemnation of principles which are dear to many of us should not cause us trouble ; that may give them strength and diffusion. If the ecclesiastical courts are established here or among you, they will assuredly introduce persecution; and persecution, now as of old, carries blessings with it. I think it seems to have had that effect upon one of the persons most interested in the Capetown controversy. I sympathized as little as you did with the Bishop of Natal, while I thought he was leading our people to question the worth of the Mosaic records, for I find in them the great testimonies to God as the Deliverer of a Nation, and the Author of its law. But I sympathized intensely with his mild and Christian-like "Remarks on the recent proceedings of the Bishop of Capetown," and of his "Letter to the Laity of the Diocese of Natal." There are many passages in both to which I might take exception, but on the whole they seem to me manly and excellent protests against injustice and oppression ; most opportune vindications of the liberty of the Church, as well as of the authority of the Queen.

I am anxious to bear that testimony to you, because you will perceive from the tone of this letter how thoroughly I am convinced the Bible is now, as it was in past time, the great and effectual testimony on behalf of God's kingdom and therefore of human freedom. Whatever weakens its power is, I am satisfied, injurious to both. But I am also satisfied that all inquiries will strengthen its power, and that ecclesiastical courts, under pretence of exalting it, will do all that in them lies to make it a dead letter, to crush it under their interpretations, to hide it from the people.

Let us try for this reason, and not for any fear of what they may do against us, to hinder their establishment. But let us resort to no election cries, no contrivances for bribing candidates and electors, or terrifying Prime Ministers. Those whose aim is to promote secularity in the clergy and laity will adopt such practices, to show that they are in earnest. Those who love God and His truth, I trust, will utterly despise them.

Yours very truly,
F. D. Maurice.

THE STORY OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."

TOLD TO TWO CHILDREN.

And so you want a fairy tale,
My little maidens twain?
Well, sit beside the waterfall,
Noisy with last night's rain;

On couch of moss, with elfin spears
Bristling, all fierce to see,
When from the yet brown moor down drops
The lonely April bee.

All the wide valley blushes green,
While, in far depths below,
Wharfe flashes out a great bright eye,
Then hides his shining flow;—

Wharfe, busy, restless, rapid Wharfe,
The glory of our dale;
O, I could of the River Wharfe
Tell such a fairy tale!

"The Boy of Egremond," you cry,—
"And all the 'bootless bene:'
We know that poem, every word,
And we the Strid have seen."

No, clever damsels: though the tale
Seems still to bear a part,
In every lave of Wharfe's bright wave,
The broken mother's heart—

Little you know of broken hearts,
My Kitty, blithe and wise,
Grave Mary, with the woman soul
Dawning through childish eyes.

And long, long distant may God keep
The day when each shall know
The entrance to His kingdom through
His baptism of woe!

But yet 'tis good to hear of grief
Which He permits to be;
Even as in our green inland home
We talk of wrecks at sea.

So on this lovely day, when spring
Wakes soft o'er moor and dale,
I'll tell—not quite your wish—but yet
A noble "fairy" tale.

* * * *

'Twas six o'clock in the morning,
The sea like crystal lay,
When the good troop-ship "Birkenhead"
Set sail from Simon's Bay.

The Cape of Good Hope on her right,
Gloomed at her through the noon:
Brief tropic twilight fled, and night
Fell suddenly and soon.

At eight o'clock in the evening
Dim grew the pleasant land;
O'er smoothest seas the southern heaven
Its starry arch out-spanned.

The soldiers on the bulwarks leaned,
Smoked, chatted; and below
The soldiers' wives sang babes to sleep,
While on the ship sailed slow.

Six hundred and thirty souls held she,
Good, bad, old, young, rich, poor;
Six hundred and thirty living souls—
God knew them all.—Secure.

He counted them in His right hand,
That held the hungering seas;
And to four hundred came a voice—
"The Master hath need of these."

* * * *

On, onward still the vessel went,
Till, with a sudden shock,
Like one that's clutched by unseen Death,
She struck upon a rock.

She filled. Not hours, not minutes left;
Each second a life's gone:
Drowned in their berths, washed overboard,
Lost, swimming, one by one;

Till, o'er this chaos of despair
Rose, like celestial breath,
The law of order, discipline,
Obedience unto death.

The soldiers mustered upon deck,
As mute as on parade;
"Women and children to the boats!"
And not a man gainsaid.

Without a murmur or a moan
They stood, formed rank and file,
Between the dreadful crystal seas
And the sky's dreadful smile.

In face of death they did their work
As they in life would do,
Embarking at a quiet quay—
A quiet, silent crew.

"Now each man for himself. To the boats!"
Arose a passing cry.
The soldier-captain answered, "Swamp
The women and babes?—No, die!"

And so they died. Each in his place,
Obedient to command
They went down with the sinking ship,
Went down in sight of land.

The great sea oped her mouth, and closed
O'er them. Awhile they trod
The valley of the shadow of death,
And then were safe with God.

* * * *

My little girlies—What! your tears
Are dropping on the grass,
Over my more than "fairy" tale,
A tale that "really was!"

Nay, dry them. If we could but see
The joy in angels' eyes
O'er good lives, or heroic deaths
Of pure self-sacrifice,—

We should not weep o'er these that sleep,—
Their short, sharp struggle o'er,—
Under the rolling waves that break
Upon the Afric shore.

God works not as man works, nor sees
As man sees: though we mark
Ofttimes the moving of His hands
Beneath the eternal Dark.

But yet we know that all is well:
That He, who loved all these,
Loves children laughing on the moor,
Birds singing in the trees;

That He, who made both life and death,
He knoweth which is best:
We live to Him, we die to Him,
And leave Him all the rest.

D. M. MULOCK.

ON "INTERVENTION," MATERIAL AND MORAL.

BY LORD HOBART.

IN an ordinary community violence and bloodshed are prevented, and the rights of individuals so far as is possible secured to them, by legal institutions. Laws, and executive arrangements under the sanction of laws, are made for the protection of person and property; tribunals are erected, some for the trial of persons charged with offences against those laws, others for the settlement of disputes and conflicting claims which cannot be amicably arranged; and means are provided to prevent any attempt at a violent solution of such differences. These institutions depend for their efficacy mainly upon their fulfilment of two conditions,—first, that the tribunals thus created are impartial, that is, that they are composed of men who have no personal interest in the result of their decisions; and, secondly, that the community has at its disposal such an amount of physical force as precludes all chance of successful resistance to their decrees. If the first condition were wanting, such measures might prevent violence and bloodshed, but they would do so at the cost of justice, while they would entirely fail to afford security for just dealing as between the members of the community. If the second condition were wanting, they would accomplish neither one nor the other of these objects.

In a community composed of nations no such institutions are possible. Tribunals might indeed be established, consisting of one or more states, for the settlement of disputes and claims which did not admit of amicable adjustment, and for the trial of offences against the recognised rights of property or sovereignty resident in each state; but such tribunals would be inefficacious, because it would be in the power of any nation, unless to an exceptional degree deficient in physical force, to resist their decisions with more or less probability of success, and because the condition of international relations is such that, in almost every case brought before a state thus armed with judicial authority, its own interests would in some way or other be concerned. Thus the first of the conditions above mentioned, that of impartiality, as well as the second, that of sufficient coercive power, would be absent from such authorities. Regular executive arrangements for the preservation of order and the prompt suppression of violence are for the same reasons impracticable in such a society. Its members may, and do, agree among themselves, tacitly or explicitly, that certain proceedings on the part of one towards another, analogous to outrages upon person and property in an individual community, are crimes, and if possible to repress them; and they may agree, and have agreed, with a view to the general welfare, upon rules for the settlement of certain questions of inter-

national equity which experience has shown to be constantly arising in their dealings with each other whether in peace or war. But even these arrangements, expressed or understood, which are dignified with the name of "International law," and which, if enforced without resistance, would mitigate only to a small extent the evils consequent on the absence of legal institutions, they have no absolute power to enforce. Any nation may, if it pleases, resist to the utmost the application of such regulations to itself; and even in the event of a combination of powerful states to enforce them, which international jealousies make difficult and rare, an expensive and calamitous war might be necessary for the purpose.

The community of nations, then, is a community in which law, in the ordinary sense of the term,—the sense in which it subsists and is effectual in an ordinary society,—has no existence. The natural consequences of anarchy follow. The military power possessed by each nation being its only means of defence against aggression or insult, and of obtaining that to which it considers itself entitled, or which, without any such consideration, it is resolved to obtain, blood will from time to time be shed, and acts of injustice will be committed or contemplated, either by means of successful war, or, where there is a great superiority of force, without any disturbance of the peace of the world. Is it, then, or is it not, the right or the duty of a nation, besides providing for the defence of its own territory and for the maintenance of its own rights and interests, to interfere by force with the proceedings of one state towards another, or between two parties in the same state, for the purpose either of preventing bloodshed, or of securing justice, or for both these objects combined? Such is the question which the more powerful nations are perpetually called upon to solve, but of which, though it has become the battle-ground of conflicting opinions whose watchwords are "intervention" and "non-intervention," very little attempt has yet been made at a scientific solution.

Now it is obvious that there are many cases in which a nation may, as it would ordinarily be expressed, have the "right" to intervene, but in which it may be deterred from doing so by the consideration that intervention could only be successful either at the cost to itself of irresistible armaments, or at the cost to itself and to the world at large of actual war. In order therefore to determine whether, in a given state of affairs, not requiring action on account of its own rights or interests, a nation ought to intervene, it is necessary to inquire, first, whether the case is one in which it might properly intervene supposing that it could do so without expense to itself, and without actual war; and, secondly, if so, how far it is justified in intervening, if one or both of these evils must be the consequence of the measure. If the distinction between these two questions had been borne in mind, much confusion of thought and misapprehension on this subject would have been avoided. It is objected, for instance, to the supporters of non-intervention, that they are advocating a "selfish" policy. It is clear, however, that the objection cannot possibly apply to an advocacy of it which is based upon the ground that a negative answer must be given to the first of these questions. It is only where non-intervention is the result of considerations such as those to which the second question relates, that any pretext whatever is afforded for imputing selfishness to the policy. How far such an imputation would be well-founded we shall presently have occasion to consider.

First, then, what are the cases in which a nation would have a right to intervene, supposing that it could do so without expense to itself, and without having recourse to war? It seems probable that, in the general opinion, there would, on such a supposition, be scarcely any limit to that right, at least as between distinct nations. Yet it is certain that in a large class even of international dissensions no such right would exist. The disputes or conflicts in which any two nations may engage are, many of

them, of a kind in which a third nation, not itself concerned in the result, has no sort of qualification for passing judgment, and therefore no right whatever to interpose. In general, it may be said that, where the subject-matter of the quarrel is one which, fairly considered, admits of dispute,—where the proceeding which it is proposed to prevent is one of which the criminality or injustice is matter of question,—in other words, where the case is such as, if brought before a legal tribunal, would be decided upon, not as presenting no sort of doubt or difficulty, but only after discussion or deliberation, — "intervention" is not justifiable. In such circumstances neither of the two nations concerned can be expected, or ought to be compelled, to accept the decision of a third, which is neither invested by common consent with judicial authority, nor is possessed of any qualities entitling it to decide. The tribunals by which, in an ordinary community, such differences are settled are deliberately selected by the society itself, and are supposed to be endowed with information or intelligence peculiarly fitting them for the purpose in view, and to be wholly free from personal interests in the questions submitted to them; in all of which qualifications (in two of them invariably, and in the third very frequently) an intervening state is deficient. As regards intelligence, not only is there no special qualification, but the dense ignorance which exists in all countries as to the political condition of others, and as to the views, opinions, and modes of thought prevalent in them, and the apparent impossibility which pervades a body-politic of looking at international questions from any point of view but its own, constitute a positive disqualification for judicial power. As regards impartiality, there is, by the supposition, no such direct interest in the issue as could be supposed to justify intervention; but the circumstances of the case are almost always such as to ensure a very decided bias in the judgment formed of them in a third country. Considerations as to the manner in which its own trade will be affected, jealousy of the growing wealth and power of other states, historical associations, dynastic alliances, antipathies of race, and prejudices of education, as well as other causes, operate with nearly absolute certainty, where there is any doubt as to the justice of the case, to preclude impartial judgment. Accordingly, we find that the verdicts pronounced by nations upon the conduct of their neighbours have, in by far the greater number of such instances, been wrong. "In the "large volume of human folly there is "no page longer or more discreditable "than that which contains the judgments "of nations upon each other."[1] Even if this were not the case, the enforcement of such judgments would be indefensible, the objection to it being not only that they are frequently or generally wrong, but also that those against whom they are directed cannot fairly be expected to accept them. It may be said that, since the community of nations is one in which law, as ordinarily understood, does not exist, the world must be content with the best substitute that can be found for it, and that it is better that the peace should be preserved by the self-constituted authority of any one or more states, to whatever objection on the score of justice this may be liable, than that it should be perpetually broken for the purpose of deciding questions otherwise insoluble. But this argument proceeds upon a wrong estimate of the comparative value of justice and of peace. It is true that the question at issue is as likely to receive an unjust solution when it is settled by a trial of strength between the disputants, as when it is settled by the fiat of an authority incompetent to decide. But in the former case the nation which, being in the right, is compelled to yield, has at least had the opportunity of using its best efforts for the satisfaction of its claims, and the chance of successfully asserting them; in the other, it is allowed no voice whatever in the matter. In the one case there is the single injustice of

[1] Sir G. C. Lewis, "Dialogue on the Best Form of Government."

a wrong solution; in the other there is the double injustice of a wrong solution, and of its enforcement by an unqualified authority.

It is, of course, possible to conceive a condition of affairs in which the rule here contended for must be exceptionally disregarded. A war, for instance, carried on with unusual ferocity, protracted beyond all ordinary duration, and of which the termination seemed still distant, might be an instance of the kind; for the necessity of putting an end to such a war might have become paramount to all other considerations. But, in order that a particular event may be entitled to such exceptional treatment, it must possess strongly marked features distinguishing it clearly from almost every recorded occurrence of a similar kind.

It appears, then, that there is a large class of international dissensions in which a state not directly interested in their issue could not, under any circumstances, justifiably interpose. But there is another class of them in which the interposition of such a state would, apart from all consideration of its cost in money and in human life, not only be justifiable, but desirable. A clear and unquestionable breach of any of the well-understood and generally recognised rules of international law (including among them the obligation of such treaties or diplomatic compacts as have not been invalidated by subsequent events or by the mere progress of civilization[1]) would be one ground for such interposition. The reasons which we have found to exist against it, where the point at issue was one admitting of doubt and argument on the score of legality or justice, are here inapplicable. Not only a combination of states, but, if that was impossible, any one state, would have the right, on the present hypothesis, to compel obedience to a rule which had been made by all of them for the general good. The want of those attributes (regular constitution, special intelligence, and impartiality) which, as already observed, justify the coercive action of legal authorities, does not in this class of cases, as it did in the former, disqualify a nation from acting as a substitute for such authorities. There being no reasonable doubt that the crime is being committed or is contemplated, and none at all as to the identity of the criminal, there is no question here of misjudgment either owing to ignorance, or to bias arising from personal interest for or against the accused. The defect of self-constitution is the only one of the three from which the intervening authority, if it consisted not of a general congress, but only of one or two or a minority of the whole body, would suffer; but this must be considered as a defect of little importance when set against the object of the intervention. For the same reasons, the decided and obvious breach of any great principle of international justice sanctioned by the moral sense of mankind, or the violation of any of those axioms of right and wrong, which, not falling within any positive rule of international law, are yet fully established and unhesitatingly appealed to by nations in their intercourse with each other, or which, though they may not be accepted by all governments, are so by the majority of educated men, would afford another ground on which intervention might be justifiable. The wholly unprovoked aggression of one state upon another, or the seizure of its territory without anything like a fair or rational excuse for doing so, would be obvious instances of such misconduct. The French occupation of Rome—one of the most lawless acts ever committed by a nation—and the suppression in 1849 by a Russian army of the Hungarian insurrection, are clear examples of it; for, in what-

[1] Contingencies in which any nation is required by the stipulations of a treaty, either singly or with other countries, to interpose (among which some of the proceedings recently taken by Germany towards Denmark in reference to Schleswig-Holstein must, it would appear, be classed) are not here in question. The intervention considered in this paper is that to which nations are not bound by any special and explicit obligation.

ever cases interference in the civil dissensions of foreign states may be justifiable, it is certain that to assist a government in crushing the liberties of the people over whom it rules is an act of flagrant immorality. The two latter instances are of value as illustrating with singular force the distinction between the two questions now under consideration; for they are of a kind in which, as regards the part to be taken by this or any other country, the duty of intervention considered apart from the price to be paid for it, and the duty of non-intervention in the actual state of the case, are equally clear.

Thus far with respect to "intervention" as regards the proceedings of one state towards another. Take next the contingency of a contest between two parties in the same state. It is easy to see that in this case the objections to intervention are far more cogent and comprehensive than when the quarrel is between distinct nations. The general body of states has obviously far less concern with the internal affairs of one of its members than with the proceedings of its members towards one another. The principle which in an ordinary community is fully recognised, that each of the individuals comprising it ought to be allowed to regulate his own concerns as he thinks fit, so long as he abstains from injuring others, holds good also for the community of nations; and this principle, superadded to the reasons which we have found to exist as against the right of interference in a large class of international transactions, tends to confine that right within the very narrowest limits as regards civil contests. Such interference is, as we have seen, justifiable, even as between distinct nations, only when some universally admitted rule of international law, or some great principle of justice or humanity, has obviously and undeniably been infringed. As between two parties in the same state, international law does not apply; and, as regards the great principles of justice or humanity, it is obvious that the case is very different when they are contravened by a member of the community, not as against other members of it, but as against itself. Take the frequent instance of a people rising against tyrannical rulers. On which side justice lies does not admit of a doubt. Yet even in this case foreign intervention cannot be justified, and that for these reasons:—Firstly, That the wrong done is not done to any individual of the society of which the interposing state is a member, and as a member of which, and as such only, it has any right to interfere; and, secondly, because such intervention would violate the wholesome rule which, apart from all question whether it is on the right or the wrong side, condemns the interference of one state in the internal concerns of another. The justification of this rule as applicable to the contingency now under consideration is sufficiently evident. For a people which owes its freedom to foreign bayonets, and not to such a sense of the value of the possession as would give it courage and endurance sufficient to ensure the ultimate success of its efforts, will neither enjoy nor preserve it.

It appears, then, that, except in those rare and extreme cases in which, in political as in other sciences, it is sometimes necessary to set aside established laws, intervention in the civil differences of foreign states is, irrespectively of all question as to the amount of resistance with which it will be met, unjustifiable. The conditions of the question are altered when one of the parties to the contest is of a distinct race, or has preserved a separate nationality, as, for instance, in the struggle of Belgium with Holland, of Poland with Russia, or of Italy with Austria. In so far as such conflicts are not between a people and its native rulers, but of a people against the superior power of foreign rulers, they fall within the rules which we have found to be applicable to quarrels between distinct nations. In so far then as they are of this character, whenever the justice of the case is palpably and wholly on one side, so that, by the conduct of the opposite party,

either some universally recognised rule of public law, or some fundamental principle of morality, or some undoubted right incidental to humanity, such as that of a nation to reject the yoke of a foreign government, has been broken, there can be no doubt that intervention would, on our present supposition that its object could be effected without expense and without war, be both lawful and desirable. But, in each instance, the double category to which such contests belong, and the degree in which they belong to each, must be taken into consideration in any question as to the right of intervention. In the contest, for instance, of Italy with Austria, the element of distinct nationality so far predominates as that the case may fairly be considered to come under the rules by which the right of intervention between separate nations is determined; and, judged by these rules, it is a case in which intervention, on the present hypothesis, might properly be exercised. As regards Poland, on the other hand, and as regards Hungary, the occurrences have in their nature more of insurrection against native rulers than of resistance to a foreign yoke, and in them therefore the right of a foreign state to pass judgment is less clearly assured.

We have hitherto considered the question as one respecting a single state acting by itself. It is evident, however, on looking to the grounds of the conclusions at which we have arrived, that the association with it of one or two other states cannot materially modify those conclusions. And, practically speaking, it is as concerning the action of one, or two, or at most three states, that the question presents itself; the conflicting interests, real or supposed, of nations in general rendering them, amongst other causes, unable in most cases to arrive at, and unwilling to attempt, a solution by means of a congress. But, in order that the inquiry may be complete, it is necessary to consider whether the case would be altered if the decision were to emanate from such a body. In events of such a character as to fall within the class with respect to which we have found, as between distinct nations, that intervention was justifiable on the part of a single state, it is needless to observe that the interposition of a majority of states would be equally so; while it would be preferable as affording less excuse for that sense of injustice which is sure to be felt by any nation coerced by the authority of one or two others. But would it not also be justifiable, in respect to events of that class in which it has been seen that the intervention of one or two states, or of a majority of them, would not be so? Those events were, to describe them in general terms, events in which the matter in dispute was one with respect to which two opposite opinions might fairly be held, there being on each side, as it is termed, a "colourable" case; and the ground on which it appeared that in such circumstances intervention was indefensible was the absence from the intervening power of three elements of qualification for judicial authority—constitution by the general body, special intelligence, and impartiality. Now of these qualifications, the first, though not literally, may be considered to be virtually possessed by a majority of states. To the second, though the misapprehension which prevails in every nation in regard to the affairs of other nations is such as in a great measure to disqualify even a congress for the purpose under consideration, a majority of states has necessarily more claim than a minority of them. As regards the third, that of impartiality, there seems no more to be said in favour of the former than of the latter; the strong personal interest of most nations in every international difficulty which arises being, as already observed, one of the chief causes which have led to the opinion that a congress is a futile expedient for their solution. On the whole, it may be concluded, as regards differences of this class, that even a majority of the states composing the general community, though less open to objection as an authority pronouncing judgment than one, or two, or a minority of them, would not be free from it; and

that coercion by such a body would be a measure of doubtful justice. It is true that power to make laws for the community must be considered to reside in a majority of its members. But it is one thing to make laws, and another to apply them, when they are made, to particular cases in which the interest of the administrators is involved. Where the dispute is between two parties in the same state, the reasons which would condemn the intervention of a single state are valid also against that of a congress. In those extreme cases, in which only we have found that intervention would be defensible on the part of a single state, it would obviously be more easy to defend, because bearing a greater weight of judicial authority, if it were the act of a congress.

Having thus obtained an answer to the first question—viz. what are the cases in which, its own interests not being concerned, a nation would have the right to intervene, supposing that it could do so without expense to itself, and without actual war—we proceed to consider the second, viz. how far, in such cases, a nation is justified in intervening, if to do so successfully it must either incur the expense of irresistible armaments, or must engage in war, to its own detriment and that of the general community.

Now the proper objects of intervention are (as has been seen) first, to prevent or redress injustice; and, secondly, to prevent or put an end to violence and bloodshed. But, in order that the first of these objects may be attained, it is in many cases not only necessary, but desirable, to sacrifice the second. For it is obvious that, if the nation against which the intervention is directed is powerful, and that on whose behalf it is exerted is weak, the intervention, so far from preventing war or shortening its duration, will in all probability ensure and prolong it. Even, therefore, if the question was one affecting the general interest only, it is obvious that a nation should be cautious in entering upon such a war, and should carefully consider whether the case is one of those in which the sacrifice referred to will be necessary to success, and, if so, whether success is desirable. But the question does not affect the general interest only. It concerns also in an especial degree the interest of the interposing state itself. By the supposition, that state undertakes the task not for its own advantage, but for the sake of justice or of peace—that is, for the general good. By the supposition also it incurs some expense and suffering for that object; and the question is, whether it is called upon to incur, or is justified in incurring them. In the community of nations, owing to the absence of established laws, each nation is charged with the defence of its own territory and the maintenance of its own rights, and is compelled to support for the purpose large and expensive armaments. If it voluntarily goes beyond this, and submits to further expense for the sake of preserving peace or of enforcing justice as between other countries, it does more than can reasonably be required or expected of it. The burden of self-defence is one of the necessary evils which anarchy imposes; the burden of defending others is gratuitous and self-imposed. It is certain that no nation can properly be condemned because it refuses to injure itself for the benefit of the rest of the community. But, though the refusal to adopt such a course may not be censurable, would not its adoption be justifiable and commendable? The answer is, that self-sacrifice is commendable only when the object in view bears a reasonable proportion to the amount of self-inflicted injury. Unless there is a due ratio between the suffering submitted to and the object to be attained, self-sacrifice is not heroism, but Quixotism. But, in counting the cost to a nation of any such act of generosity, it must be remembered that the cost falls with very different pressure upon the different classes of which the nation is composed. In almost every country there is a very numerous class of persons many of whom are undergoing the misery of absolute pauperism, and many more,

"pressing hard upon the limits of subsistence," who contrive to obtain the bare necessaries of life at the cost of unremitting labour. Now upon this class, comprising as it probably does the great majority of the "working classes," any very considerable increase of taxation falls with disastrous and terrible effect. It is indubitable that any measure by which the national expenditure is largely increased makes, especially in this country, to many the difference between bare subsistence and destitution, to many more the difference between tolerable comfort and bare subsistence. It is a fact from which there is no escape. Either in the enhanced price of the commodities which they consume, or, if the additional taxation is so adjusted as to fall in the first instance upon the richer classes, in a reduction of the wages of labour consequent on the diminution of the fund available for its employment, those to whom the option is given of work, the workhouse, or starvation, will bitterly feel the change; and, before the nation determines to take a step which is not required of it, and largely to increase its expenditure for the purpose of intervention on behalf of others, it is bound to consider whether it has a right to inflict such an amount of suffering upon its own poor. If the measure were demanded by international justice—that is, by the duty which a state owes to the general community—the case would be different. But no such demand (as we have seen) is made. The question is one not of justice, but of generosity—of self-sacrifice not for imperative duty, but for gratuitous benevolence—an object for which, it may safely be said, no nation has a right to inflict acute misery upon a large part of its population.

From these considerations it seems to follow that any nation in which, as in this country, there is a class of any numerical importance which is habitually on the verge of poverty, ought to abstain from all interference in international transactions not concerning itself which involves any material addition to its fiscal burdens. If, on the other hand, it can intervene, with a probability of success, and without any such addition to its expenditure, there is no objection, on the score of a due regard for its own welfare, to intervention; and the self-sacrifice which such an act involved would then be laudable. Such, for instance, might be the case where the nation against which the intervention was directed was greatly inferior in military strength, or where, by obtaining the assistance of other nations, the intervening state could bring against it a great superiority of force. It must be borne in mind, too, that the increase of expenditure objected to is such an increase as would seriously affect the indigent classes, and that, although every addition to taxation must in some degree affect them, it is only by a very large and decided addition to it that they can be materially injured.

A mere literal fulfilment, however, of the condition here insisted on would not be sufficient. For a nation may be able to take up arms for the purpose of intervention without any addition to its expenditure, simply because it is in the habit of supporting large armaments in order that it may be in a condition to interfere whenever it pleases in the disputes of foreign states. For the due observance of the rule it is necessary that the force to be employed should not be considerably more expensive than that which the nation is compelled to maintain for the defence of its own territory and the protection of its own rights and interests. The maintenance of large armaments with a view to contingencies not affecting the national interests is in itself a violation of the rule. Thus, in order to justify the late intervention of France on behalf of Italy, it ought to be shown not only that she made for the purpose no such addition to her military establishments as added largely to her expenditure, but that those establishments were not habitually more costly than they would have been but for her general practice of interfering in quarrels in which she is not concerned.

It appears, then, that, in order to determine whether, in any given transaction of the class in which (as we have found in reply to the first question) the mere "right" of intervention exists, it ought, either singly or with other powers, to intervene, a nation has to consider, first, with reference to the general interest, whether its intervention would not occasion an amount of violence and bloodshed such as would be a greater evil than the wrongdoing which it is intended to prevent; and, secondly, with reference to its own interest, whether the proceeding would not involve so great an increase of taxation as would bring serious calamity upon a large number of its people. If these questions can be satisfactorily answered, intervention becomes in every such instance not only a right, but a duty.

In the preceding observations an attempt has been made to arrive at some intelligible and rational rule by which a nation may be guided in any question of armed interposition in international or civil dissensions which do not concern itself. It would seem, indeed, that in this country the difficulty has been summarily solved by the determination to abstain absolutely from all such interference. But, as this determination, in so far as it is not the product of mere selfishness, appears to rest on a very vague and indefinite foundation, it can scarcely be expected to be permanent. In the meantime, there is another kind of intervention, which appears to be tolerated by public opinion, and which, for want of a better term equally concise, may be called "moral intervention;" that is, interposition in the way of censure, protest, or remonstrance. This species of interference is the subject of much controversy. Some persons consider that a nation may properly and laudably exercise it in all instances of conduct on the part of one foreign state towards another, or of one party in the same state towards another party in it, of which that nation disapproves. Others are of opinion that such interposition ought never to take place unless where the interposing state is prepared to follow up its remonstrances by war. Neither the one nor the other of these opinions seems to be founded in reason. With respect to the first, we have seen that it is only in a certain class of international dissensions, which it was the object of the first of the questions above proposed to define, that any state can properly claim to pass judgment, while in civil dissensions, properly so called, it has no right to pass judgment at all; and, on on the other hand, there seems no reason why it should abstain from expressing its opinion merely on the ground that, from considerations of its own and of the general interest, it would not be justified in a declaration or a menace of war. The only reasonable ground (as it would seem) on which such an expression of opinion could be considered inexpedient is, that it would be useless. But this is certainly far from being the case. The instances in which judgment would be given are those in which some generally admitted rule of public law, or some broad and elementary principle of justice, has been unquestionably violated; and in these there can be no doubt that the influence of public opinion in other countries operates with a highly deterrent effect upon wrongdoers, or that a firm and temperate remonstrance on the part of any influential state may have the best effect, if not in preventing or mitigating the wrong, at least in preventing its recurrence. In evidence of this, it is sufficient to point to the circumstances attending the French occupation of Rome; in which the wrong done was not only clear to all right-minded persons, but the wrong done, and the effect of public opinion in ultimately requiring its discontinuance, have recently been admitted by the perpetrator himself. The error so frequently committed by nations is not in protesting where they will not strike, but in protesting where they have no right to protest; that is, in cases not belonging to the category of those in which only they are entitled to pronounce an opinion. Upon the mischievous character of such

proceedings there is no need to dwell. If they happen to be based on an erroneous judgment, they are, of course, directly productive of evil. If not, the nation whose conduct is condemned, firmly believing, and not without some reason, in the justice of its own cause, and at the same time feeling that, even if it were in the wrong, the dispute is not one on which its censor has a right to decide, rejects them with indignation or with ridicule, and the *entente cordiale* between the two countries is endangered, to the prejudice of the cause of peace; while, as regards the repetition of the same conduct by the same or any other nation, such remonstrances are wholly without preventive influence.

"Intervention" has here been treated of in the more usual and limited sense of the term, in which it does not include either interposition for the purpose of protecting any rights or interests of the interposing state, or any action taken by a nation on account of the treatment of its own subjects in another. Such transactions fall within the scope of other branches of the general inquiry as to the circumstances under which a nation is justified in making or in threatening war.

DEAD MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

REMINISCENCES OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY—PROFESSORS AND DEBATING SOCIETIES.

Off one of the main streets in the Old Town of Edinburgh, at a spot where you would not be apt to look for it, lies the large block of building occupied by Edinburgh University. It is a modern structure in the Græco-Italian style, erected at very great cost between 1789 and 1834, in lieu of the older edifices which had served for the University from its foundation by James VI. in 1582. Entering from the street by a portico with Doric columns, you find yourself in a spacious, cold, grey, quadrangle, fringed round with a raised and balustraded stone walk, whence at various points doors and flights of steps give access to the library, the museums, and the class-rooms of the four Faculties of Theology, Law, Medicine, and the Arts. Into this quadrangle flock at the beginning of every November the students, to the number in late years of from 1,200 to 1,500 in all, who are then to commence, in one or other of the Faculties, their annual five months of attendance on the classes. For the Scottish Universities differ from the English in this, that, whereas the English have three terms of study in the year, extending from October to June, the Scottish crush the entire work of the year (save that there are certain special summer-courses) into the five winter months between the beginning of November and the beginning of April. Of the students who thus every November appear in the University quadrangle, making it once more busy after its unearthly summer quiet, by far the greatest proportion are of that Faculty of Arts which is preliminary to all the three professions in common. Next in number are the students of medicine; then those of law; and the students of theology are much the fewest. The Professors in each faculty are in approximate, but not exact, proportion to its relative number of students. There are now 4 Professors in Theology, 6 in Law, 14 in Medicine, and 12 in Arts, making a total teaching body of 36 Professors, in

addition to the Principal. The students in each faculty are gathered from far and wide. A considerable nucleus in each consists of Edinburgh natives or residents. Of the rest many are from other parts of Scotland; but a goodly proportion are from England, Ireland, and the Colonies. There is no means of discriminating the students of the different faculties from each other, so long as they are wending their way to the college portico from the surrounding streets, unless it be by the comparative juvenility of most of the students of Arts, and by those minute physiognomic differences which enable an expert to distinguish a jolly young medical from a prematurely-sharp leguleian, and either from the solemn dedicatee to divinity. Nor, indeed, is there any means in Edinburgh of distinguishing between Town and Gown in the streets at all. The taste of modern Athens has disdained, or long discarded, any academic costume for the students. While in Oxford or Cambridge, the townsmen, awed by the constant stream of caps and gowns, must feel themselves but as Vaisyas and Sudras in a city of the Brahmins, and while in all the Scottish University-towns, except Edinburgh, the streets in winter days are made picturesque by the far-seen bits of scarlet on the backs of the students of Arts, in Edinburgh you might walk about the streets all day without knowing that there was a student in it.

On the whole, to a stranger-student from any other part of Scotland the conditions of Edinburgh University, on his first arrival, and for some time afterwards, do seem unsocial. It is not only that the students do not reside in the University, meet at no common table, live in no sets of chambers built for the purpose, but are scattered all over the town, where they will and how they will, in lodgings or with relatives. In this the University of Edinburgh does not differ from the other Scottish Universities. Nor does the absence of academic costume contribute much to the feeling, though it may contribute somewhat. It is partly the numerousness of the students, preventing them from ever seeing themselves all together, and obliging their dispersion into classes, meeting simultaneously and independently at all sorts of hours; and partly, I think, it is the chill elegance of the quadrangle itself. For a stranger-student, after a walk in a dull November morning through a city all otherwise strange, to arrive for the first time in this quadrangle, with its columns, its balustraded stone-walk, and its doors leading he knows not whither, is perhaps a unique experience of inquisitiveness struggling with loneliness. He feels that he is committed to a mode of life of which the possibilities are undiscerned, and, in retrudging his way through the streets, thinking of it all, he wonders what is to come of it. What is to come of it! There is to come of it, if all goes well, and the connexion with the University lasts long enough, a love for the University, and a pride in having belonged to it, as great as any man can feel anywhere for the place where he has been educated. Not even the affection of Oxford and Cambridge men for their universities, or for the particular colleges where they had rooms on well-remembered stairs, can exceed that which the alumni of Edinburgh University bear to it, though their recollections of it are not of residence within its walls, but chiefly of attendance on their appointed classes in it for three or four consecutive winters. For the University was not only the building, but the whole student-life of which the building was the centre. The walks and talks with fellow-students all over the city and about its suburbs, no less than the solitary readings and ruminations of individual students at their firesides, were part of the University, and had their occasion and inspiration from within its walls. And within the walls themselves what memorable things happened! What enthusiasms swept round the cold quadrangle, what glorious scenes there were in its class-rooms, what varied excitement was there communicated, what friendships were formed, what breaks there

were into the woods and forests of knowledge, showing vistas along which it might be a delight to career throughout a long future, till only the sunset of life should close in the enchantment!

Much of the peculiar power and distinction of the Edinburgh University has consisted in its having generally had among its professors contemporaneously two or three men not merely of admirable working ability, but of exceptional genius or greatness. The professorial system, on which this, like the other Scottish Universities, is constituted, certainly has its drawbacks. In these modern times, when the whole encyclopædia of knowledge, in every department, is accessible in books, colleges and universities, it may be plausibly argued, are either of no use, or are of use only in so far as they organize the business of private reading, promote it, direct it, make it more accurate and exquisite, and surround it with splendid moral and sentimental accompaniments. To some extent, in the English Universities, they have conformed to this notion of the universities as a means for organizing, aiding, and drilling private perseverance in reading. They speak there of *reading* mathematics, *reading* physics, *reading* chemistry, *reading* political economy. The phrase, in this generalized sense, is unknown in Scotland. Pinkerton's complaint, made seventy years ago, that his countrymen, with plenty of natural ingenuity, were unable to turn it to substantial account for lack of a sufficient nutriment of learning, and were often whirling their ingenuity elaborately *in vacuo*, is true in a great measure yet. Connected with this deficiency, partly as cause, and partly as effect, is that professorial system in the Scottish universities according to which knowledge in the great subjects of liberal study is supposed to be acquired by listening to courses of lectures on those subjects, prepared and delivered by men who have made them especially their own. Aware of the defects of this professorial method, the Scottish Universities have recently been taking pains to remedy them, not only by an increased use of that spur of examinations of which there has been so general an application of late throughout the country, but also by introducing as much of the tutorial method as possible in aid of the professorial. And yet, on the other hand, no one whose experience is wide enough to enable him fully to appreciate the merits of both methods but will maintain the enormous superiority, in certain circumstances, and for certain effects, of the professorial over the tutorial. It is not only that the majority of young men will not read and do not read, and that it is at least something if these are physically detained for a session or two in a room where certain orders of notions are kept sounding in the air, and where, unless they are deaf, they must imbibe something of them. In addition to this there is the fact that certain subjects—they are those, I think, which do not consist so much of a perpetually increasing accumulation of matter as of a moving orb of ideas, undergoing internal changes — do admit of being more effectively learnt, with something like symmetry and completeness, from competent oral exposition to large numbers at once than from reading under tutorial superintendence. But, whether in these subjects or in any others, the grand advantage of the professorial system lies in the chance it affords of the appearance of men of great intellectual power in a position, relatively to the rising generation, of the utmost conceivable influence. Nowhere is there such an action and reaction of mind, such a kindling and maintenance of high intellectual enthusiasm, as in a university class-room where a teacher whose heart is in his work sees day after day before him a crowded audience of the same youths on the same benches, eager to listen, and to carry away what they can in their note-books. Nowhere is a man more likely to be roused himself by the interest of his subject, and nowhere are the conditions so favourable for the expeditious and permanent conveyance, not only of his doctrines, but of the whole image of himself into other minds. Whenever, accordingly, it does chance that men of exceptionally powerful

personality are found in this position, there society has the benefit of a didactic use of these men incalculably more energetic and intimate than if they had been confined to authorship, or to that comparatively cooler exercise of personal influence for which conversation in short flights with a few at a time affords opportunity. Now, if we were to look for the university whose history has afforded the most striking illustrations of this matchless advantage of the professorial system, what university would suggest itself sooner than that of Edinburgh? There may have been other universities where till lately the drill in Latin and Greek, and the general habits of class-work, were more exact, sound, and business-like. But there has been no university more conspicuously fortunate in the possession always of, say two, or three, or four men simultaneously, of the highest power, shedding lustre over the whole body of their colleagues, and exercising an influence incalculably beyond that of ordinary scholastic reckoning.

Two or three and twenty years ago one of the great attractions in Edinburgh University was the class-room of Dr. Chalmers, called the Divinity Hall. It was on the right of the quadrangle, immediately after entering through the portico from the street, and the access to it was by a narrow flight of stone stairs leading to a kind of stone-gallery looking upon the quadrangle. In this stone-gallery, or about the portico and quadrangle, would be lounging at an early hour in the forenoon, waiting the doctor's arrival, the members of his audience. They were mostly young Scotsmen of from eighteen to five-and-twenty, destined for the Scottish Kirk; but there was a considerable sprinkling of young Irish Presbyterians, together with a group of oldish military officers, who, after their service in India or elsewhere, had settled for the quiet evenings of their lives in Edinburgh, and, partly to while away the time, partly from a creditable interest in theological matters awakened at last in their grizzled noddles, had taken to attending Dr. Chalmers's lectures. Occasionally there would be a stranger or two of distinction. Punctually a few minutes before the hour the Doctor would arrive among the gathered groups expecting him. His manner on arriving was generally hurried and absent, and he disappeared at once into his vestry or ante-room, there to put on his gown, and his little white Geneva bands, a pair of which he usually kept in an odd brown-covered old volume of Leibnitz that lay handy for the purpose on a side-table. Sometimes one or two of the strangers would follow the Doctor into the vestry to bid him good morning before lecture, but he did not like the intrusion. Meanwhile, the doors of the Hall having been opened, the audience had entered and filled it. It was more like a dingy ill-contrived little chapel than a class-room, having a gallery raised on iron pillars over the back rows of seats so as to darken them, and a pulpit opposite this gallery rising to a level with it. The students, properly so called, the number of whom was from 100 to 130, occupied the seats below, clear of and under the gallery; and in the comparatively empty gallery, not much minded of the Doctor, who generally looked downwards to his students, sat the strangers of distinction and the military veterans. Emerging from the vestry by its private entrance into the Hall, the Doctor, now in his gown and bands, still rather hurried and absent-looking, mounted the pulpit, a sight for any physiognomist to see. Then generally, after a very brief prayer, which he read from a slip of paper, but in such a way that you could hardly detect he was reading, the business of the hour began. Not unfrequently, however, it would turn out that he had forgotten something, and, muttering some hasty intimation to that effect instead of the expected first words of his prayer—once, I am told, it was this surprising communication, delivered with both his thumbs up to his mouth, "My artificial teeth have gone wrong"—he would descend again from the pulpit and go back to his vestry. On such occasions

it was a chance if he did not come upon one or two late comers availing themselves of that quiet means of entrance, engaged while they did so in the interesting process of measuring their heads with his by furtively examining and trying on his vast hat. Suppose all right, however, and the lecture begun. It was a perfectly unique performance—every lecture a revelation, though within so small and dingy a chapel, of all that the world at large had come to wonder at in Chalmers. For the most part he sat and read, either from his manuscript or from some of his printed books, from which he had a most dexterous art of helping himself to relevant passages—sat and read, however, with such a growing excitement of voice and manner that whether he was reading or not reading was never thought of. But every now and then he would interrupt his reading, and, standing up, and catching off his spectacles so that they hung from his little finger, he would interject, with much gesticulation, and sometimes with a flushing of the face, and an audible stamping of the foot, some little passage of extempore exposition or outburst. No one lecture passed in which the class was not again and again agitated by one of those nervous shocks which came from Chalmers's oratory whenever and about whatsoever he spoke in other public places. Clamours of applause had, indeed, become habitual in the class-room; and, as, in spite of their apparent indecorousness in such a place, they were justifiable by the audience on the plain principle, "If you lecture like that, then we must listen like this," he had been obliged to let them occur. Only at the natural moments, however, would he tolerate such interruptions. He was sensitive to even a whisper at other times, and kept all imperiously hushed by an authority that did not need to assert itself. To describe the *matter* of his lectures would be more difficult than to give an idea of their form. It was called Theology, and there certainly was a due attempt to go over the topics of a theological course, with frequent references to Butler, Paley, Jonathan Edwards, the *Theologia Elenctica* of Turretin, and, by way of general text-book, to Dr. George Hill's Lectures in Divinity. But really it was a course of Chalmers himself, and of Chalmers in all his characters. Within two or three consecutive sessions, if not in one, every listener was sure to be led so completely and with so much commotion through the whole round of Chalmers's favourite ideas, that, if he remained ignorant of any one of them or unsaturated with some tincture of them all, it could only be because he was a miracle of impassiveness. But through all and over all was the influence of a nature morally so great that by no array and exposition of its ideas, repeated never so often, could it be exhausted, and by no inventory of them represented. Merely to look at him day after day was a liberal education.

One of Chalmers's colleagues in the Theological Faculty of the University (in which faculty there were then but three professors in all) was a certain clerical old gentleman, with a great squab bald head, fat pinkish-white cheeks, portly and punctiliously clean general appearance, and very fat calves neatly encased in black stockings, who professed to teach the Oriental languages. Considering the little I have to say of him, I need not name him; but we used to call him sometimes "The Rabbi," in compliment to his Orientalism generally, and sometimes "Waw," from a certain occult idea of the fitness of the name of one of the Hebrew letters, as pronounced by himself, to represent the total worth of his existence. How so fat-faced and placid a man, in such specklessly-clean linen and apparel, should have been so near an approach to Inutility personified, I do not know; but, to this day, when I think of the matter, it is one of the most baffling problems that have come across me personally, what reason there was, I will not say for the Rabbi's existence on earth, but for his existence in the position of Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh. He

had been appointed to the post as long ago as 1813, and I suppose there were then some authorities whose business it was to make such appointments. It was within our knowledge also that he was the widower of a lady who had been of some distinction as a novelist at a time when lady-novelists were rarer than they are now, that he cherished her memory in his old age with a fond and faithful affection, and that, in his own house, he was a kindly, innocent old gentleman, who had one or two pet cats and fed them at his breakfast-table. Moreover he had been a parish-clergyman—in which capacity, for aught I know, he may have been most exemplary and worthy of all respect. I speak of him only as Professor of Oriental Languages; and, in the conjoint names of Gesenius, Renan, and Max Müller, I will have my say about the Rabbi, dead though he is, in this capacity. For thirty-five years he was the man upon whom the Kirk of Scotland depended, so far as the metropolitan university was concerned, for the teaching of Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, and Persic. I forget whether Arabic was included in his course, but it is all the same whether it was or was not. As for the Syriac, the Chaldee, and the Persic, if the Syriac, Chaldee, and Persic alphabets had been written out on pieces of paper, and these pieces of paper had been steeped in a bucket of water, and each student of the Rabbi's had drunk a tumblerful of the water, that would have been about the metaphorical measure of the Syriac, the Chaldee, and the Persic that the Rabbi contrived to impart. But take the Hebrew, on which naturally would be laid the stress. We were, I can answer for it, a docile set of students, willing, and even eager, to learn anything that offered itself with a touch of human interest; and we were bound by rule to attend the Rabbi two years. Yet I undertake to say, with the most literal exactness, that, so far as it depended on attendance on the Rabbi during these two years, all that was acquired, or that it was possible to acquire, of Hebrew scholarship might have been acquired by six evenings of sleepy inspection of the Hebrew grammar and the Hebrew Bible at home. What do I remember of the class? I remember the Rabbi in his chair, looking listless and placidly-peevish, as if he thought the whole thing a discomfort, and wanted to be home to his cats. I remember the insipidity of the Hebrew according to his wretched system of pronunciation, which neglected the points, stuck in an indefinite sound of the vowel *e* between every two consecutive consonants, and made the great unutterable name sound as a series of the feeblest human vowels, *IEUE*. I remember that, with one or two exceptions, easy to be accounted for apart from the Rabbi's influence, none of us, when called up to read to the Rabbi, could construe or translate three lines of Hebrew, unless he had a torn leaf of the English Bible clandestinely inserted in the Hebrew volume by way of help. I remember, in short, that it was a disgust and weariness to us all, and that from no fault of our own, but from a perfectly just estimate of the possibilities here afforded us by a great university, for fees which we had paid down, of learning what we were compelled at least to profess to learn within its walls. Perhaps my own most vivid recollections of the Rabbi's class-room are of letters to friends which I wrote in it, by way of an economy of time that would otherwise have been useless, and of a large course of reading, on the same principle, in books of witchcraft, which I took with me for the purpose, beginning with Defoe's "History of the Devil." In justice to myself, I must beg the reader to believe that, from mere respect for routine, I would have given the work of the class the preference, had I been able to see there was any. Now there would be no need for such behaviour. The opportunities of instruction in Hebrew and its cognates now furnished by the Scottish Universities are as good, I believe, as any in the kingdom; and in Edinburgh University there has been recently founded, in addition to the gene-

ral chair for the Oriental languages, a special chair for Sanscrit.

The remaining colleague of Dr. Chalmers, using the same class-room as the Rabbi, but at a different hour, and for a class much more numerous and a thousand times more radiant, was Dr. David Welsh, Professor of Ecclesiastical History. Of this man there remains a fine and high, if not a wide, memory among his countrymen, and most justly so. He was considerably the youngest of the three colleagues, being, at the time of which I speak, forty-six or forty-seven years of age. He was a thin, spare, weak-chested man, of middle height, or less, with a delicately blond complexion and scanty light hair, a finely-shaped head of the erect type, a grave expression of countenance, and a peculiar habit of knitting his brows and corrugating his eye-lids as he spoke, but very capable of a kindly laugh, which ran over his face like a gleam, and was accompanied by a flash of his upper teeth. His appearance, and especially his narrow chest, indicated precarious health, and indeed it was known that from his youth he had given signs of pulmonary weakness, and that more recently he had been warned of heart-disease. Although on these grounds he had to take precautions which made him more of a recluse than was natural for one in his position, and, although in particular the exercise of speaking was difficult for him, the result as regarded his class was no impairing of his efficiency, but only some peculiarities in his manner as a lecturer. He hardly trusted at all to extempore discourse, and in any attempt of the kind hesitated and stammered, and kept up a dry clearing of his throat, and prolonging of syllable after syllable, that would have been painful but for his always hitting on something right and emphatic at last. In reading there was not of course this painful hesitation, and the labour which the act of sufficiently loud speaking then cost him only imparted a sense of his conscientious earnestness, and sometimes an effect as of eloquence. He had been appointed to the Church-History chair in the year 1831, having been before that minister for several years of one of the parishes of Glasgow, and before that again minister of the retired country parish of Crossmichael in Kirkcudbrightshire.

The most notable portion of Welsh's life, and that on account of which many who might have cared little for his clerical quality would have looked at him with interest, had been the ten years of his youth, from 1810 to 1820, before he had been appointed to Crossmichael parish. During these ten years he had been on terms of the most familiar friendship with Dr. Thomas Brown, the metaphysician. He had first seen Brown in the winter of 1809-10, when Brown for the second time did temporary duty for Dugald Stewart in the Moral Philosophy class in Edinburgh University. Welsh was then a lad of sixteen, up in Edinburgh from his native Dumfriesshire to attend the classes, and with a particularly keen taste for logical and philosophical studies. Brown at once captivated him. He was one of those, of whom there were many, that so much relished Brown's new, brilliant, and analytical style of metaphysics as to be almost sorry when Stewart resumed duty, and proportionately glad when, in the following session, Brown was formally appointed colleague to Stewart, thenceforward to do the whole work, while Stewart lived on as a sleeping partner. Would not the day of Stewart and his sober metaphysics of the old school be over, and was not the era of a new and more daringly Whig metaphysics about to begin? Such were the expectations of many ardent young men about Edinburgh, in what happened, at any rate, to be the great comet year, 1811. An eminent surviving friend of Welsh remembers how, going then as a boy in the evenings to see young Welsh in his lodgings and receive lessons from him, he used, in passing through George Square, to look up with never-ceasing wonder at the great shining meteor taking up such a space in the heavens. By that time Welsh had attained the desire of his heart in becoming privately acquainted with Brown; and, during

the remainder of Brown's life, Welsh, gradually advancing from the stage of a student of Divinity to that of a licensed preacher or probationer of the Scottish Kirk, was continually in the company of the brilliant metaphysician. Every other evening, when in Edinburgh, he would be one of the family-party around Brown's tea-table, hearing his cheerful talk with his mother and sisters, and so much one of them as to be consulted even about those poems of Brown which he published in succession about this time, and which he read before publication to none out of his own household. "Penitus domi inspexi" is Welsh's description of the degree of his intimacy with his celebrated friend and senior, in words quoted from Pliny the younger where he speaks of a like friendship of his, "Penitus "domi inspexi, amarique ab eo laboravi, "etsi non erat laborandum. Erat enim "obvius et expositus, plenusque huma-"nitate quam præcepit. Atque utinam "sic ipse spem quam de me concepit im-"pleverim ut," &c. What may have been the nature of the hope which Brown had formed of Welsh's future career can only be guessed. When Brown died of consumption at Brompton, in April, 1820, at the age of forty-two, his surviving friend—who had been the last to bid him farewell in Edinburgh, and who always remembered the sad leave-taking as one of the greatest griefs of his life—was but a youth of six-and-twenty, a probationer of the Scottish Kirk, whose sole appearances in any character of his own had been in a few stray writings for periodicals. His real outfit for the future was his enthusiasm for Brown, and the reputation which descended to him of having been Brown's friend. These he carried with him, in 1821, to the country parish of Crossmichael, but, at the same time, a strong interest in phrenology, as then taken up and expounded in Edinburgh by Messrs. George and Andrew Combe. In phrenology he had begun to discern the promise of a science that should corroborate some of Brown's psychological speculations, and even lend a new method for the study of the human mind.

Of a family in which the strong Scottish form of piety was hereditary, and being also sincerely "Evangelical" in his views of Christian theology, Welsh was able, in his parish of Crossmichael, to combine, to an extent that might have been thought difficult beforehand, the character of a zealous and devout pastor of "Evangelical" sentiments with that of a worshipping disciple of Brown's philosophy and a seeker after light even in the new cerebral physiology of Gall and the Combes. He was known also, generally, as a young clergyman of scholarly tastes, and more fastidious than usual in his efforts after a classical English style. Of his intellectual and literary qualities the public had the means of judging when he published, in 1825, that biography of Brown which had for some time been expected from him. It was an octavo volume, entitled, *Account of the Life and Writings of Thomas Brown, M.D., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.* The shorter memoir of Brown, prefixed to all the late editions of his Lectures, is an abridgment of this volume, made for the purpose by Welsh himself. The book is really a very good specimen of philosophical or literary biography, not in any way rich or striking, but careful, dignified, affectionate, and conveying a sufficiently distinct image of Brown personally. The phrenological leanings of the work appearing only casually in the notes, the credit which Welsh derived from it was of a general kind. He had thoughts of following it up with a Treatise on Logic, but before that intention could take effect he was removed from Crossmichael to Glasgow. He had been but three or four years in Glasgow when the Church-History chair in Edinburgh fell vacant. The Melbourne ministry, on the strong recommendation of Chalmers, appointed Welsh to the chair. Jeffrey, in announcing the appointment to Chalmers, stated that it had been made expressly in deference to his wishes; but on other grounds it was such an appointment as a Whig ministry might have been expected to make. Welsh was, and re-

mained to the last, an advanced Whig in politics. When he accepted the chair he was thirty-eight years of age.

During the eight or nine years of Welsh's professorship which had elapsed before I knew him, he had devoted himself most conscientiously to the duties of the post, laying aside preaching and all other work for the proper study of ecclesiastical history, and going to reside for a season in Bonn that he might acquire the mastery of German necessary for the easy use of the materials in that language. He had, in fact, completed a course of lectures, presenting, in three parts, a consecutive view of Church History as far as the Reformation. The first part extended to the period of Constantine, the second thence to the end of the thirteenth century, and the third thence to the Reformation inclusive. It had become his plan to repeat these parts of his course in cycle, so that students attending him for three years in succession would hear the whole. When I had first the pleasure of listening to him, he was in the last or Reformation portion of his course. It was a very painstaking, and, in the main, very delightful and even stirring narrative—not certainly from the most Catholic point of view, but from the point of view of a liberal and warm-hearted Evangelical Presbyterian — of the European religious movement of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. After Wycliffe, Huss and the Bohemians, and others, we came upon the great German group with Luther in the midst, and we finished off, if I remember rightly, with a touch of Zwingli and the Swiss and French prolongation as far as Calvin. He was best on the Germans, or the Germans suited us best, and he brought out Luther, as we all thought, in beautiful relief. In the other two portions of his general cycle I do not think that he was nearly so interesting. My recollection at least of his Church History of the first three centuries is singularly hazy and featureless. The early heresies and the Gnostics came into this part of the course, and I remember being bold enough at the time to pass this criticism on his account of the Gnostics, that it was as if he had gone to the top of a tower, we looking up to him, and, there ripping open a pillow, had shaken out all the feathers, and let them descend upon us, calling down to us to observe them, for these were the Gnostics.

In connexion with none of the courses of lectures delivered in the University could the *pros* and *cons* of the Scottish professorial system be better discussed than in connexion with Welsh's course on Church History. So far as it was a narrative or survey (and it was mainly of this character) there can be no doubt that it only performed for the students the kind of service which they might more naturally, and with better effects of self-discipline, have performed for themselves by suitable reading under directions. Perhaps even there was a danger that, as recipients through the ear, in such easy circumstances, of a complete tale of Church History prepared for them by their Professor, the majority of the students might go away with a permanently too meagre conception of the real dimensions of the study. But, on the other hand, there was a fitness in the method pursued to the requirements of the place and occasion. Here at least was the presentation to the audience of a medley or panorama of impressions, anecdotes, figures of men and generalized visions of events, well worth having at the time, and sure to function usefully in the mind afterwards. There must be many a man living now whose knowledge of Church History consists in little more than a recollection of the names of Wycliffe, and Huss, and Jerome of Prague, and Zisca, and Reuchlin, and Erasmus, and Luther, and Melanchthon, and Œcolampadius, and Zuinglius, and Calvin, and Bullinger, and Bucer, as they used to be pronounced so fondly in often repeated series by Welsh's labouring voice, and who is yet better and larger-horizoned by reason of that recollection. And only conceive practically the consequences of an attempt to work, with seventy or a hundred young men together, the method of learning Church History by right

reading for themselves. Conceive so many young men turned loose simultaneously among the libraries of Edinburgh in a competitive hunt after the folios and quartos in which the precious lore is treasured. The library-system of the place or of any place would breakdown under the pressure. There would be a famine among the copies of Origen, and Fleury, and Fabricius, and a fighting for odd volumes of the "Acta Sanctorum." In connexion with which fancy I may interpolate the remark that one of the deficiencies of Edinburgh in my day was in the matter of the easy accessibility of books to any young fellow in quest of them, and that, whatever may have been done since then in rendering both the College library and the great libraries of the Faculty of Advocates and the Writers to the Signet more generally and frankly available, I conceive that it may still be by an advance in this direction, as well as by the institution of tutorships and fellowships, that the cause of erudition may be promoted, to the extent now desired, in and around the chief University seat of Scotland. With perfect accessibility of books, professorial courses of lectures might more and more tend to assume one or other of those ideal forms in which they are best of all, and never can be superseded—the form of stimulants and directories, or that of supplements of the latest matter, or, in some cases, that of orbs of principles. Of course, however, such a raid as has been supposed among the original sources of information is purely imaginary, and the process would resolve itself into an importation into the town at particular seasons of a sufficient number of text-books. But, while Welsh's course did not exclude the use of text-books, and rather led to the use of them, it was, in itself, at least a larger text-book, and, by means of examination, it was made to answer as such. Add to all this the effect upon some of first knowing of such a study as Church History, and forming some notion of what it might be, not through a dead text-book, but through the daily sight of one who, after his type, was a living Church-historian. In many ways there came from Welsh a fine interfusion of personal characteristics with the substance of his readings. Not unfrequently we saw him stirred with the full emotion of his subject, and were stirred contagiously. Methinks I hear him yet as, with excited breath, and with something of the old spirit of a Dumfriesshire Covenanter trembling through his weak frame, he quoted, or rather ground out through his teeth, after one narrative of bloody religious tyranny, the prayer of Milton's sonnet—

> "Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,
> Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old
> When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones."

More habitually, however, he sat before us in the aspect of an inquirer of liberal and philosophical temperament, trying always to be accurate, candid, and just. A certain classic taste in style, also, with a liking for an apt Latin quotation now and then, helped us to a sense of literary finish, while in his half-stuttered advices to us individually we had experience not only of his kindliness and shrewdness, but of a sort of clear Attic wit rare among the Scotch.

In the last years of his life, which were the years immediately following those of my first acquaintance with him, Welsh was brought out, by the compulsion of events, from his previously rather recluse and valetudinarian habits. When the Non-Intrusion controversy in the Scottish Kirk was approaching the foreseen catastrophe, who so fit to be brought forward into a chief place in the drama that was to be acted as this much-respected professor of Church History, whose Whig sympathies had all along gone heartily with the movement, and who had indeed always had a share in its private counsels? Accordingly in 1842, and in the view of what was coming, they made him Moderator of the General Assembly of the Kirk. As Moderator of that year's Assembly it fell to him still to occupy

the chair at the opening of the next or Disruption Assembly in May, 1843; and on him, therefore, it devolved to act the leading part in what may be called the ceremonial of the Disruption. It was Welsh that, immediately after the gathering of the members of the Assembly and before the first business had begun, read the protest by which he and those who might adhere to him declared their reasons for quitting it and the establishment which it represented. It was Welsh who, then turning round to the Royal Commissioner on the throne behind him, bowed his solemn leave, and, taking up his hat, walked out of the Assembly, followed close by Chalmers, and leading that procession of ministers and elders which, forming itself in George Street, made its way through the gazing and acclaiming multitudes of Edinburgh to the hall, some half a mile distant, where it had been agreed to constitute the Free Church of Scotland. In this public ceremonial, and in the subsequent proceedings in opening the new Assembly, Welsh, roused by the emotion of the occasion far above his usual hesitation of manner and unreadiness in speech, acquitted himself with much dignity, so that those who have an interest in recollecting those Edinburgh events of May, 1843, as in a Scottish historical picture, can think of his spare figure and grave light-haired look as fittingly and gracefully in the midst. He did not long survive this, the most conspicuous public appearance of his life. To fall back completely, after it, into his former recluse habits was impossible. In addition to the Professorship of Church History in the New or Free Church College, for which he had necessarily exchanged his chair in the University, he had a good deal of public work to do in connexion with the schemes and arrangements of the newly-founded institution. There came also, to occupy a part of his time very suitably, the editorship of the *North British Review*, then started, with the co-operation of Chalmers, as an organ of liberal literature in which Scottish theology should not be unrepresented. It must have been on some visit of his to London, in 1844, on the business of this periodical that, chancing then to be in town, I had my last interview with him but one, and dined with him at his hotel in Cockspur Street. He was then in fair health and good spirits, and full of hopes of the new Review. The next time I saw him was in his house in Edinburgh, to which he was confined by medical orders. The heart-disease of which he had received previous warnings had declared itself fatally, leaving him but a residue of days to be counted one by one before the last spasm. One of the last, out of his own family, to see him was his old friend Dr. Andrew Combe, himself an invalid who had been kept alive almost miraculously for many years by care and regimen through an equally fatal disease, and whom all that knew him remember as one of the most serene, upright, and naturally pious of men, rendered only more thoughtful of others by the long patience of his own nearness to death. This interview must, I think, have been at Helensburgh on the Clyde, whither Welsh had been removed, and where he died, April 24, 1845.

Seldom or never, as I have said, did all the students of all the faculties diffused among the class-rooms of the quadrangle of Edinburgh University have an opportunity of intermingling socially. Once or twice, however, in the course of a session, there was an approach to a universal meeting for some general university purpose or other, when a concourse of as many of the different faculties as chose to come assembled in the chemistry theatre, with the cheering and ruffing inseparable from such occasions, to behold the Principal and the whole Senatus Academicus, or body of professors, seated on the platform or daïs beneath. This sight of the assembled Senatus Academicus I remember as a striking one. My interest in the medical and legal faculties not being such as to lead me to single out then the most eminent

professors in those faculties with the same curiosity that I applied to the others, I remember that there were three heads out of the twenty or thirty on the daïs that always seemed to me, even physically, to divide the supremacy. They were those of Chalmers, Wilson, and Hamilton. As pieces of Nature's sculpture they were, each, head and bust together, splendid. But what made the sight of the three beside each other so interesting was that the colouring was so different. Chalmers's head, the oldest of the three, and also the largest, though all looked large, was white, the hair close and crisply silver from crown to neck and temples, with no sign of baldness—the large forehead and face also white as marble, and with all the repose of marble. Yellow was Wilson's colour—the hair yellow and mane-like, the face blond, the look wildly-noble, the bust magnificent even as he sat, but more magnificent when he rose and the height was seen. Hamilton was brown—the hair a dark brown, the complexion a clear or sanguine dark, the expression very calm, the eyes full, bold, and, as it seemed, of a clear hazel. He was not so tall as Wilson, but had the neck and chest of a man of great natural strength, who had known gymnastic exercise. He and Wilson were each in their first fifties. Although it was not my lot to see more of either of these two than was to be seen casually at such general college-meetings, or by dropping in as an occasional hearer at their lectures, and although it sums up the whole of my personal knowledge of them to say that I have shaken hands with both, they made so great an impression upon me that a passing word or two about each will be no violation of my rule in these papers.

Wilson in his class-room, as Professor of Moral Philosophy, was one of the shows of Edinburgh. Though he was called by the Arts' Students "the Professor," *par excellence*, there was gathered round him, for them and others about the college, the accumulated interest of all that he had been and done non-professorially. Those early and almost legendary days of his were remembered when, as an extraordinary gipsy-genius from the Lakes and Oxford, of whom men had begun to talk, he threw himself so furiously into *Blackwood* and Scottish Toryism; and there was the fresher remembrance of his continued outflashings and savageries in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and of his many other feats, some of them unprofessorial enough, during his actual tenure of the Professorship since he had succeeded Brown in 1820. It was "Christopher North" that the students saw and adored, though they called him the "Professor." How they did cheer and adore him! In his class there was constant cheering of him on the least opportunity, especially by the juveniles of his audience, and yet with a kind of wondering respect for his reputation, voice, and magnificent appearance, which kept the acclamation always distinct from disorder, and left the full sway really in his hands. As far as ever I could ascertain, it was nothing that could in any conventional sense be called a systematic course of Moral Philosophy that he administered to them, but a rich poetico-philosophic medley in all the styles of Christopher North, with the speculative made to predominate as much as possible. His way was to come in from his ante-room with a large bundle of ragged papers of all sorts and sizes (many of them old folio letters, with the postage marks and torn marks of the seals visible on them, and others, scraps of about the size of a visiting card), and, throwing these down on the desk before him, either to begin reading from them, or, sometimes, having apparently failed to find what he wanted uppermost, and having also felt in vain in his waistcoat pockets for something likely to answer the purpose, to gaze wildly for a moment or two out at a side-window, and then, having caught some thread or hint from the Tron Church steeple, to begin evolving what seemed an extempore discourse. The first time that I heard him, the effect of these preliminaries, and of his generally wild and yellow-haired appearance, so much stranger

than anything I had been prepared for, almost overcame my gravity, and I had to conceal my face for some time behind a hat to recover sufficient composure to look at him steadily. The voice and mode of delivery were also singular. It was not so much reading or speaking as a kind of continuous musical chaunt, beginning in a low hollow tone, and swelling out wonderfully in passages of eloquence, but still always with a certain sepulchral quality in it—a moaning sough, as of a wind from the tombs, partly blowing along and partly muffling the purely intellectual meaning. From my recollections of him, both on the first and on subsequent occasions, I should say that the chief peculiarities of his elocution, in addition to this main one, were, in the first place, a predominance of *u* among his vowel-sounds, or a tendency of most of his other vowels, and especially the *o*, to pass, more or less, into one of the sounds of *u*, and, in the second place, the breaking up of his sentences, in the act of uttering them, by short pants or breathings, like *ugh !* interjected at intervals. Thus, in making the quotation from Ariosto: "O the great goodness of the knights of old!" he uttered it, or rather moaned it, nearly like this, "Oo—the great—goodness—uf—the—knoights—uf—oold!" with a pause or breathing after almost every word; and, in speaking in one of his lectures of the endurance of remorse, and in illustrating this by the fancy of the state of mind of a criminal between his condemnation and his execution, he wound up, I remember distinctly, with a phrase uttered, as regards the longer interjected breathings, exactly thus: "Ay! and there may be a throb of remorse (*ugh !*) even at that last moment —when the head—tumbles—into the basket—of the executioner (*ugh !*)"—the last *ugh !* being much the most emphatic. Habitually eloquent, after a manner which these and other peculiarities rendered unlike the eloquence of any one else, Wilson was sometimes so deeply and suddenly moved by the feeling of what he was saying or describing that he rose to unusual heights of impassioned and poetical oratory. In particular, there were certain lectures, the time of the coming round of which was always duly known, when his class-room was crowded by professors and strangers in addition to his students, in expectation of one of his great outbursts, and when amid those clapping their hands most enthusiastically along with the young ones, as the outburst came, would be seen Sir William Hamilton. This admiring appreciation by Sir William of the power of a colleague so different from himself ought to be cited in correction of a notion which the frequent descriptions and laudations of Wilson's physique, and the recollections of the sheer undisciplined tumultuousness of much of his writing, have naturally generated among those who have no personal reason to care for his memory. It is quite certain that Sir William thought his colleague a better Professor of Moral Philosophy for all essential purposes than a man of more regular powers could have been without Wilson's genius. And I have invariably heard, from even the most logical and hard-headed of any of Wilson's students whom I have questioned on the subject, the same assertion of their belief in the extraordinary efficiency of his class, and of their ceaseless thankfulness for having belonged to it.

Much more striking, however, than any traces of Christopher North's influence, recognisable among the modes of thought and speech current among the students of Edinburgh University, were the traces of another influence which it took some time to identify. Nothing surprised me more, at first, than the recurrence, in the talk of the students, whenever two or three were conversing or arguing seriously, of certain clots and gobbets of a phraseology, and apparently of a philosophy, which seemed to belong to the place, but to which I was a stranger. "Induction," "Deduction," and "Syllogism," of course I knew, and, I think, also "Subjective" and "Objective;" but "thinkable in space and time," "the Absolute," "the Laws of

Thought as Thought," and the like, made me prick up my ears. Even then there was no need for being greatly put out, or being in a hurry to confess ignorance. A little waiting till the phrases were heard again in new contexts, and a little application of ordinary *nous*, sufficed for their interpretation. But when, grown bolder, I began to converse on the subject of these Edinburgh-University phrases with those whom I found to be masters of them, and to ask them to fish up for me more abstruse phrases from the same pool by way of puzzles, then, as "the Philosophy of the Unconditioned," or "the Relativity of Human Knowledge," or "the Phenomenology of Cognition," came up successively on the hook, my natural history failed me, and whether the thing were eel, flounder, or turbot, I was in doubt. I was disposed to resent the troubling of the literary atmosphere with such uncouth terms and combinations, insisting, as I think the Fleet-Street intellect still does, on the all-sufficiency of what is called "plain English" for the expression of whatever can be of any interest to man or beast. But soon I perceived that in this I was taking the point of view rather of the beast than of the man, and that in the same spirit it might be allowed to a carter or coal-heaver, overhearing the words "hypotenuse," "parabola," "parameter," and "absciss" in the talk of mathematicians, to resent their occupation as humbug. For, the more I inquired, the more I found that it was because the notions were unfamiliar to me that the terms were perplexing, that there was not one of the terms of which a good account could not be given if once the notions were entertained, and that, when the notions were entertained, there was life in them, or at least exercise. I came to perceive that, while it was chiefly in the talk and the discussions of the inferior students that the raw clots and gobbets of the new phraseology floated publicly, the real meaning of the phraseology, and of the system of thought to which it appertained, was in quiet possession of indubitably the ablest young minds native to the University. Nor was there any difficulty in knowing whence the powerful influence came. Every day I heard more of Sir William Hamilton, and what a man he had been to the University since his appointment to the Professorship of Logic and Metaphysics in 1836. Far less was then known of this great thinker by the world out of Edinburgh than has come to be known since; nor within Edinburgh was he yet estimated at his true dimensions. Since 1813, indeed, when he had settled in Edinburgh, after his course at Oxford, nominally as a member of the Whig side of the Scottish bar, there had been a whispered reputation of his prodigious erudition, and of the profound nature of his speculations and studies. But in 1820 he had contested the Moral Philosophy chair unsuccessfully with Wilson; and not till after 1828, when articles of his had begun to appear in the *Edinburgh Review*, denouncing and breaking in upon the stagnation of all the higher forms of speculative philosophy in Great Britain, had the attention of German and French thinkers been drawn to him, leading to a more definite opinion of him at home. On being appointed to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics at the mature age of forty-eight, he was at length, as all saw, in the right place, and it was certainly expected that from that place there would be some radiation or other of a speculative influence that would disturb the self-satisfaction of the Scotch in their last mixture, by way of a national philosophy, of Brown's Lectures and a dash of Phrenology with a residuum of Stewart and Reid, and that might also penetrate into England, and send a current through its mingling tides of Benthamism and Coleridgianism. But all that Hamilton was to be, and all the honour that was to come to the University of Edinburgh from its having possessed him, were not foreseen. It was not foreseen that to him, more than to any contemporary of his in Britain, would be traced a general deepening and strengthening of the speculative mood of the land, by a timely recall to those real and ultimate contemplations the forsaking of which

for any length of time together by the higher spirits of a nation always has been, and always will be, a cause of collective intellectual insolvency. It was not foreseen that by him more than by any other would there be a re-enthronement in the world of British speculation of the grand god, Difficulty, for whose worship alone need universities or great schools be kept up in a land, the constancy of whose worship there, in all the different departments of knowledge, is a land's glory, but the very look of whose visage in one or two departments had been forgotten even by professed thinkers like Whately. It was not foreseen that it would be by expositions and developments of Hamilton's Logic that English dignitaries of the Church would be earning themselves distinction, or that it would be on Hamilton's metaphysical doctrine of the Relativity of Human Knowledge that English theologians would be meeting avowedly as on a battle-ground, or that in the discussion of this same doctrine, with a view to affirm or confute it, would future English philosophers of the greatest non-theological celebrity be equally finding an inevitable part of their occupation. While so much was unforeseen, however, the little student-world round the University quadrangle had already ascertained its own good fortune in possessing Hamilton among its teachers. When he was named or thought of, it was as the Kant or Aristotle of the place. And certainly, whatever influences were at work, there was no influence so recognisable as his. His grasp, his very fingermarks, if I may so say, were visible on the young minds that had passed through his teaching. It was among young Hamiltonians to a great extent that I found myself, and that I formed the new acquaintanceships that interested me most, some of which have ripened since then into most valued friendships. Owing to circumstances which I have never ceased to regret, I was unable to take the benefit of regular attendance on Hamilton's lectures for myself, and had to postpone any acquaintance with the matter of his teaching, more intimate than that which could not but be conveyed to me indirectly, until there should be sufficient opportunity for me and others through his published writings. But I cannot forget the appearance of his class when I casually did visit it to hear him lecture. As he went on distinctly and strongly with his *Primo*, *Secundo*, *Tertio*, advancing from division to division of his discourse, each sentence full of matter, and the matter unusual, and requiring, as it seemed, exertion to apprehend it, one could not but be struck with the fact that many of the auditors were far too young. But then, on looking at the names of distinguished students of previous years honourably blazoned on the wall behind the lecturer, and on remembering students who had been in the class and had certainly not listened in vain, one could not but be aware that a busy emulation was at work among the benches of the auditors, leaving few absolutely unaffected, and that, where there did chance to be a young mind of due capacity, there was probably no one of the logical lectures from which it would not come away exercised and suppled as it could hardly have been in any hour elsewhere, and no one of the metaphysical lectures from which it would not come away glowing with some new conception extending the bounds of its ideal world. Most evident of all was the power that lay, here as in other parts of the system of the University, in the fact of a personal leading exerted to the uttermost. It may hardly be known to those who never saw Hamilton, and whose knowledge of him is only by inference from his writings, what an impression of general massiveness and manliness of character was given by his very look, and what an equipment of passionate nature went to constitute the energy of his purely speculative reason. Calm as was his philosophic demeanour, clear and unclouded as he kept the sphere of abstract investigation or contemplation around him to the farthest range to which his reason could sweep, there was no man who carried in him a greater fund of rage or

more of the spirit of a wrestler. Stories, perfectly authentic, are and were told of him, which invest his character with an element almost of awe—as of the agony, relieving itself by paroxysms of prayer, into which he was thrown by the sense of his not being sufficiently prepared with lectures to meet his class in the first session after his appointment; or of the fright into which he once threw old David Irving, the Keeper of the Advocates' Library, when one of the rooms of the Library from which Sir William wanted a volume chanced to be locked by official orders, and David demurred about giving him the key; or of the vehement outbreaks of his temper occasionally even among his colleagues of the Senatus Academicus, when his language about individuals among them, or about the whole body if they stood in his way, would be very far from measured. More patent to the public was the violence of his combats every now and then, on some topic or other, with any man or any class of men with whom he had taken it into his head to have the refreshment of a paper controversy. There were phrases of his which he had flung out on such occasions with tongue or pen — one of them being this dreadful one, "the brutal ignorance of the clergy"—that were among the favourite quotations of his admirers in the College quadrangle. In the calm bold face and powerful though not tall frame of Sir William, as he was to be seen any time after we had been talking of these things, there was no difficulty in recognising the sort of man from whom such manifestations of passion might have come, and in whom there might be plenty more of the like, if more were called for. Alas! within a year or two I was to see him physically a very different Sir William from what he was when this impression might have been most easily received from his appearance. Ere I left Edinburgh he was going about crippled by the paralysis which had suddenly killed one side of his noble frame, though it had left his great intellect utterly untouched. Year after year I was to hear of him, when I inquired, as still going about in this sadly crippled state, visibly ageing and ailing, and his hair grizzling and whitening from the brown which I remembered, but still carrying on his classes personally or by deputy, still reading or thinking night after night in his library, and now sending forth more actively than ever volumes in which, when he should be gone, some fragments of his soul should remain. It is not longer ago than May, 1856, since he died, leaving the fragments to tell their tale.

Of the Professors of the Medical Faculty in Edinburgh, worthily keeping up, in my time at the University, the high reputation of the Edinburgh Medical School, I do not remember that I dropped in upon the lectures of any except old Jameson, the Mineralogist. He was Professor of Natural History, and had been such since 1803. It was pleasant to look at the thin venerable man in whom the science of the last century was linked with that of the present, and to hear him proceeding in his dry and exact way from this to that, duly traversing every bit of the map of his subject, whether there was anything of interest in it or not, and formally winding up at the end of every topic with some such farewell phrase as "This, then, is the natural history of the Dolphin." One lecture of his has haunted me more than I should have expected. It was on the cause of the seeming blueness of space. He enumerated the various hypotheses on the subject, and dwelt on that which he was disposed to make chiefly his own. But I do not think he concocted out of all the hypotheses together any satisfactory explanation; and, as I really do not know yet with any adequate distinctness the imperative cause of the blueness of the sky, it sometimes occurs to me as a horrible imagination that space might have been blood-coloured or copper-coloured, quite as comfortably for itself, without the least ability on our part to prevent it.

Nowhere in the University was the crossing of influences from the different

faculties and professors, and the importation at the same time of independent influences, more observable than in the Debating Societies. All the world over academic debating societies are, I suppose, very much the same; and to describe the debating societies of Edinburgh University would therefore be useless, unless it were to be done with very ample local illustration, and plenty of personal anecdote. The very great importance of the debating societies as a non-official part of the apparatus of this University deserves, however, to be noted. In addition to the famous "Speculative Society," of which all the world has heard from Lockhart, Lord Cockburn, and others, and which still existed, though in a more remote state of connexion with the actual life of the University than in its palmy days, there were I know not how many societies, either general or special, all flourishing, and all having their weekly or fortnightly evenings of meeting within the walls of the college. There was the "Theological Society," which had existed for nearly a century; there was "the Diagnostic Society," some thirty years old; there was "the Dialectic Society," also of considerable age; there was "the Metaphysical Society," recently founded by the more prominent of the young Hamiltonians; and there were other societies, medical and legal. You might be an active member of two or three of these societies, if you were so inclined; and, though the societies were not then associated in a federal body as they have been since, there were occasional meetings of several societies in common for great conjunct debates by their assembled champions. It would be easy to make fun of my recollections of these gatherings, and there was absurdity enough in many of them. But to this day I have known nothing of the sort better on the whole, and it remains a question with me whether the excitement and mutual invigoration afforded by them were not that agency in the university-life of Edinburgh which gave zest and unity to all the rest. Oh, what essays, on all things human and divine, we read and heard; what criticisms, complimentary or sarcastic, we pronounced on the essays; what traits of character, what comicalities, what revelations of unfledged power came forth in our debates; how we did go at the question whether Mahomet was an impostor; how some of us defended the execution of Charles I., but others did not see their way to regicide consistently with the Decalogue; how we did anticipate the Parliament in abolishing the Corn Laws! And then, when we turned out late at night, flushed with our oratory, to take our several ways homewards in groups, how the rhetorical mood and the nimbleness of invention would last, and what laughs and flashes of wit there would be along the lines of the lamp-posts! I remember, as if it were but last night, the going home of one such group. We had passed the South Bridge on our way from the University, and had entered Princes Street and turned westward. There was among us one whom we all respected in a singular degree. Tall, strong-boned, and granite-headed, he was the student whom Sir William Hamilton himself had signalized and honoured as already a sterling thinker, and the strength of whose logic, when you grappled with him in argument, seemed equalled only by the strength of his hand-grip when you met him or bade him good-bye, or by the manly integrity and nobleness of his character. He was also the gentlest and kindliest of human beings. But, suddenly, when we were in that part of Princes Street pavement which is nearly opposite to the site of the Scott monument, there appeared before us, in the dim light of approaching midnight, a spectacle which strangely moved him. It was one of those rotatory imps—the first of his order, I should think, in Edinburgh—who earn pennies by tumbling head over heels with rapidity five or six times continuously. To discern precisely what it was at that time of night, especially as the phenomenon was then a rare one, was exceedingly difficult. Maddened, as it appeared, by the sight of the revolving creature, our friend rushed at

him, hitting at him with his umbrella, and sternly interrogating—"What are you?" Calling up from the pavement, "I'm a wheel, I'm a wheel," the thing continued to revolve, fast as the Manx Arms set a-whirling, full half the distance between two lamp-posts. Unsatisfied by the information, and still pursuing the thing, and striking at it with the hook of his umbrella, ran our friend, while we gazed on with amazement. A great awe fell upon us; and even now, when I think of debating societies, or of life itself, I seem to see the rotatory imp in the lamp-lit darkness of Princes Street pursued by the phrenzied metaphysician.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE BURNT HUT COMPANY.

The following are some extracts from the leader of the *Palmerston Sentinel* a short time after the affair of the sale:—

"Athenæus, in his 'Deipnosophists,' tells us that the ancient Carians used, at the annual festivals of Venus, to crown with rosemary the luckiest man of his year in front of the principal temple. For public ceremonies of this kind we are not wholly unprovided. Rome had her Forum, Athens her Areopagus, Corinth her Sisipheum; so Palmerston has her Government Block. Let Mr. James Burton, the Port Romilly blacksmith, be carried up there; let him be crowned with a wreath of Kennedya; for assuredly such fortunes as his, scarce ever befell one of the Audax Iapeti genus before. A discovery has transpired, in the fertile and salubrious district of Port Romilly, which promises to elevate Palmerston into one of the principal commercial emporiums of the civilized globe. The bullock's-hide of Dido which first traced the walls of the future Carthage will in future go down to posterity with the theodolite of Captain Snig, the gallant and intelligent engineer officer who first traced the streets of Palmerston; and the venerable and vivacious statesman whose name it bears must be content to share futurity with the city to which he stood *in loco parentis*. 'Oh, si angulus iste!' have we been exclaiming, ever since the foundation of the colony. We have been blessed with fertile lands, with full-fed rivers, with boundless forests, with numberless flocks and herds. We have made a material progress greater than that of any nation in ancient or modern times. One thing had been denied to us. One thing made us jealous of South Australia, to which colony we are in all other respects, physical and moral, so vastly superior. We wanted mineral wealth—and we have got it. Yes. It may be attempted to be denied, but it is true. A Cornish miner, named Trevittick, has discovered that the whole of the Cape Wilberforce mountain is in an eminent degree cupriferous. In Burnt Hut Gully, purchased last week for twelve hundred and eighty pounds by Mr. James Burton, an enormous outcrop of pure metal itself takes place, similar to those on Lake Superior. On the next lot, Morepark Gully, bought at the same time, for the same price, by the Hon. Mr. Dawson, a small quarry, which has been opened, exhibits a mass of blue and green carbonates, eighteen feet thick. Negotiations are being attempted to be gone into for the purchase of Mr. Burton's claims, and his payment in shares, but without success hitherto. Mr. Trevittick considers that, as soon as he can get to work, he will raise a matter of four thousand tons

of ore, of one kind and another, the first year."

So said the *Sentinel*. Mr. O'Callaghan of the *Mohawk* knew that the *Sentinel* would have a lot of classical allusions, and determined to have a bit of Latin of his own; but his first classical gentleman had gone to cricket-match, and so he had to do it himself, which was exceedingly awkward. However, he came of one of the bravest families of the bravest nation in the world, and, on the Galway fox-hunting rule of "either over it or through it," went at it manfully, seeing the hateful Mr. Dawson beyond, and savagely thirsting for his blood. His style, the intelligent reader will observe, if it is without the polish of that of Mr. Dickson of the *Sentinel*, is not wanting in a certain vigour of its own:—

"'Diabolus aurat propriis,' says the blessed St. Columb, in his 'Hours and Meditations'—'Sus tranquillus bibit lactem,' our venerable Malachi used to observe, giving a wicked wink with the eye of him the while, in sly allusion to Brian the Mighty himself. Old Jack Dawson, the blacksmith, is in luck again, and, by means of a rather nastier job than usual, he has doubled, nay quadrupled, his hitherto enormous wealth.

"It appears that Dawson's time, during his late visit to England, was passed, while not at Buckingham Palace, or *elsewhere*, in the smiddy of a somewhat blockish blacksmith, who has been unfortunate in business, and with whom Dawson discovered an infinite fund of fellow-feeling. This man and his family came out in the same ship with him; he was a great deal in their company at Palmerston, and finally he established them in business at Port Romilly, a place at which he had bought up every available acre of land, in anticipation of what has happened.

"He had bought up every piece of land but the right one, it appears. The smith Burton made the discovery, and determined on his plan for swindling the colony, and in gratitude for favours received, offered Dawson half the plunder. Dawson, with true squatter meanness, accepted it.

"The short and the long of it is, that this man has discovered in Port Romilly a mountain, calculated to be sixteen times as big as Slieve Donad, and fourteen times as ugly as the Protestant cathedral, of solid copper from top to bottom, and he and old Dawson have bought the whole thing for an old song. The affair is about as ugly a looking thing as we have seen for a long time, and, if we mistake not, Dawson will be called on, in his place in the Upper House, to give certain personal explanations; but, nevertheless, there are some considerations of a pleasant nature associated with it. In future, not only shall we supply the manufacturers of Yorkshire with the fleecy spoils of the merino of Spain—or even, in time, the yet more priceless wools sheared from the back of the llama of Thibet—but the copper-smelting trade of South Wales will receive a new impetus by our enormous exports of copper, and London may yet see with envy, Swansea, a mightier metropolis than herself, arise on the shores of the Bristol Channel — a metropolis nearer to, and more influenced by, the irradiating centre of human thought at Dublin."

Mr. O'Ryan was terribly angry at this article. He swore that, if O'Callaghan ever dared to write another article without having it looked over by a competent authority, he would start another Radical paper himself. Words passed between the two gentlemen, and, if it had not been for Miss Burke, they would have fought what O'Callaghan called a "jule" about it. The *Sentinel* got hold of the "llama of Thibet," and made great fun of it, and the *Mohawk* was getting the worst of the fight, when the eagle eye of Mr. O'Ryan caught the quotation from Athenæus about the ancient Carians, and the more he looked at it the less he liked it. There might have been a building at Corinth recently disinterred, but he thought the quotation from Athenæus was the

weak place after all. He had the gravest scholastic suspicion of it. The Sisipheum at Corinth looked queer, very queer, although he knew that that gentleman was connected with the town; but this looked queerer still. The question was, was there such a thing as an Athenæus in the colony? The Roman Catholic bishop, on being appealed to, had not one, but he was good enough to step round to his Anglican brother, who, to his great delight, had one. O'Ryan carried it off to the *Mohawk* office in triumph. By three o'clock in the morning the first classical gentleman was in a position to report that there was no such passage whatever in the whole book. The next moment O'Callaghan hurriedly drained a tumbler of whiskey-punch, seized his pen, and rushed to his desk with a snarl like an angry tiger. By daybreak he had sent his copy downstairs, and had walked out into the fresh morning air. The most polite term applied to the quotation from Athenæus was "scoundrelly forgery;" and the quarrel between the two papers continued for a long while, until, in fact, something happened which gave the colony something else to think of with a vengeance. It was the discovery of gold in New South Wales. But we shall have occasion to discourse of this presently.

The real truth about the discovery of the Burnt Hut copper-mine can be told very shortly. It was Trevittick's doing from beginning to end. He had been brought up a miner, or rather a mining-blacksmith. His father had been captain of a mine; and mining details, and mining speculations, had been familiar to him from his youth. In addition to this he had acquired, what his father possibly had not, a tolerable working knowledge of geology; and, having got himself up in that science and in working mechanics, not to mention a little mathematics, he, by way of bringing his science to bear, came to London—and shoed omnibus horses. By the curious accident of the man's getting so far attached to us as to follow us to Australia, his knowledge was brought to bear in a most singular way. At the first glimpse of the dolomite wall, he tells me, he began to get restless, and then (not to be tedious) he noticed the fact that all the various formations tended towards one point, Cape Wilberforce, and, when he neared that, he saw that it was nothing more than a great trap-dyke. After this, he says, if he had found a mountain of solid gold, he would not have been surprised.

Trevittick had a poor nose for gold. Those who have been in at the most glorious sport in the world—gold-hunting—may laugh at him. But he had a nose like a beagle for metals of some sort or another. He would have died sooner than break into a day's work; and hence came his Sunday rambles, and the self-accusatory frame of mind which I described in the last chapter, and which I at the time mistook for madness. Most people who have any brains, any power of original thought whatever, get more or less perplexed and illogical when the necessity comes upon them for breaking through old settled rules, hitherto considered as necessary to the scheme of the universe. I remember well the annoyance, vexation, and sulkiness, produced on a young Oxford gentleman who came to us at Port Romilly by the loss of an irreplaceable tooth-brush in the bush. He went so far as to refuse his breakfast. (He got over it by dinner-time, but he was a man of singular strength of character.) Now, if a highly-educated Oxford gentleman finds his balance so far disturbed by the loss of his tooth-brush, and by the utter impossibility (he not being a Frenchman) of using anybody else's, how can we wonder at Trevittick, the first article of whose creed was a strict observance of what he chose to call the Sunday and Sabbath, being thrown off his balance by his being forced into a desecration of that sacred day?

He says that he was a long while before he got any indications whatever of either copper or lead. He was afraid to dig, and used only to prospect by chipping the rocks with a hammer. He had, however, many supernatural indications of the place made to him, but

was too stupid to attend to them. Once a magpie had met him, and tried to make him follow it towards the place. Another time, on going over the place, his attention was called to it by a large black snake, which was actually coiled up on it; but, in his blindness and hardness of heart, he had killed the poor innocent creature, as he called this horribly venomous reptile, and so the truth was still kept from him. At last, one day, coming through a wood hard by, he had met a grey doe kangaroo, with her little one; she had skipped along, about fifty yards before him, beckoning to him to follow; he followed, and they led him to the Burnt Hut lot, and stopped when they came to the rock. Then the little one, the "Joey," had opened its mother's pouch and got in, and the mother skipped away with it and looked round no more. It was such a beautiful sight, he said, that he blessed the two pretty beasts in his heart; and instantly light was vouchsafed him. What he had hitherto taken to be lichen on the rocks he now perceived to be green carbonate of copper.

He announced the discovery to my father at once, who had a terrible time with him. My father got it into his head that his duty forced him to reveal the secret to Mr. Dawson. This, in Trevittick's mind, was sheer and absolute ruin. He was firmly assured that Mr. Dawson would bid over their heads, and that all their bright prospects would vanish for ever. My father knew Mr. Dawson better. He talked over Trevittick, who sulkily acquiesced. Mr. Dawson was not unprepared for the result; he himself was aware of the existence of copper on some land of his own not a mile distant, and at once not only refused to compete with my father, but offered to advance him money to make the purchase. After a generous contest between these uneducated gentlemen, it was decided that they were to share the land between them.

What between Trevittick's distrust of Mr. Dawson and his dread of the discovery leaking out, he was pretty nearly out of his mind during the interval which elapsed before the land-sale. The moment it was over, his mind recovered its usual tone, and, although he used to tell, and firmly believe, such stories as that about the kangaroo, yet he confined this midsummer madness of his entirely to ghostly matters, and, as far as practical matters were concerned, was as shrewd and clever a manager as one could wish to have.

The Burnt Hut Copper Mining Company, consisted (ideally) of 2,000 shareholders, at 5*l.* per share. Of these shares, 1,000 were held by my father, 250 by Trevittick, and 250 by myself. The other 500 shares, being thrown into the market, produced 2,500*l.* which was every farthing of working capital we started with. Trevittick raised 6,000 tons of ore in nine months, the net value of which was 72,000*l.*; cost of working under 20,000*l.*; and this 20,000*l.* was in the main spent in prospective works, for, as for the copper, it was simply quarried for the first two years. "We shall do better next year, gentlemen," said Trevittick to the meeting of the shareholders, when shares had gone up from 5*l.* to 150*l.* in the market, and yet most of them held on like "grim death." "When I get into the ten-fathom level, gentlemen, we shall double all this, unless I am mistaken."

He did in fact so double it, but the depreciation of the cost of copper in Europe, and another circumstance—to which I shall immediately allude by itself, as it has much to do with the web of the story—about counterbalanced the improvement in quantity. Counting from the commencement to the present time, the income we have enjoyed from the mine may be put, taking one year with another, as 17,000*l.* a year to my father, and about 8,000*l.* a year to Trevittick and myself. The first thing Trevittick did with his money was to build a brick chapel in one of the main thoroughfares of Palmerston—so large, so red, and so ugly, that, say the wags, the Governor's horses shied at it, and pitched Lady Bostock into the fishmonger's shop.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE LAST OF THE FORGE.

AND so my father had struck his last stroke at the anvil for ever. One seldom feels joy at times of excitement. Johnson says, and sticks to it, that no man is ever happy but when he is drunk. Without going so far as that, one may say that happiness is mainly prospective and retrospective. How often can one remember to have said, "How happy I *am*," since childhood. *Then* I have been so happy that I could not eat. I particularly remember one summer Sunday that my father had helped me to the brown outside of the roast beef—my favourite piece—but that I was so happy in my anticipation of the afternoon's delight that I couldn't eat it, and carried it out with me in a paper. I know that this first burst of good fortune is not one of the times I look back on in life as the pleasantest; the disturbance of old habits was too great. For one thing, all the children had to be sent off to boarding-school at Pitt, sixty miles away. Our Fred ran away the first month, and, after incredible adventures, was brought home by the blacks. The parting was a very sad business indeed; and my mother, in the heat of her feelings, boldly wished all the money at the deuce. Yes, there was a still, sad house that evening; and I, coming across from my house in the twilight to see the dear old folks, found that they had wandered hand in hand into the forge, and were sitting there on a bench, side by side, silent.

I tried to slip away; but they had seen me, and made me come in and sit beside them. I felt a great disinclination to speak, and I was glad that my father spoke first.

"Come in to us, old chap," he said; "we've got *you* left anyhow. This won't make no difference in *you*; you're always the same, that's one comfort."

"Why, take and drat your money, I say," said my mother, angrily; "God forgive me if I don't wish the hard times back again; we could see one another's faces then. Old man, the weariest day I ever had in my life has been this one, when we have just come into more money than we know what to do with. It's hard enough, in all conscience, that Martha and me are to be reduced to keeping servants, and not allowed to touch so much as a carpet broom; but it's harder to have my children took away just now when I am getting a bit stiff in the joints. You'll never make a lady of me—not if you was to give me a crown and sceptre, you wouldn't: and a pretty sort of a gentleman *you'll* make, old man. Why, if our boys, as are going to be brought up gentlemen, were like any other boys, they'd be ashamed on you. They *won't;* but that's luck."

"Well, and that's the best luck going, old woman," said my father. "What's the good of hollering out after it's all happened. You and me aint got no call to show. Nobody need know anythink about us; we shall be able to go on much as usual, I reckon."

"You're never the same man when you aint at work, old chap," said my mother; "and, as for me, think what my feelings will be to have to sit by and see an awkward slut of a girl messing through the work that I could do so much better myself. And Jim's wife, Martha, too? Look at that girl's charing; why *I* never see anything like it, with the exception of Mrs. Chittle, who chared Park Villa at the end of a fortnight, nursing two. Take that girl away from her soap and brush, and she'll peak and pine away, if she's the girl I take her for: which she is."

"Well, she don't want to do much charing just now, old woman," growled my father.

"No, but she'll want to after a bit again," said my mother. "In about six weeks she'll have the old feeling come on her strong; and, mark my words, them as thwarts her thwarts her."

"You'd better have a saucepan and a bit of sandpaper took up to her in bed then," said my father. "Let her polish away at that."

This was undoubtedly a flagrant violation of my mother's rights as a woman; she wouldn't have stood it from the doctor himself. My father was making fun about subjects of which he was (officially) supposed to be utterly and entirely ignorant. His being the father of nine was nothing. He had shown a tendency to trifle with a subject which no woman worthy of the name will allow to be trifled with by a man for one instant. My mother came down on him.

"It would have have been as well, perhaps," she said, loftily, "if Mrs. Jim Holmes had not been thwarted in her wish to go to Wandsworth fair; at least so Mrs. Quickly, an experienced woman, whom I am far from upholding in all things, is of opinion. *She* considers that *that* was the cause of her threatening to chuck the twins out of winder. I would not venture to give my own opinion on any account whatever. Men, you see, have sources of information which are denied to us."

My mother tried to keep her dignity. It would have helped her amazingly had she been able, but she couldn't. She burst out laughing, and my father and I followed suit. My mother, in the feeble attempt to preserve her dignity, swept out of the forge, and left my father and me alone.

"Cut a nut through and you'll come to the meat," said my father. "Let her talk long enough, and you'll find out her goodness. Well, here's the forge fire out for good and all, and you and me as rich as marquises. This is the last night that you and me will sit together on the forge, old man. We have got the wealth of gentlefolks. I shall never get their manners, but you may. Fetch a candle and read me this here letter. It's from Jack Martin, who is making his fortune on the Sydney side, with the gold. He seems to have repented of his treatment of me, but not of his bad writing. Read it out."

I saw that his fancy was to sit in the shop that night for the last time, and I fetched a candle and read the letter out. I hated Jack Martin. I thought him a worthless, selfish man; but my father's goodness had reflected itself on him; and he was conscious of the injury he had once done my father, and wished to atone for it.

It was dated from Canadian Gully, Ballarat. He had cleared three thousand pounds there, and earnestly pressed us to come. He entered into details; and his letter was so far important that it was the first reliable intelligence which we had had from the Port Philip goldfields; and, as a matter of curiosity, the next time I wrote to Erne Hillyar, I sent it to him.

CHAPTER LIX.

ERNE GOES ON HIS ADVENTURES.

About a fortnight after this the most astonishing accounts from Bendigo appeared in both the *Sentinel* and the *Mohawk*. Three tons of gold had been taken down to Melbourne by the fortnightly escort, and two tons remained in camp for want of carriage.[1] But this, according to the *Mohawk*, was nothing at all to Lake Omeo, in the Australian Alps. In an article in which Malachi's collar was duly thrown in the teeth of the low-browed Saxon, the goldfields of Lake Omeo were allowed to surpass the auriferous deposits of the Wicklow mountains, in their palmy times, before trade was paralysed, and enterprise was checked, by the arrival of the beastly Dutchman. And really the most astonishing reports of this place seemed to have reached Melbourne from various quarters. The black sand, containing small emeralds and rubies, would yield sixty per cent. of pure tin: it was ten and twelve feet thick, and at the bottom of it, in the crannies of the rock, a pound weight of gold had been washed out of a panful. I was still thinking of these extraordinary accounts when Erne came slinging along the road and jumped off his horse at my side.

I thought he had come over to see the works, which were now progressing nobly, but he soon undeceived me.

[1] Fact.

"Well," he said; "I've done it!"

"Done what?"

"I've cut the bush. I'm sick of it. The place is unbearable since your cousin Samuel has given up coming there; he was the only person worth speaking to. I've read all the books. I'm sick of the smell of sheep; I'm sick of the sight of a saddle; I am, oh! so utterly sick of those long, grey plains. I am sick of being kissed by old Quickly behind the door when she's drunk: I should have had that cap of hers off her head and chucked it on the fire if I had stayed much longer. And now Clayton is getting sulky at the goings on, as well he may; and so I have come off, and am going to Lake Omeo."

"Think before you do that, my dear Erne."

"I want adventure, excitement, movement of some kind. If I stayed there, moping about Emma much longer, I should go mad. I shall never forget her *there*. Come with me, old fellow. You are rich enough to do as you like now; come with me."

I don't think I was ever more tempted in my life. It would have been such a glorious adventure, with him. It would have been the finest adventure we had ever had together; but I had to set my teeth, and say "No." There was some one expected, and I couldn't leave my wife.

He was very much disappointed, but did not say another word. He was perfectly bent on going. I knew his romantic impulsiveness of old, and was aware that nothing would turn him.

Trevittick had listened to our conversation and had left us. Tom Williams very soon came up and joined us.

"My eye!" he said, "don't it make your mouth water. Take me with you, Mr. Erne. You and I were always favourites together. Come, let us go."

"Oh, do come, old fellow," said Erne. "Do let me have one face with me in this adventure that I know and like as well as yours. Oh, do come, and we will go through it all together to the end. Next to Jim here, I would have chosen you among all men to be my friend and brother in this quest. How glorious the life, the motion, the novelty, the crowds of strange faces will be! What will be the end of it? Where shall we find ourselves at last? Hurrah for the cool, brisk South; and good-bye to these hot, melancholy forests. Give me your hand, my boy. We are vowed to one another henceforward.

'It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the happy isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.'"

I cast a look of gratitude at Tom Williams. "But," I said, "what will Trevittick say?"

"Trevittick," growled that gentleman, behind me, "will say just what he told Tom Williams just now. That, if he sees that young gentleman go out alone, without one single friend, into the terrible scenes and places he will have to encounter, he never needn't trouble himself to speak to me no more: and so I tell him."

And so these two went together. The *Wainoora*, the steamer by which they went, sailed one summer morn at daybreak southward to Palmerston and Melbourne. His last words to me were, "Tell her that I am the same to her till death." I went up, on to the highest point of the cape, high above the town, and watched the little steamer, steady and true in her course as a star, traversing the great purple rollers of the Indian Ocean, which broke on the coast under her lee in far-heard thunders. Her screw raised a little thread of foam in her wake, and her funnel left a haze of smoke aloft, which travelled with her, for the wind was fair. I watched her round Cape Windham, and then she was gone, and Erne was gone with her. I turned wearily, with a sigh, and looked northward. Nothing there but the old endless succession of melancholy forest capes, fringed with silver surf; aloft, lazily-floating clouds. They would have a fair passage.

"And so your sister has drove him to the diggings at last, has she?" said a voice behind me. "I guessed she would, all along. She has used him

shameful. I wouldn't have cared if it had been only Bendigo, or Ballarat, or the Avoca; but he is going to Omeo; and Omeo and the Buckland are death to such as he. I hope you kissed him when you said good-bye, for you'll none of you see him any more. And a nice mess you've made of it among you."

It was my cousin Samuel, who had crept up behind me. And I turned sternly on him, and asked him what he meant.

"What I say. That sister of yours, with her high-faluting balderdash, has driven that young man out of his mind. I am a poor fallen, wicked old man; but that Erne Hillyar is such a pure, simple, high-souled gentleman, that at times he has made me waver in my purpose, and feel inclined to do what I won't do unless that fellow pushes me too far. He wants brains, maybe; so do you; but he is the first man I have met for twenty years who, knowing everything, has treated me as an equal. I never met such a fine lad in my life. He has quietly made me ashamed of my old habits, and is the first man who has given me hopes for the future. But he ain't good enough for your sister. And she has sent him south to die."

The sun was bright overhead, and the summer wind was whispering gently among the heathers and Hakeas around, and yet it seemed to grow dark, and the wind to get chill, as my cousin left me with these words. He passed slowly down the hill towards his estate, and, entering the wood behind his house, disappeared, and left me to my thoughts.

CHAPTER LX.

JAMES OXTON GOES OUT, AND WIDOW NORTH COMES IN.

JAMES Oxton splashed and floundered through two more sessions after Erne's first arrival in the colony. Sometimes he was up to his knees, sometimes up to his middle; sometimes the enemy said that he was over his head, and that there was the finish and end of the man, body and bones, and high time too. But, no. On questions of great public utility, his personal prestige, combined with the good sense of the House, and possibly the putting to work of some parliamentary tactics, was still sufficient to carry him through, and James Oxton managed to follow each Opposition victory by a greater one of his own; and so, although sick of the business altogether, he held on manfully. He was loth to see the work of twenty years, as he thought, ruined.

At last the advanced party brought in a land bill of their own, and lost it by only three votes, including the speaker. It became necessary for James Oxton to "go to the country." His Excellency, being a wise Excellency, and therefore unwilling to do what he had the power to do if he chose—to keep in a favourite minister and dear friend against the wishes of the colony—complied with a heavy heart with James Oxton's request. He dissolved the Assembly, and sent James Oxton to the country. The country very properly sent him back again with eight votes less than he came with.

The question is much more easily understandable than the Schleswig-Holstein one, which has come by a rather queer solution, as, "There are more dogs than cats, and therefore the cats must all turn dogs at their peril." The question on which James Oxton came by what the *Mohawk* called his "downfall" was by no means of a European complexity. In fact, colonial politics are *not* difficult to master, for the simple reason that there are seldom more than two interests at work at the same time, and that those two interests do so jam, pound, and pummel one another, that, although logic, nay, sometimes, as in England at hot moments, even grammar, may suffer; yet those two interests between them, generally "ventilate" the question most thoroughly; and, to use a thoroughly Mohawkian catachresis, look over one another's cards, and see which way the cat is going to jump.

The great export of the country was wool. The foundation of its present

prosperity was wool. To grow wool with success enormous tracts must be under the control of one single man. A wool-grower must have 30,000 acres at least under his sole command, and then on the best of country he could not safely venture on more than 9,000 sheep; for he might have his run swept by a fire any January night, and be forced to hurry his sheep down to the boiling-house. Now the small farmers, contemptuously called "cockatoos," were the fathers of fire, the inventors of scab, the seducers of bush-hands for hay-making and harvesting, the interlopers on the wool-growers' grass with their cattle and horses. James Oxton, a "squatter," a wool-grower among wool-growers, had argued thus, and had unworthily blinded himself so far as to legislate for his own class.

In order to prevent the acquisition of land by the labouring classes, he had rigorously resisted every attempt to alter the old land laws. The upset price was one pound an acre, payable at once. Any one could demand and get a special survey of not less than 5,000 acres at that price without competition, by which mischievous regulation large tracts of the very best land were in the hands of great capitalists. His own estate, "The Bend," was one of these special surveys, and had increased in value from 5,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* And lastly, the quantity of land thrown into the market was exceedingly limited. In this way, using the money raised by the land sales to assist emigrants, he was creating a lower class, and depressing the price of labour by denying them land.

The Radicals had brought in a bill demanding the right of selection of lots as small as eighty acres, and three years' credit in paying for it. This was too liberal, and, in spite of the furious warwhoops of Mr. O'Callaghan, was rejected, Government having a majority of three.

Had James Oxton, even after the loss of eight votes by the dissolution, brought in a moderate measure of his own, all would have gone well. But, he refusing to move in the matter at all, and there being undoubtedly a strong necessity to attend to the cry of "unlock the lands," the Radicals brought in their bill, a more moderate one than the last. The House accepted it by a majority of eleven against the Government, and James Oxton, the moment after the division, announced his resignation amidst the most profound silence.

Though the *Mohawk* said next morning that the brazen head of James Oxton had been found, like that of Lord Bacon, to have feet of clay, and that when it had done rolling in the dust the oppression of seventeen years was revenged at last; yet still, now it was done, every one was a little bit frightened. The Secretary was so good, and big, and so calm, and had governed the colony so well. And Mr. O'Ryan had formerly made no secret of his intentions. People remembered the programme which he had offered the country five years before, when power had been beyond his grasp; he had concealed his wicked principles lately, but that was his artfulness. *They* remembered manhood suffrage and separation from the mother-country. Moderate people began to think they had got into a scrape; but there was Mr. O'Ryan at Government House, and the list would be out that evening.

And, when the list did come out, things did not look much better. There was not an English or a Scotch name in it. The Radical party was officered almost entirely by Irishmen, and the Irishmen had taken care of themselves to the exclusion of the other two nations. Ministers in the House—O'Ryan, secretary; Murphy, education; Moriarty, trade; and so on. And where was Dempsey? Not in the list at all, but concocting some malignant conspiracy in the background; which was even more dreadful to imaginative people than if the destinies of the community had been handed over altogether to the tender mercies of that red-handed rebel. And the inferior appointments too! Rory O'More, Barney Brallagan, and so on! And did anybody ever hear of

such a measure as appointing old Lesbia Burke post-master general?

"O'Ryan must suddenly have gone mad, my dear Mr. Burton," said the pretty and clever little widow, Mrs. North, to our old friend Joe, as they sat on a sofa, side by side, reading the lists together, with their heads very nearly touching.

Joe, now the prosperous and wealthy Mr. Burton, had been elected for North Palmerston at the last election, and the night before had spoken for the first time. He had spoken so wisely and so well as to command the greatest attention and respect. He had counselled moderation on both sides, and the style of his speech pointed him out at once as a man of the very highest class.

The place where they were sitting was Mrs. Oxton's drawing-room; the time twilight. Emma and Mrs. Oxton had gone to the opera, and the Secretary was shouting at play with his boy at the other end of the garden. They were alone.

"O'Ryan must suddenly have gone mad, my dear Mr. Burton."

"Not the least, my dear madam. He only wanted to avoid the fate of Actæon. He would have been torn to pieces by his following, if he hadn't placed every one possible. You see Dempsey has refused office, to leave one more place vacant and satisfy one more claimant; and, as it is, there must be two or three dozen unsatisfied. He has done the best he can."

"He is a man of great ability," said the widow.

"A first-rate man, if he had some one to keep him quiet, to let him talk and prevent his going too far in action; the second man in the colony."

"I know who promises to be the third," said the widow, very quietly.

Joe blushed and laughed. "What a really beautiful face he has," said the widow to herself. "What a pity it is about his poor dear back."

"You spoke so splendidly last night," she went on. "If you could only have heard what Mr. Oxton said!"

"I would sooner hear what *you* said."

"It was so noble of you to acknowledge that you had modified your opinions, and that there were many things on which you differed from the Secretary, and then to make that *résumé* of his services to the colony; such a glorious panegyric. I clasped my hands together with excitement as you went on."

"I live with one object," said Joe; "and you are worthy to know of it; you are worthy to share my secret. I dread the effects of faction on this colony. This colony must be governed by a great coalition between James Oxton and Phelim of Ryan, and I am the man to bring that about."

The widow *thought*, "Well, you have a tolerable amount of assurance, if that is any recommendation. Is there anything else you would like?" But she *said* rapturously, "What a magnificent and statesmanlike idea. Oh, the day you bring about that result, I will retire to my *boudoir* and weep for joy!"

"Do *you* wish me success?" exclaimed Joe, seizing her hand in his absence of mind. "Oh! if"——

"Hullo! you people," exclaimed the Secretary, who came up at this moment, "is that the *Sentinel?* Is the list out? Let us look."

Both the widow and Joe got excessively red, but perhaps the Secretary didn't notice it. At all events he did not say anything.

"Only three tolerable people among the lot. Old Lesbia Burke is the best man among them, when all is said and done."

"But what an absurd thing to do; to appoint a woman," bridled the widow. "It is so—so improper."

"It's rather a cool precedent, certainly; but, as for Lesbia, the dear old girl would command a frigate, or take a regiment into action, if you gave her a month's training."

"Well, she is a kind body, and I wish her well," said the good-natured little widow. Every one had a kind word for Miss Burke.

"Shall you think me a brute," said the Secretary, "if I leave you here

with Burton, and step into town to the club and hear the news? I ought to show to day, or they will think I am crying."

"Oh, do go, my dear creature. Don't, for heaven's sake, let them think you feel it. Mr. Burton and I will sit here and play *eucre,* and abuse the new ministers. We are getting very fond of one another." And so the Secretary went.

CHAPTER LXI.

TOO LATE! TOO LATE!

THE widow and Joe had some half-hour's flirtation before the Secretary returned. He had been much less time than they expected, and looked very grave. "Burton," he said, "I want to speak to you."

Joe went into another room with him. "I have heard grave news, I am sorry to say," continued he, "which affects a mutual friend of ours, and, as I have long suspected, a very dear one of your sister's. The Melbourne papers have just come in; read this."

Joe with dismay read the following:—

"The unfortunate Omeo business is "assuming very tragical proportions, and "Government will have to take imme-"diate measures to see if any of the "poor fellows are still, by any possi-"bility, alive. We said, last week, that "provisions were at famine prices, and "utterly deficient in quantity; since "then, the miserable diggers have taken "the only measure left open to them. "They have fled, most of them towards "the Ovens, 160 miles through a "nearly unknown and quite uninhabited "country, without provisions. Such "troopers as have been sent out to seek "for them have come back with the "most terrible stories. Trooper O'Reilly "found no less than eight dead together "on the Milta Milta in once place. One "thing is perfectly certain; two hundred "famine-stricken wretches have left the "Omeo, and only nine have reached "Beechworth by Snake Valley, while "eleven have turned up at the Nine "Mile Creek on the Sydney Road. In "this most lamentable and unhappy "business, we can blame no one. There "was gold there, for Trooper O'Reilly "took 130 ounces from the bodies of "the unfortunates—which bodies, after "securing such papers as would lead to "their identification, he had to leave to "the tender mercies of the eagle-hawks "and wild dogs, and all the other name-"less horrors of which it appalls us to "think. To the relatives of those men "who are known to have left the lake "westwardly, and whose names we give "here, we would say, 'If those you love "are not among the twenty men who "have come back, give up hope. We are "kind, while we seem cruel. Give up "hope. Those you love are at rest by "now.'"

Joe looked up with a scared face, for neither Erne's name nor Tom Williams's name was in the list. He read them through once more in the wild hope that they were there, and he had missed them; once more to feel to the full the realization of the agony he felt at their absence. We must have a fruition of pain as of pleasure, or we gain no relief. When your child died, sir, why did you go and look into the coffin?

"I am guilty of this man's blood," he said. "I stand here before you, as the murderer of Erne Hillyar, in the sight of God."

"My good fellow," said the Secretary, "don't be rhetorical. Don't use that inflated style of speech, which may be useful enough in the House; in common life, it's a bad habit. What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean every word I say. I wish your taunt was true, but it is not. I know now that my sister Emma loved him, and would have married him, but that she refused to leave me, because my hideous infirmity would render domestic life—I mean married domestic life—an impossibility. She devoted herself to me, and refused him. And he, caring nothing for life, has gone to that miserable God-forgotten desert, and has died there. I saw her doing all this, and in my wretched selfishness let

her do it, and said not one word. Call me coward, knave, selfish villain, what you will, but don't taunt me with rhetorical flourishes. I am Erne Hillyar's murderer."

The Secretary looked exeeedingly grave. Seventeen years, passed partly in money-making, and partly in official life, had not deadened the sentimental part of him one bit; he still hated to inflict pain; but he had learned to say a hard word, when he thought that word was deserved, and when it did not interfere with any political combination. The sentimental third of his soul was enlisted on Emma's side most entirely since Joe's explanation; he bore very hard on Joe, and was angry with him.

"You have been much to blame," he said, and would have gone on, but there was a crackling of wheels on the gravel, and he paused. "Keep it from her," he said hurriedly. "This may not be true. Keep the papers from her. They are coming. If it is true, let her hear it from my wife."

They went quickly into the next room to join Mrs. North, and immediately after Mrs. Oxton and Emma came in. Both were changed since we made their acquaintance a few years ago. Mrs. Oxton had faded rapidly, like most Australian beauties, and there was nothing left of the once splendid *ensemble* but the eyes and the teeth; they were as brilliant as ever; but her complexion was faded into a sickly yellow, and her beauty had to take its chance without any assistance from colour, which was a hard trial for it, to which it had somewhat succumbed. Still, she had gained a weary and altogether loveable expression, which was, perhaps, more charming than her old splendid beauty. Emma also was very much changed.

She had always been what some call "young of her age." She had been a long while in developing, but now she had developed into a most magnificent woman. The old, soft, and childish roundness of her face was gone, and out of it there had come, as it were, the ideal of the soul within—gentle, patient—of a soul that had suffered, and would endure. Her look was one of continual and perfect repose; and yet, now that the face was more defined, those who knew her best could see how clearly and decisively the mouth and chin were cut; one could see now how it was that she could not only endure, but act.

She was tall, but not so tall as her mother. Her carriage was very easy and graceful, though very deliberate.

During her residence in Palmerston she had taken care to watch the best people, and was quite clever enough to copy their manners without caricaturing them, which is being very clever indeed. This evening she was dressed in white crape, with a scarlet opera-cloak; her wreath was of dark red Kennedya, and she had a considerable number of diamonds on her bosom, though no other jewels whatever. Altogether she was a most imperial-looking person, and deserved certainly what she had had that night—the attention of the whole theatre.

"I am so sorry you did not go with us, Mrs. North," she said in her quiet old voice, not altered one bit. "Catherine Hayes has been singing more divinely than ever. My dear brother, you have lost something. Will you come home now?"

"I cannot let you go till you have had supper, my love," put in Mrs. Oxton; and Emma willingly assented, and talked pleasantly about the opera, until they came into the light of the dining-room. After she had seen Joe's face she was quite silent.

They drove home, and the instant they were alone in their house she spoke. "My own brother, I have not spelt at your face for so many years without being able to read it; but there is a look in it to-night which I have never seen there before. Something terrible has happened."

Joe remained silent.

"Is Erne dead?"

Joe tried to speak, but only burst into tears.

"I can bear it, dear, if you tell me quickly—at least, I think I can bear it, or I will try, God help me! Only tell me quickly."

"There is no certainty. There is a list published, and his name is not there. That is all."

"Have you got the paper?"

"Yes."

"I must see it, or I shall die. I must know the worst, or I shall die. I must see that paper."

Joseph was forced to give it to her, and she read it quickly through. Then she sat down on a chair, and began rocking her body to and fro. Once, after a long time, she turned a face on Joseph which frightened him, and said, "Eagle-hawks and wild dogs," but she resumed her rocking to and fro once more. At last she said, "Go to bed, dear, and leave me alone with God." And to bed he went; and, as he saw her last, she was still sitting there, with her bouquet and her fan in her lap, and the diamonds on her bosom flashing to and fro before the fire, but tearless and silent.

She in her white crape and diamonds, and Erne lying solitary in the bush, with the eagle-hawks and wild dogs riving and tearing at his corpse. It had come to this, then!

Why had Joe brought away the old sampler he had found in the great room at Chelsea, the sampler of the poor Hillyar girl, and hung it up over the fireplace in the drawing-room? What strange, unconscious cruelty! In her solitary, agonized working to and fro on that miserable night, never impatient or wild, but ah! so weary; that old sampler was before her, and her tearless eyes kept fixing themselves upon it, till the words, at first mere shreds of faded worsted, began to have a meaning for her which they never had before. That poor crippled Hillyar girl, she thought, had stitched those words on the canvas two hundred years agone, that they might hang before her on this terrible night; before her who might have borne the dear name of Hillyar, but who had driven her kinsman to his death by her obstinacy, hung there by her crippled brother, for whose sake she had refused this gallant young Hillyar, who had wooed her so faithfully and so truly.

"Why were the Hillyars and the Burtons ever allowed to meet," she asked herself, "if nothing but misery is to come of their meeting? He said once, when we were children, that our house was an unlucky one to the Hillyars. He spoke truth, dear saint. Let me go to him—let me go to him!"

So her diamonds went flashing to and fro before the fire, till the fire grew dim, till the ashes grew dead and cold, and the centipedes, coming back from under the fender to seek for the logs which had been their homes, found them burnt up and gone, and rowed themselves into crannies in the brickwork, to wait for better times.

Yet as the morn grew chill she sat, with her diamonds, and her fan, and her bouquet; with the old sampler over the chimneypiece before her, reading it aloud—

> "Weep not, sweet friends, my early doom,
> Lay not fresh flowers upon my tomb;
> But elder sour and briony,
> And yew-bough broken from the tree."

"Let me go to him! Dead—alone in the bush, with the eagle-hawks and wild dogs! Let me go to him!"

CHAPTER LXII.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

All this time there was a Sir George Hillyar somewhere. But where? That is a question which will never be answered with any accuracy, even were it worth answering. What an utterly dissipated and utterly desperate man does with himself in London I do not know; at least, I am unacquainted with the details, and, even were I not, I should hesitate to write them down. No decent house would allow my book to lie on the drawing-room table if I dared put in a tale what one reads every day in the police reports of the newspapers.

One thing Mr. Compton found out very easily: all his letters bore the London post-mark. Mr. Compton could not make it out. Why did he not come home? Why did he not show? Was

he a defaulter, or had he made another engagement, and didn't dare to face his wife? The old man suspected the latter was the case, and there is every reason to believe that he was right.

Reuben saw him sometimes; but he never told any one. Their appointments were always made at Chelsea. Reuben found that Sir George's practice of creeping into the old house had become habitual, and he taxed him with it; and so by degrees he discovered this—that Sir George had discovered that this was one of Samuel Burton's former haunts, and that he had conceived an idea that he would somehow or another return there. This notion, originally well founded, seemed to have grown into a craze with the unhappy man, from certain words which occasionally escaped him. Reuben came to the conclusion that he waited there with a view to murdering him, should he appear. He therefore held his tongue on the fact, so well known to him, that Samuel Burton was safe in Australia—the more, as Sir George never permitted him on any account whatever to share his vigil.

Enough about Sir George Hillyar for the present. I am almost sorry I ever undertook to tell such a story as the history of his life. I suppose that, even in a novel, telling the bare and honest truth must do good somehow; but at times the task felt very loathsome. I had some faint pleasure in writing about the miserable man as long as there was some element of hope in his history; but I sicken at the task now. Knowing the man and his history, I knew what my task would be from the beginning. I undertook it, and must go on with it. The only liberties I have taken with fact have been to elevate his rank somewhat, and to dwell with an eager kindness on such better points as I saw in him. But writing the life of a thoroughly ill-conditioned man, from first to last, is weary work.

But his story sets one thinking—thinking on the old, old subject of how far a man's character is influenced by education; which is *rather* a wide one. Suppose George Hillyar had been sent to Laleham instead of to Mr. Easy's, would the Doctor have done anything with him?

I declare, *à propos des bottes*, if you will, that there is a certain sort of boy with a nature so low, so sensual, so selfish, so surrounded with a case-hardened shell of impenetrable blockishness, that if you try to pierce this armour of his, and draw one drop of noble blood from the body which one supposes must exist within, you lose your temper and your time, and get frantic in the attempt. I don't say that these boys all go to the bad, but in an educational point of view they are very aggravating. If you miss them from the Sunday-school and want to see anything more of them, you will find them in Feltham Reformatory: among the upper classes the future of these boys is sometimes very different. "Now this vice's dagger has become a squire. Now he hath land and beeves."

I do not say that George Hillyar had been one of the lowest of that kind of boys; that he was not, makes the only interest in his history. But we have nearly done with him. It will be a somewhat pleasanter task to follow once more the fortunes of his quaint little wife, and see what an extraordinary prank she took it into her head to play, and to what odd consequences that prank led.

As soon as the summer came on, and the gardeners had filled the great bare parterres all round the house with geraniums, calceolarias, lobelias, and what not, then Gerty took revenge for her winter's imprisonment, and was abroad in the garden and the woods, or on the lake, nearly all day. About this time also she began baby's education, and had lessons every morning for about five or six minutes. At this time also Mrs. Oxton began to notice to her husband that Gerty's letters were getting uncommonly silly.

"Let me look at one," said the Secretary, from his easy chair.

When he read it his brow grew clouded. "She never was so silly as this before, was she, my love?"

"Never. And why this long silence

about George? He is neglecting her. I wish she was here."

"So do I, by Jove! But she seems pretty happy, too. I can't make it out."

Old Sir George had got the works of that great clock called Stanlake into such perfect order that, once wind it up, and it would go till the works wore out. The servants were so old and so perfectly drilled that really Gerty had but little to do. Her rambles never extended beyond the estate, but were always made with immense energy, for some very trivial object. At first it was the cowslips, and then Reuben taught the boy the art of birds'-nesting, and the boy taught his mother; and so nothing would suit her but she must string eggs. However, as the summer went on, she got far less flighty. And the Secretary and his wife noticed the change in her letters, and were more easy about her.

The next winter passed in the same total seclusion as the last. Mr. Compton saw a little change for the worse in her towards the end of it. He now gathered from her conversation that she had somehow got the impression that George was gone away with Mrs. Nalder. He elicited this one day after that affectionate woman had, hearing for the first time Gerty was alone, come raging over to see her. Gerty told him that she thought it rather bold on the part of that brazen-faced creature to come and ring at the door in a brougham, and ask if she was dead, after taking away her husband from her. She did not seem angry or jealous in the least. Mr. Compton did not know, as we do, that her suspicions of Mrs. Nalder were only the product of a weak brain in a morbid state: if he had, he would have been more disturbed. But, assuming the accusation to be true, he did not half like the quiet way in which she took it. "She will become silly, if she don't mind," he said.

The summer went on, and Gerty went on in the same manner as she had done in the last. It happened that on the 17th of August Mr. Compton went and stayed with her at Stanlake, and settled a little business, to which she seemed singularly inattentive. Nay, she seemed incapable of attention. She talked to him about a book she had taken a great fancy to, "White's History of Selborne," which Reuben had introduced to the boy, and the boy to his mother; indeed, all her new impressions now came through her boy. She told him about the migration of the swallows,—how that the swifts all went to a day, were all gone by the 20th of August. Some said they went south; but some said they took their young and went under water with them, to wait till the cold, cruel winter was over, and the sun shone out once more.

This conversation made Mr. Compton very anxious. He thought she was getting very flighty, and wondered how it would end. He thought her eye was unsettled. On the evening of the 21st of August the Stanlake butler came to him, called him out from dinner, and told him that her ladyship and the young gentleman had been missing for twenty-four hours.

To be continued.

MY FRIEND.

Two days ago with dancing glancing hair,
With living lips and eyes:
Now pale, dumb, blind, she lies;
So pale, yet still so fair.

We have not left her yet, not yet alone;
But soon must leave her where
She will not miss our care,
Bone of our bone.

Weep not; O friends, we should not weep:
Our friend of friends lies full of rest;
No sorrow rankles in her breast,
Fallen fast asleep.

She sleeps below,
She wakes and laughs above:
To-day, as she walked, let us walk in love;
To-morrow follow so.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE INFLUENCE OF AN HISTORICAL IDEA.

LORD STANLEY not many weeks ago delivered a speech far more remarkable than the majority of so-called parliamentary utterances. It was an essay upon modern politics, touching upon many topics which interest statesmen and thinkers. Among many striking passages, none deserved greater attention than that in which his Lordship described his feelings as to the Italian movement. He fully recognised the fact that the Italian people desired above every other object the possession of Rome. He wished them success in the attainment of their desires. He expressed genuine sympathy with the material benefits which flowed from the progress of Italian unity, and showed plainly enough that he was not inclined to offer any opposition to the schemes of Victor Emmanuel and his people. But Lord Stanley (and this is the point worth noting) did not care to conceal that he could scarcely understand why it was that the Italian people should be prepared to run all risks in order to force their way into Rome. "If they like," was the tone of his remarks, "to pay an immense price for an old town with a venerable name, let the Italians pay their price and get their bargain; but to myself, as a calm and sensible looker-on, the bargain seems a bad one. Rome is not a good military position, and is never likely to be an important commercial city; it is certainly a little strange that a whole nation should incur the enmity of popes and emperors to get hold of a mass of old ruins."

It is no part of our purpose to discuss either the Roman question or the correctness of Lord Stanley's estimate of the worth of Rome to Italy. The tone of his criticisms, his frank avowal of inability to enter into the ideas which influence other nations, is that which is

worth at least a momentary notice. His manner of looking on this Italian question is, after all, the manner in which Englishmen, even when well-educated, look on the schemes and aspirations of foreigners. They do not "understand" the ideas which influence other nations; and thus, even when, as in many cases, they sympathize with foreign movements, they give their sympathies on grounds very different from the feelings and principles which influence the men by whom these movements are guided. When the popular vote raised to supreme power in France a man whom all England held a hair-brained adventurer, the public were taken utterly by surprise, because, in spite of Béranger's popularity, and in spite of the circumstances attending Napoleon's funeral, not one Englishman in ten thousand had understood the hold which the idea of imperialism had obtained on the minds of the French peasant proprietors. Nor is it the views of Frenchmen alone which it is hard for England to understand. Read the remarks of any newspaper on the affairs of Greece or America, or of Germany, and you will see at once that the intelligent editor avows, and almost glories in, the belief that the sentiments which sway foreign nations are incomprehensible to men of common sense. There is no reason to suppose that Englishmen are exceptionally slow in appreciating the motives which influence people unlike themselves. Germans who avow the belief that Müller was executed because Lord Russell was outwitted by Prussia are at least as ignorant; and, if the nations of the Continent to a certain extent understand each other, this arises simply from the fact that Continental nations possess to some extent a common history. For what after all constitutes, not the sole cause, but certainly one main cause of the incapacity of one nation to comprehend the feelings of another is the little attention generally paid to the influence of the ideas produced by the long course of national history. Foreigners can hardly enter into the feelings entertained by Englishmen, rightly or wrongly, towards their own aristocracy, whilst Englishmen cannot prevent themselves from attributing to the nobility of other lands the good and bad qualities of their own peerage. The Club of the Jacobins could as little see why English Liberals did not hate all aristocrats as English Whigs could understand why French peasants should burn their seigneur's château whilst country farmers felt no ill-will towards the Duke of Bedford. To explain this difference of feeling required a careful examination of the different courses taken by the history of France and England, and the different ideas and associations generated by historical differences. It is to the history of ideas and of institutions—which are, in fact, one thing from two points of view—that we must look for the solution of at least half the moral and political problems of the day. It is therefore with the greatest pleasure that we welcome a singularly able treatise on the growth and history of one great institution, which, though it has now passed away, has influenced, directly or indirectly, not only the course of events throughout Europe, but the ideas, moral, political, and social, which have swayed European history. In the Arnold Prize Essay for 1863, the full title of which we quote below,[1] Mr. Bryce has laid before the public, in a marvellously short space, and in a masterly manner, a history, not so much of the Holy Roman Empire itself, as of the ideas which the Empire embodied, and of the changing opinions and theories by which an institution which in later days seemed, and, indeed, was, a mere mass of anomalies, was kept alive.

The great historical fact learnt from even a cursory study of the annals of the Holy Roman Empire is the almost inextinguishable vitality of the impression made on the imaginations of man-

[1] Arnold Prize Essay, 1863:—The Holy Roman Empire. By James Bryce, B.A., Fellow of Oriel College. Oxford: T. & G. Shrimpton; London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

kind by the power of Rome. As early, at least, as the days of Polybius the nations of antiquity had become impressed with the notion that Rome was destined to gather together what was then the whole world in one gigantic political system. Moreover, Polybius himself, and other theorists of his day, looked upon this system as destined to a long, if not an indefinite, endurance. What the instinct of mankind had foretold while Rome was yet a "free state" was actually accomplished when Roman freedom perished, and the great world-empire of Rome became so firmly established that men came to feel that the existence of an imperial system was, as it were, a law of nature. The coronation of Charlemagne, though it inaugurated an institution in many points unlike the rule of the Cæsars, was meant to be, and seemed to the men of his age, a simple return to the natural order of things—a restoration of the great Roman Empire. The idea of that empire could not die. In the very foundation of a new order of things historical students rightly see proof of the permanence of an ancient idea. The longing for the "nomen Imperatoris," and for the social order which it typified, may be said to be at the root of the strange eagerness with which generation after generation attempted to keep alive or to restore the Empire. Even to persons brought up under modern ideas, it is possible to look upon Charles the Great as in some sense the successor to the Cæsars. What, however, would have been impossible in modern ages is a second revival of the imperial power. That Otto the Great and his successors should look upon themselves as occupying the position of Cæsar and of Augustus is certainly a strange phenomenon "The Restoration," writes Mr. Bryce, "of the Empire by Charles may be accounted for by the width of his conquests, by the peculiar connexion which already subsisted between him and the Roman Church, by his commanding personal character, by the temporary vacancy of the Byzantine throne. The causes of its revival under Otto must be sought deeper. Making every allowance for favourable incidents, there must have been some further influence at work to draw him and his successors—Saxon and Frankish kings—so far from home in pursuit of a barren crown, to lead the Italians to accept the dominion of a stranger and a barbarian, and to make the Empire itself appear through the whole middle age, not what it seems now, a gorgeous anachronism, but an institution, divine and necessary, having its foundation in the very nature and order of things."

That the Roman Empire should rise, as it were, from the grave under Charles the Great; that it should be reasserted under Otto the Great, in a state of society more dissimilar than any other that has existed to the condition of society which first gave birth to the Empire—these are facts sufficiently strange to impress even the most careless observers with wonder at the vitality of historical ideas. Yet events long subsequent to the reign of Otto give the strongest of all proofs of the resolution of mankind not to let the name of the Empire die. It is, in fact, when the Empire is materially weakest that the strength of its hold on human imaginations is seen most strongly. When, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, Henry VII. entered Italy, he possessed less material power than many of the barons of Germany. He relied on one source of strength only—the strength of his prerogative; nor did he rely on it wholly in vain. "Crossing from his Burgundian dominions with a scanty following of knights, and ascending from the Cenis upon Turin, he found his prerogative higher in men's belief, after sixty years of neglect, than it had stood under the last Hohenstaufen. The cities of Lombardy opened their gates, Milan decreed a vast subsidy, Guelf and Ghibelin exiles alike were restored, imperial vicars were appointed everywhere, supported by the Avignonese Pontiff, who dreaded the restless

"ambition of his restless neighbour "King Philip IV. Henry had the "interdict of the Church as well as "the ban of the Empire at his com-"mand." After all, his power was but the shadow of a great name.

We have pointed to three crises in the annals of the Empire as examples how, amidst all the changes of times and manners, a great institution preserved its life and its identity. For those curious in what may be called the external history of the Empire, Mr. Bryce has collected together a greater store of curious information than readers will with ease find in the pages of any other writer. But the great merit of his work, and that which gives it importance for our present purpose, lies in the skill and originality with which he traces out what may be termed the ideal history of the Empire. Ideas and institutions are, as we have before said, often almost the same thing from two different aspects. This is true of all institutions. The actual power of an English law court consists, to a great extent, in the power attributed to it through the popular ideas of the respect due to law. But what is true, in some degree, of all institutions, was true, in an infinitely greater degree, of the Holy Roman Empire. The actual, tangible material forces of the Empire were never so great as they were deemed. When turned against the free cities of Italy, they proved weaker than the resources of revolted burghers. In the height of its strength, as in the time of its weakness, the strength of the Holy Roman Empire lay in the awe with which it impressed the world. What then was the source of this awe? Mr. Bryce finds it to have depended on certain mediæval doctrines and theories which have now almost ceased to exert influence. The recollection and tradition of Roman power did much to impress upon mankind the notion that the natural state of humanity, and the only state under which civilization could flourish, was under the sway of one supreme emperor. This idea was, however, strengthened and made almost a part of mediæval religion by the notion that the universality and the unity of the Church were bound up with the universality and the unity of the Empire; or, as Mr. Bryce again and again puts it, a universal Church and a universal Empire were but two aspects of the conception of the necessary unity of the whole society of Christians. National churches and national governments were equally opposed to the mediæval desire for unity. This very desire for unity is utterly foreign to modern feelings. For, though theologians have their conventional expressions, borrowed from the language of a past age, as to the desirability of external Christian unity, probably not one ordinary Englishman in ten thousand feels it a real distress that different churches use utterly different forms of worship. If by the increase of a penny income-tax it were possible to establish one liturgy, say throughout England and Scotland, Parliament would refuse to impose the additional penny. It is even difficult for us to conceive how any desire for unity could have blinded men for many centuries to the fact that the Holy Roman Empire, with all its theoretic pretensions, was in no true sense either a continuation of the rule of the Roman Cæsars, or a bond of real political unity throughout Christendom. The difficulty is much lightened, if not entirely removed, by two considerations. The first is, that the men of the middle ages were ignorant of history to an extent hard for us to imagine. It was not only that they were ignorant of the facts of history, though their ignorance in this respect went very far—as may be seen by the curious fact that a general belief made the seven electors an original part of the imperial constitution, not two centuries after the electors obtained their powers. What was of much more consequence was the absence of what is now termed historical feeling. The Ancient History which men knew they knew wrong, transferring, in a way which at first sight seems almost irrational, mediæval ideas to the events

of Ancient History, and classical names to the institutions of the Middle Ages. If, on the one hand—as any one may learn who chooses to inspect the tapestries taken from the tent of Charles the Bold, and now stored up at Berne—mediæval imagination pictured Cæsar and his soldiers as armed after the fashion, and doubtless leading the life, of barons and their retainers, monkish chroniclers called a council of chiefs surrounded by a crowd of half-naked warriors the Senate and People of the Franks. The second consideration is, that, in an age when political principles which were as well known to the men of ancient Athens as they are to modern statesmen were all but entirely forgotten, the human mind attached an almost superstitious importance to forms. This tendency to formalism is seen in nothing more clearly than in the almost abject reverence paid to the *lex scripta*, and in the growth and power of legal fictions. Thus, while the form and name of the Roman Empire was preserved, mankind scarcely observed that all the real unity which that empire had once secured was rapidly vanishing away.

No reader will admit the force of these and other explanations of the sentiment of the middle ages who has not already learnt perhaps the most important and most neglected of the lessons that can be gained from the study of past times—the lesson, namely, that what may be called the fundamental conceptions of mankind change from age to age. Ordinary moralists, and ordinary historians, either directly deny or carelessly overlook this fact. Yet we do not believe that any person can carefully study the history of any great institution, or of any form of belief throughout the course of centuries, without arriving at conclusions which suggest great doubt as to the immutability of the belief in what sometimes appear to be self-evident truths. The "De Monarchia" of Dante is a defence of the Empire, and shows what were the arguments which influenced the greatest minds of his age. Mr. Bryce's essay tells us what some of these arguments were:—"*Monarchy is first proved the true and rightful form of government. Men's objects are best attained during universal peace. This is possible only under a monarch; and, as he is the image of the Divine unity, so man is through him made one, and brought most near to God. There must, in every system of forces, be a primum mobile; to be perfect, every organization must have a centre into which all is gathered, by which all is controlled.*" After detailing some more abstract arguments of the same kind, Mr. Bryce proceeds:—"Abstract arguments are then confirmed from history. Since the world began there has been but one period of perfect peace—that, namely, which existed at our Lord's birth, under the sceptre of Augustus. Since then the heathen have raged, and the kings of the earth have stood up together against the Lord and against his Anointed, that is the Roman Prince." The virtues of Æneas, recorded by Virgil, the favour shown by God to Numa, and the deliverance of Rome from the Gauls and from the Carthaginians, are adduced in evidence of the Divine goodwill to Rome, and therefore to the Holy Roman Empire; whilst it is shown that Christ's birth and death under Pilate gave the sanction of Heaven to the existence of the Empire, because Christian doctrine required that the Procurator should have been a lawful judge, which he was not unless Tiberius was a lawful emperor. We wish that space allowed us to give the whole of Mr. Bryce's account of the "De Monarchia;" but the quotations already given sufficiently establish the fact that reasonings which satisfied Dante would to modern minds hardly seem to deserve the name of arguments. The publication of this famous treatise marks almost the last age of the world's history in which men truly believed in the Holy Roman Empire. Mr. Bryce convincingly proves that the events which led to the Reformation, and at last the Reformation itself, destroyed the sentiments which supported the power of the Empire, and thus that, while the Holy

Roman Empire might, to outward appearance, seem more powerful than ever under Charles V., with him the time of the real imperial power passed away. The possession of powerful states gave authority to the nominal heads of the Holy Roman Empire, but the Holy Roman Empire itself ceased to be a power among men long before it was destroyed by Napoleon.

Readers curious to learn more on this subject will find in Mr. Bryce's admirable work a mass of facts collected by a writer who knows what it is to write history in a philosophic spirit. Mr. Bryce, like all men who write the histories of institutions, inevitably becomes an admirer of the institution of which he is the annalist. He points, and not without great force, to all that can be urged in favour of the Holy Roman Empire. We own, however, that he seems in our judgment greatly to underrate the evils which have been caused by its existence. There is, we think, no means of denying that the various attempts to re-invigorate or restore the Empire of Rome were not only certain to fail, but were grounded on a radical error. It may be granted that the foundation of the Empire of the Cæsars was on the whole a blessing to the mass of the human race; but it was so only because the Roman Republic had already destroyed all possibility of the existence of independent nations. It was a calamity, though probably an inevitable calamity, that when, after the barbaric invasions, Europe began gradually to split up into nations, human energy should be wasted in the attempt to compress European life within an imperial system which, could it have been founded, would, in checking the growth of national differences, have made impossible the growth of modern civilization. Moreover, the Holy Roman Empire had the defect, that, even when strongest, it never was that which it wished to appear. If the Emperor styled himself "Pacificus," it may be doubted whether the Empire did not contribute more to the wars of Europe than did any other power; and, if some ideas of the equality of all Christians were kept alive by the fact that every Christian was theoretically eligible as emperor, it must be remembered that the weakness of the imperial system enabled the feudal nobility of Germany to become the petty tyrants of their country.

To the existence of the Empire Germany and Italy alike owe, in great part, the fact of their political weakness; and it is much to be feared that the evils caused by its existence have scarcely yet ended for these nations. The Germans, at least, seem as if they could not even now quite rid themselves of the notion that Germany has a right not only to her own freedom and unity, but to something like an imperial position. At a time when the mind of the whole people ought to be turned to the preservation of their own liberties, it is turned towards every scheme for extending the area of the German Confederation. "Das Vaterland muss grösser seyn" sums up the aspirations of the whole German people, and sounds in some sort like a last faint echo of ideas connected with the greatness of the great Roman Empire.

// MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1865.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER LXIII.

GERTY'S ANABASIS.

THE first thing Mr. Compton, did on hearing of Lady Hillyar's disappearance, was to take a cab and dash off to the Nalders' in Grosvenor Place, in the wild hope that Mrs. Nalder *might* know something about Sir George Hillyar's whereabouts, and that she might enable him to communicate personally with him. The house was blazing with lights, and the carriages were flashing rapidly up to the door; but kind Nalder came down to him. Seeing no one but a gentle and mild-looking old gentleman before him, he ventured to talk his native language, which he would not have ventured to do for his life in his own drawing-room, and explained to Mr. Compton that Mrs. N. had got on a tarnation tall hop—a regular Old Tar River breakdown; and, seeing Mr. Compton was in full dress, he hoped his business would keep, and that he would jine 'em and shake a toe. Having relieved his heart by so much of the dear old prairie talk, and seeing Mr. Compton was anxious and distressed, he began to speak in diplomatic American—absolutely perfect English, slightly Frenchified in style, and spoken a little through the nose; English which, under the present presidency, seems to be going out of fashion, as Webster's English gives way to Lincoln's, and M'Clellan's to Grant's.

He was very much distressed at what Mr. Compton told him. Lady Hillyar's jealousy against Mrs. Nalder, to which he had so delicately alluded, was an old source of distress to him and his wife. As for their having any knowledge whatever of Sir George Hillyar's whereabouts, they had actually none at all; and, if he might speak without giving offence, had no wish for any.

"As for your suspicion of her having drowned herself, my dear sir," Nalder continued, "I would banish that from my mind utterly. What earthly reason can she have for such a proceeding? Pooh, pooh, my dear sir—if you will allow me to speak so to a man so much older than myself—you are fanciful. Because a woman talks about swallows going under water, is she, therefore, necessarily to follow the precedent herself?"

Mr. Compton stood silent for half a minute; before he had time to speak, Mr. Nalder rammed both his hands into the bottom of his breeches' pocket, and said, in that loud, snarling whine which it has pleased the Americans to adopt in moments of emergency—

"I'll tell you whawt, lawyer: I'll bet New York against New Orleans, or Chicago against Kingston, that she has bolted to Australey, back to her sister."

So she had. But, first of all, Mr. Compton insisted on believing that she had drowned herself—in consequence of that unlucky remark of hers about the

swallows. Next, he insisted that she could never have started for Australia without telling him, which was equally nonsensical. Thirdly, he advanced the theory that she hadn't got any money, quite forgetting that George had allowed her a privy purse of 400*l.*, of which she probably hadn't spent 100*l.* And, lastly, just when he had determined to make strict inquiries about the London Docks, Gerty was quietly arranging her cabin on board the *Baroda* at Southampton.

She would not face another winter; she had wit left to see that her wit was going, and that it would be wiser to put herself under the protection of the Oxtons. She was also uncertain of her position. She could not tell whether any of them would prevent her, or whether they had the right; so she determined to have no argument about the matter. One evening after dark, taking no more with her than she could carry, she managed, sometimes carrying Baby and sometimes letting him walk, to get across country to a station on the main line of the South Western, where she was not known, in time for the last train, and by it went on straight to Southampton. The next morning she quietly bought her luggage, and moved to another hotel to avoid attention. In a week the good ship went thundering out between the Shingles and the Needles; and, when the great chalk wall was passed, and Alum Bay was only a wonderful recollection, Gerty felt that she was free.

She had taken passage only two days before the ship sailed, and had sense enough to use her own name, considering that fewer liberties would be taken with Lady Hillyar than with Mrs. Hillyar. She sat next the captain at dinner, and seldom spoke to any one else. Now she had got among other people once more, she found how nervous, timid, and hesitating these two years of seclusion had made her. She was afraid to speak for fear of saying some unutterable nonsense.

At Alexandria some more Australians joined them, making the whole number up to nine; but they were lost among the Indians. And such as did know anything of her, only said that old Neville's daughter was giving herself airs since she had married a title; and so, after the Australians got into their own steamer at Point de Galle, and were alone together, none of them troubled themselves about the little fine lady of Cooksland.

Gerty had been accustomed to consider Melbourne a low sort of place, where the *bourgeoisie* were admitted into society, and you never knew whom you might meet; but when, between Sandridge and Emerald Hill, she came on the first clump of gum trees, with bracken fern growing beneath them, she loved it, and would love it for ever. It might be a low, upstart place, fifty years younger than Sydney, full of all sorts of people, nurse of all sorts of dangerous opinions; but it was Australia still. Wapping is not a nice place—nay, it is a very nasty place indeed; but one will love it because it is sometimes the first place that one puts one's foot on in England. It was not very difficult for Gerty to fall in love with dear old Melbourne, in spite of her having been trained by that veritable old squatter, her father, to consider it the City of Satan.

The passenger-list in the *Argus* announced the arrival of Lady Hillyar, and, moreover, that she was at the "Prince of Wales." Lady H— drove over in a few days from Toorak to call on her, but she was gone. She had dismissed her maid, and hired an open car as far as Albury, leaving most of her luggage behind.

Lady H— thought it very strange that Lady Hillyar had not gone by steamer to Sydney, and from thence, by New Caledonia, New Zealand, Queensland (then called Moreton Bay), New Hungary, New United Italy, New Poland, New Tartary, New Wapping, and New Beloochistan, on to Cooksland; but, supposing that Lady Hillyar was tired of the sea, she was not so much surprised after all at her going overland; for the distance between Albury and Cooksland was not so very great. Only a very small strip of New South Wales interposed.

Every schoolboy knows, or, according

to the latest critical formula, would be flogged for not knowing, that Albury is on the River Murray, and is the last town in the republic of Victoria, and that across the River you come into New South Wales. But every schoolboy does not know, inasmuch as no one but myself is in possession of the fact, that by holding to a native path through the bush from that place, in a direction north-eastern by south, you reach the frontier of Cooksland, by stout walking, within three days. Since the two-and-sixpenny duty on gold, this track has been much used by smugglers; and, if the Victorian Government will take advice, they will look to the matter. In the good time coming, when the Australian Federation set up on their own account, and, sickened with prosperity, feel the necessity of a little fighting, they need not despair of finding a *casus belli* among themselves. The difference of intercolonial tariffs will make as handsome a cause for a very pretty squabble as the devil himself could desire. "General Peter Lalor crossed the Murray yesterday, and attacked the enemy's earthworks at Three Mile Creek. He was forced to retire with a loss of 400 men. The Sydney-siders' loss is considered by him to have been far greater." How pretty that will read! But we have read some queerer things than that lately from America.

But Gerty? She discharged her car at Albury, paying the man forty-five pounds. She had made her resolution; she had determined to *walk* across into Cooksland.

The Bush had no more terrors for her than Regent Street has for you. If she met a Bush hand, and her honour was in question, why she had provided herself with a revolver. It was mentioned months ago that one of the two great recollections of her life was first being taken to a ball at Sydney; and another was hinted at only, as we intended to reserve it for this place. One summer's day, when she was a child, after she and Aggy had been gathering quantongs by the creek, her father, old Mr. Morton, Mr. Dawson, and young Clayton, had come suddenly home, said something which frightened their mother out of her wits, had barricaded the door, and loaded their guns. Soon after they began shooting at some men outside, and the men shot at them through the windows, and broke the claret jug on the sideboard. She remembered that these men, the bush-rangers, had broken in the door, and that Mr. Dawson had shot down two of them, and killed another by bending his head back, and that her mother had kissed Mr. Dawson afterwards—that she had been sorry for the poor men, as she was for the inhabitants of Jericho, who had not shot into any one's windows, or at least it wasn't mentioned—that her mother was very angry with her, and said that a girl who hadn't gumption enough to drive a knife into a bush-ranger's heart would not have the courage to drive it into her own, and was unfit to live. Gerty had learnt from her mother how to defend her honour.

How quaint that old Australian life seems to one! High refinement in many cases, but the devil always at the door. Not, as in India, a sudden, furious, unexpected devil, tearing all to pieces; but a recognised devil, standing always ready. "This is the last of that seal of Lafitte, sir, and the blacks are crowding round and looking awkward." "*The Illustrated News* is come, sir, but no *Spectator* this mail, and Mike Howe is out again, sir, and has stuck up Dolloy's, and burnt one of the children, sir. Do you think he will take us next, or the Macdonalds?" Those are the sort of little mares-tails you get at the outside edge of that vast cloud of English influence which has now overshadowed fully one-sixth of the human race. And, until you have been to the edge, you will find it difficult fully to appreciate the extreme meteoric disturbance which you will find there. Look at the case of a certain family the other day in Queensland—refined, hospitable people, beloved by every one—the young squire, sent over to Rugby, where he turned out champion cricketer. They all got suddenly, ruthlessly murdered by the blacks one summer's evening.

Were there any blacks on Gerty's

track? Plenty. Was she alarmed about them? Not the least in the world. There were none but *tame* blacks on that line of country; there was not a wild black within a hundred miles—they had all been tamed ever so long. And the process? Borrow Chief Justice Therry's book, and read pages 271 to 278, and see if you can sleep after it.

Gerty did not care for the blacks one halfpenny. She rather looked forward to meeting some of them, to have a good "patter" with them, and see if she had that extraordinary comical patois for which she was once famous—the Romany of Australia—the dialect used by the two races in communicating with one another; nearly all English, but which is made so wonderfully funny by the absence of all declension and conjugation in the native language, and which forces the adept to use only the first person singular (or rather the native substitute for it, "mine"), and the third; and confines him mostly to the present tense.[1] Gerty was anxious to see if she had forgotten her Blackfellow.

Starting from Albury, she came at once into Rabelais county, where she lay one night at the house of Count Raminagrobis, an aged French squatter, who told her fortune in four different ways, each of which came different. She got into Hawthorne county next morning, and spent the night with Mrs. Prynne and her charming *espiègle* daughter from New England. After this she passed through the great Grevillia scrub, where she left part of her gown and her few remaining wits, and, crossing the river Roebuck, came into Cooksland, in Jones county, and passed the night at Blogg's station, on the Flour Bag Creek; delighted to find herself once more with more familiar and less queer people, in the land of her birth.

She determined to make for the Barkers' station, that being the nearest where she was known; and three glorious spring days she spent in getting there—three days passed in introducing Baby to the flowers, the animals, and the birds. The third evening, just at dark, she stood on the summit of Cape Wilberforce, and could see the lights of the town below her on the other side of the Erskine. There was a large light about two miles to the left—the light, in fact, of the new copper works; but between her and the river there was only one solitary light, about a mile below her, towards which she determined to make, to ask the way across the river; for she knew she must cross the river and pass right through the township before she could reach the Barkers, even if that were possible to-night.

So she picked her way down in the dark, carrying Baby pickaback, until she came to some rails, over which they got, and came into a thicket of wood, a very dark place undergrown with shrubs. They had lost the light now, but very soon came suddenly upon it again close to them; at which moment a large dog came out at them and began barking furiously.

"Don't be frightened, love," said Gerty to Baby; "it is only a sheep-dog; he won't hurt us." To the dog—"*You'll* catch it, sir. I'll give it to you, sir, and so I tell you. How dare you? Come here, sir; do you hear, come here this instant, and don't let me hear another word out of your head."

The dog came wagging his tail, and Gerty took him by the scruff of his neck and slapped him. "If you are in earnest with them, dear," she said, with that careful attention to the child's education which she had always shown, "you should have a tea-stick, and take them by the tail, raising their hind legs off the ground, so that they can't bite you, and lay on like old gooseberry. Now, dear, I will hold him; do you go into the hut, and say that Lady Hillyar is outside and wishes to be guided to Mr. Barker's. Come, that's a man."

Baby was very valiant. Gerty saw him advance boldly to the door, which

[1] *English.* "I saw a large number of horses beside the creek." *Blackfellow.* "Mine make a light eighty-four (generally, I regret to say, adjective) horses along a creek." *English.* "I do not think it was he." *Blackfellow.* "Baal mine think it that one."

was ajar, push it open, and pass on into the well-lit room beyond.

CHAPTER LXIV.

SAMUEL BURTON GETS A FRIGHT.

SAMUEL BURTON was prospering amazingly. In addition to the plunder which he had netted from his dexterous robberies at Stanlake, he had made a great hit just latterly. He had bought a lot of twenty acres, with frontage, on the Erskine, for 200*l.* and now the Burnt Hut Copper Mining Company had, after a long wrangle, consented to pay him 2,300*l.* for it, that they might build the terminus to their tramway thereon.

Yet he was far from being more easy in his mind than heretofore. Had any one told the miserable desperate hound, who had sneaked into George Hillyar's office so few years ago, and borrowed thirty pounds of him, that he would have risen to such a height of prosperity, he would have laughed at him. But here he was, not only comfortable for life, but holding over Sir George Hillyar a power worth thousands a year to him: and yet he was getting desperate and ferocious.

He was a most awful scoundrel. There could be no doubt of that. It may be true that there is an average amount of crime to be committed in a certain number of years, and therefore it don't much matter how it is done or who does it, as a contemporary wittily put it the other day; yet still, if you would carry Buckleism to this extreme length, you will find that the little efforts after good, and the better instincts of the very worst men, are very well worth careful examination.

Now this utter scoundrel, Burton, for instance, had his good instincts. The man was good-natured and fond of children. He was grateful and generous, and, what is more to the purpose just now, his devotion to his supposed son Reuben was a passion with him. Sir George Hillyar had used him and abused him for his own ends, but he had retained a kind of dog-like faithfulness towards that man, until he had stepped in between him and Reuben; and now, moping in solitude, or worse than solitude, his old love for Sir George was rapidly giving way to ferocious hatred. He felt sure, and he was right, that no one but Sir George Hillyar—who, as he knew, hated and distrusted him—could have stepped in between honest kindly Reuben and himself, and produced this estrangement.

His most affectionate appeals to Reuben had been left long unanswered, and now were only answered by letters shorter and colder time after time. Reuben had loved him once, and risked all for him; and the poor wretch, who had tried what *he* called religion, and had found that the lowest and wildest form of it enjoined a practice far, far beyond what was possible to him now, felt more and more every day, as his wasted life drew towards its close, the want of some one being who could care for him. Reuben would have cared for him, and tended him, and seen him kindly to tho dark dreadful threshold, which, as he fully believed, was the threshold of everlasting torment. Hell, since his last feeble effort at reformation, he considered as certain; but there had been something left in this world; there had been Reuben's kind pleasant ministrations to the very end. Sir George, whom he had served so faithfully for good or evil, had stepped in, and taken this away.

In his lonely despair, he vowed a terrible vengeance. It was easy vowing; but how was he to execute it? A few months ago he might, as he thought, have struck the blow, by placing the will in Erne's hands, just at the time when Erne had been so kind to him; but, partly from some lingering reluctance to ruin his old master, partly from natural indecision, and partly from a sneaking miser-like love of possessing unused power, he had hesitated. And now Erne was gone South to die; nay, rumours had come that he was dead; and what was his precious will worth then?

And there was another thing which

terrified the poor wretch night and day. He was *afraid* of Sir George Hillyar, *physically* afraid. Give him a knife, and give any other man a cudgel, and he would face it out. In that case he had the courage of experience. But Sir George Hillyar was a bold man, the pupils of whose eyes would fix themselves steadily when he looked at you, and which pupils would suddenly dilate, just before the snarl and the blow came together, as the thunder snap and the lightning did, when the storm was directly overhead. And he was an unscrupulous man too; so, sometimes, Samuel Burton would wake in the night in a perspiration of fear, and think that he heard George Hillyar moving towards him in the dark to murder him.

He would not sleep alone. But he had no friend in Romilly. He was known for a convict, and, although they treated him with civility, nay, with more than civility, they would have none of him. Tim Reilly, the (I was going to say, horse-stealer, but won't) —would have nothing at all to do with him. Tim had, like his great compatriot, O'Connell, driven a vast number of coaches and four through, at all events, one Act of Parliament—that against horse-stealing. Dan O'Connell had driven, or was prepared to drive, through the whole lot of them. He beat Tim O'Reilly in this respect, but Tim beat him in another; Tim always stole the horses before he got on the box. But Tim had never been convicted, and would not lower himself by consorting with Samuel Burton.

It was mentioned before in these pages that, when he first invaded Cooksland, old Barker found an old convict shepherd, with a view to confining the criminal contamination within one single hut. Samuel Burton now, for want of another, got this old man to come and live with him; and I need not say that, the longer he lived there, the more pleasant the old jail-slang became to him, and the more surely every spark of good in him got trampled out.

Still there were times, even now, when he would get ashamed of his life with this ribald old sinner, and think of the life he might lead with Reuben, as of something higher and purer, getting further and further from him every day.

One night they were sitting before the fire talking together.—Bah! let us go to Tennyson—

> "Fear not thou to loose thy tongue,
> Let thy hoary fancies free;
> What is loathsome to the young,
> Savours well to thee and me.
>
> Chaunt me now some wicked stave,
> Till thy drooping spirits rise,
> And the glowworm of the grave
> Glimmer in thy rheumy eyes."

Let us leave the conversation of two depraved old men alone. They were talking on together, each chuckle getting more fiendish than the last one, when the elder rose up and started back, with a frightful and savage oath; and Samuel Burton staggered trembling against the wall, and leant there, with his face worked into an abject expression of the extremest terror.

For there stood between them a most beautiful child, with light waving hair like an angel's, dressed all in white. It stood full in the firelight, and its little hands were spread towards the blazing logs, as if in prayer.

CHAPTER LXV.

SAMUEL BURTON'S RESOLUTION.

Then the man who had savagely cursed this beautiful and holy apparition as something godlike, and therefore utterly abhorrent to his nature—this man relapsed into moody, defiant silence: but the man who had only trembled before it, the man who could still feel terrified and abashed at the contrast between his own black soul and the sacred purity of the child before him—this man gained courage to advance towards it, and to speak tenderly and kindly to it.

Little George had knelt before the

fire, and was eagerly warming his hands, for the night was chill. Still the fancy held with Samuel Burton that the child was kneeling before a blazing altar, and praying for him.

"My dear," he said, "have you lost your way in the wood, and shall I take you home?"

"Mamma lost her way, and when the dog came out she beat it. Not so hard as Reuben beats the setters though, for it did not cry out."

"Who is Mamma, dear, and where is she?"

"I am cold, and I think I have wet my right foot in the wood. I want to warm my hands, and then I will remember the message and go back to her. She won't mind waiting while I warm my hands."

"Who is Mamma, dear? And you can remember the message while you warm your hands," said Samuel, with increasing interest.

"Oh, yes," said Baby, "I can remember. Mamma is Lady Hillyar. She is outside now, and she wants some one to take her up to Mr. Barker's."

"My dear," said Samuel Burton, eagerly kneeling beside the child, "do you know Reuben?"

"You silly man," laughed Baby; "of course I do."

"Where is Reuben, dear?"

"At Stanlake, of course. I must go back to Mamma."

"One word, dearest. Where is papa?"

"Papa is in Italy."

"Does papa never come to Stanlake? Does papa never see Reuben?"

"No, never. He never comes to Stanlake. I must go to Mamma, please; take me to Mamma."

Samuel had heard enough. He seized a candle, and rushed out of the hut, exclaiming aloud, with suddenly assumed excitement,

"Good heavens! Her ladyship alone in the bush, and the dew falling. Madam! My lady! For God's sake, answer! Where is your ladyship? Oh dear dear me!"

"Here I am," replied Gerty complacently, coming out of the darkness with the sheep-dog leaping upon her; "I was wondering what was keeping the dear child so long."

"Dear! dear! your ladyship will have caught your death of cold. Pray walk in to the fire. Allow me as an old bushman to caution your ladyship against these October dews; though indeed, my lady, you should know the climate as well as I. I suppose Sir George has gone on to Mr. Barker's."

"Sir George is in Europe," answered Gerty. "But I wish you would take me up to Mr. Barker's, for I am tired, and they will be gone to bed. Hallo!" she continued, "turning to the older convict, "why there's old Ben! I thought you were shepherding for Mr. Barker. I ain't going to have *your* company up there, you know, and so I don't deceive you."

The old wretch gave a grin and growl, but Gerty turned away from him with calm contempt.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," said Samuel, "but it is a good five miles to the station, and it would be almost too much for you to-night."

"I ain't going to stop here, you know," said Gerty. "Likely indeed!"

"But could not your ladyship go to the Burtons' for to-night? It is close by."

"You don't mean to tell me that they are here still. Why I thought they had found a mine and gone."

"They are living within two hundred yards, my lady. Only across the water. Will you follow me?"

She went out after him into the night air, and felt it strike deadly chill upon her. She thought of what Samuel had said about the heavy October dews, and thought she must have caught cold. She could scarcely follow Samuel, though he walked close before her. Baby had hold of her skirts, but she felt about in the darkness till she got his hand, and said: "It is only two hundred yards, dear, and we shall be among the Burtons. Thank God, it did not happen sooner."

They crossed a wooden bridge, and came into the street of the town, the

lights of which were dim in Gerty's failing eyes. Somehow, immediately after she was in a pretty drawing-room, and a group of people, who had hurriedly risen, were pressing towards her.

But she only saw Emma Burton, and she cried out to her, "Emma, dear, I am going to be ill; take care of Baby." Then there came over her in one moment a terrible recollection of her lone, solitary journey; a sudden appreciation of the enormous task she had so heedlessly undertaken; then one happy moment, in which she was conscious that she was safe; and then the brave, silly little woman, overdone in body and mind, became comfortably insensible, and was borne in a kind of triumph to bed by Mrs. Burton and Emma, and, waking up, found that she had caught a violent rheumatic cold, lost one of her shoes, and all capacity for thinking consecutively and reasonably.

She had trusted her old friend the Bush a little too far this time. As she very sensibly said, she was glad it did not happen before.

Samuel Burton went back to his cottage very fast. When he got back he found old Ben still smoking over the fire, who seemed inclined to resume the conversation where it was broken off; but Samuel told him savagely to shut up, and sat over the fire with his head buried in his hands.

So Reuben was alone at Stanlake. Now or never was his time. He determined to go to England to see Reuben. Reuben's mind had been poisoned against him by some one; perhaps by old Morton, the keeper. He would find Reuben, and make his story good to him, and would induce Reuben to live with him, and would work to make his fortune. He thought that he had possibly been unjustly suspicious of Sir George Hillyar. He was determined that Sir George Hillyar should have fair play. He would not meddle with Sir George in any way.

Meanwhile, with regard to Samuel Burton. If the child, when stretching out its hands towards the burning logs, had really been praying for mercy for his father, he could hardly have done more to soften the heart of the man who held such terrible power over both of them. If he could only get Reuben, he would not behave vindictively towards him. Nay, supposing Erne to be really dead, what power had he? And this is remarkable. He could not decide whether Erne was dead or alive; for at one time he thought it impossible that he could have survived, which was perfectly reasonable, and, at another, his soul was filled with a superstitious, unreasonable belief that he was alive, and would return. He had divorced himself by instinct and practice from truth so long that he was utterly unable to examine evidence, and decide on probabilities. But he found that, whenever he believed Erne to be alive, his rancour against Sir George Hillyar increased, and, when he believed him dead, his feeling towards his old master grew more tender. As his intellect told him that his power of treating with his enemy grew less, so his heart grew more tender towards the enemy with whom he was about to treat. I suppose we should all feel somewhat in love with the Russians, and feel a deep admiration for their valour, their—(I don't know what else there is to admire in them, but we could find that out)—in case of our falling out with the Americans. When we found ourselves not in a position to fight them we should begin to feel affectionate towards them, and remember old Crimean courtesies, nay, contrast them, the Russians, favourably with our faithful allies the French. Now that Samuel Burton saw the power over his old master slipping through his hands, he began to care for him once more.

CHAPTER LXVI.

EX-SECRETARY OXTON GETS A LESSON.

"You must do me the credit to say, dear Mr. Oxton," said the widow North, one evening at the Bend, "that I always hated Mr. O'Ryan most cordially. But I never believed him to be a fool—yes, I will say it, a fool—till now."

"You are quite sure he is one, then?" said Mr. Oxton.

"Don't you think so yourself?" said the widow.

"No, I don't," said the secretary. "I always thought him wonderfully clever and able, but I never thought he would have made a statesman till now. No, I won't abuse the word 'statesman.' I never suspected that he had half as much political sagacity as he is showing."

"I am at a loss to understand you," said the widow.

"And I am not in a position to explain myself," said Mr. Oxton, rising and laughing.

"You are very unkind and disagreeable," said the good-natured widow. "Aggy, don't you think that a simple mistake about the direction of a letter, could have been got over without your husband's having an hour's *tête-à-tête* with Miss Burke?"

"My dear Eleanor," said Mrs. Oxton, "you are perfectly right. My husband's *penchant* for Miss Burke has caused me the deepest grief and anxiety for many years. It is a painful subject. Let us change the conversation."

"Well," said Mrs. North, laughing, "I won't try to sow dissension between man and wife, particularly as she is coming here to-night. I hate scenes."

"She will hardly come to-night, in the thunder-storm, will she?" said Joe. "How terrible the rain is!"

"Why, no; she cannot move in such weather as this," Mrs. Oxton allowed, and they all agreed.

But presently, just after a blinding flash of lightning, her voice was heard in the hall; and they all crowded out to meet her.

She had got on a Mackintosh, and had tied a shawl over her bonnet so as completely to hide her face. She looked much more like a man than a woman on the whole, as she stood in the hall, with the wet pouring off her in streams; they only knew it was her by her voice.

"How could you venture out in such weather, my dear Lesbia?" began Mrs. Oxton.

"Mr. Burton, your sisther's come by the stamer; but she's not gone home; she is up at my house, and stays there to-night. James Oxton, I'll trouble ye for an audyence in a hurry, alone wid yourself."

Mr. Oxton took her into another room, and left the others wondering. The moment they were alone, and she had moved the shawl from her head, Mr. Oxton saw she looked exceedingly grave.

"James, you may well wonder at my coming out such weather. I have got news which will make you look as grave as me."

"I know you have been doing something kind for me, old friend; I am sure of that."

"Nothing more than coming out in a thunder-storm, and I'd do more than that for ye. It's some one else ye're obliged to this time, my dear James. That angel, Emma Burton, who is not only ready and willing to devote her life and her health to any one who may need it, but by some divine kind of luck seems always in the way to do it—it's her you're obliged to this time."

"God bless her beautiful face, and soften her sorrow! I need not pray that she may have peace, for she has that peace which passes understanding. Now, old friend?"

"James, that scoundrel, Sir George Hillyar, has been neglecting Gerty."

"So I supposed, from having none of my letters answered, and from Gerty saying nothing of him."

"But it is worse than that."

"Has he gone off with another woman?"

"Yes."

"I did all I could to prevent it," said poor Mr. Oxton. "What could I do more? He was a very good *parti* for her. How can any one blame me in this miserable business? No! no! I will not say that. I have been deeply to blame, and it will break my poor little Gerty's heart."

Miss Burke sat down on the floor and began to moan.

"Don't make me a scene, there's a dear old girl; I am not up to it. After

I let this miserable marriage take place, I should have kept him here. He might have been saved; who knows? Now, get up, Lesbia; you are getting too old to go on like this."

"Not till you know who he has gone off with!—not till you know who he has gone off with!"

"Who is it, then?" said Mr. Oxton, turning sharply on her.

"Mary Nalder! Oh, the weary day, Mary Nalder!"

"Get up directly. How dare you?—In this house!—How dare you repeat such a wicked falsehood, Lesbia? How dare you believe it? She, indeed: and that fellow! Get up, instantly, and give me the name of the scoundrel who dared say such a thing. He shan't wait for Nalder's tender mercies. Get up, and tell me his name."

Miss Burke got up and went to him. "I wouldn't have believed it, James, but that the poor child told me herself not half an hour ago."

"What poor child?"

"Gerty. She has run away, and come by Melbourne, walking, and made her way to the Burtons at Port Romilly. And that saint of a girl has brought her on here, tending her like her own sister, and keeping her quiet."

"Gerty here!"

"Shoeless and worn out. Poor, simple child, she walked three hundred miles through the Bush; and, James—"

"Let me go to her. The scoundrel! —Aggy! Aggy!"

"Be quiet, James," said Miss Burke, rapidly and decisively. "Don't be a fool. The poor child is out of her mind, and don't know any one but Emma Burton. And you must keep Aggy from her, and you must not go near her yourself. For, James; come and hear a dear old friend quietly; the poor little thing's last craze is that you and Aggy are the cause of the whole mischief. Since you have spoken about Mary Nalder as roundly as you have, you have entirely restored my faith in her, and I beg her pardon for having been so wicked as to believe anything against her. But our own Gerty says, in her madness, that it was you and Aggy who introduced Sir George and Mrs. Nalder at your own house, and that she will never endure the sight of either of you again. You must break this to Aggy, and you must leave her to me and to Emma Burton for the present."

So this was the end of this grand marriage, in which the Secretary had been led to acquiesce in an evil moment, disapproving of it in his heart the whole time. Even if he could not have stopped it in the first instance (as he certainly could) he need not, for the mere sake of a few odd thousands a-year, have committed the fatal fault of letting such a wild hawk as George Hillyar go down the wind, out of call, with such a poor little dove as Gerty for his only companion. And now here was Gerty come back, deserted, heart-broken, and mad, cursing him and his wife as the cause of all her misfortunes. And, although the dear little fool was wrong as to particulars, was she not right in the main? Mr. Oxton was more humbled and saddened than he had been for many years. He had always had a most firm faith in the infallibility of his own sagacity, and this was the first great shock it had ever received; and the blow hit him the harder because it came through his heart. From this time forward he was less positive and dictatorial, less certain of his own conclusions. The careless Indian who spilt the pot of wourali poison over Humboldt's stocking was nearly depriving us of the "Kosmos;" and so little Gerty, who was as nearly cracked as any one of her extremely limited intellects can manage to be without the aid of hereditary predisposition, did by her curious Hegira manage to affect the course of affairs to a considerable extent; and that, too, without any accidental or improbable coincidence of time. She not only was the cause of Samuel Burton's going to England after Reuben, but her arrival, in the sad plight which we have described, had the effect on Mr. Oxton mentioned above — made him more distrustful of foregone conclusions, and more open to negotiation.

But now. Mr. Oxton bent his head down on the table and wept. After a time he looked up again, and said, "The last time I cried, Lesbia, was when Charley Morton's father got the Latin verse prize, instead of me, at Harrow." Miss Burke was standing in her dripping mackintosh, with her head bare and her long black hair tangled down over her shoulders: with her back against the door, sentinel against intruders—patient, gentle, nay, almost servile; but with a fierce untamed power in her splendid physique, in her bold black eyes, and in her close set mouth; a true representative of a great nation subdued for three centuries, but never conquered. As Oxton saw that woman in her fantastic dress, with her wild tangled hair, standing against the door, a light seemed to break on him. "She is half a savage," he said to himself. "But is there a nobler woman in the colony? I have never done these people justice. These Irish *must* have more in them than I have ever given them credit for. I will try to think differently of them; I am not too old to learn."

CHAPTER LXVII.

SOMETHING TO DO.

It was well for poor Emma that she had the care of Gerty just now, for she was pretty nearly heart-broken. Night and day there was but one image before her mind's eye—Erne lying dead in the bush alone.

But the noble girl suffered in silence, and it was only her red eyes in the morning which told Joseph that she had been weeping all night long. They did not allude to the subject after that first dreadful evening; but, when three days were gone, she said she thought she would like to go to her brother James, and that the steamer sailed that day. Joseph was glad she should go, for her presence seemed like a reproach to him; and so she went her favourite voyage to her favourite brother.

They met in silence, but his silent embrace told her that he loved her only the more dearly in her sorrow, and she was contented. She begged to sleep at James's house, because all her brothers were away at school, and she thought she could sleep better if she had the baby. That night, just before she went across to her brother's house, her mother fell upon her bosom and began weeping wildly; but Emma could not speak of it yet—she only kissed her mother in silence.

In the middle of the night she came to James's room in infinite distress. "James, my dear," she said, "I shall go out of my mind alone if those native dogs keep howling. There is one of them again. How very, very dreadful."

There was something so terribly suggestive in her noticing the noise of these foul animals in this way, that it frightened James, and made him think too of his poor friend, lying—— where? and how?

They found out that she brooded on this in silence all day long; for the next day, towards evening, she was sitting alone with her mother, and suddenly said—

"Mother! I suppose that, even if they were to find his body now, I should not recognise it."

"You will know him when you meet him in glory, my darling; among all the ten thousand saints in heaven you'll know him." This was all that weeping Mrs. Burton could find to say from her bursting heart.

For five days she was like this—not idle, not morose, only very silent. No wild dogs were heard after the first night; James confided to one or two of the leading young men that, under the circumstances, the native dogs were an annoyance to his sister. They took uncommonly good care that the girl who had nursed Tim Reilly's child through the small-pox should not be unnecessarily reminded that her sweetheart was lying dead in the bush. There was no more music from the dingoes after that.

So she remained for that time, never

weeping before the others, speaking very little, and only once or twice about Erne. Several times her brother James begged her to talk to him and ease her heart; but her answer was always the same—"Not yet, dear; not yet." Once he got her to walk out with him; but one of those foul, filthy, cruel, beautiful eagles came rushing through the forest like a whirlwind just over their heads, and she shut her eyes and stopped her ears, and begged James, for the love of God, to take her home again.

But on the fifth day God sent her relief, and all was well. He sent her work, and her eye grew clear and calm once more, and the deadly lethargy of grief was gone, never to return. The grief was there still; that never could depart any more until death; but God had sent her the only true remedy for it—the remedy which, acting on sainted souls like hers, destroys self, and therefore makes the wildest grief bearable. He sent her one "whose necessity was greater than her own"—like that of the soldier at Zutphen—and bade her forget herself, and see to this business for Him, and wait for her reward hereafter.

Gerty came to her, broken down in health, and mad, with her silly, crazed little head filled full of groundless suspicions against those who loved her best. Here was work for her with a vengeance. With a feeling of shame at what she chose to call her own selfish grief, she rose and shook it off. When Gerty had been got to bed, she came down to the assembled family, and at one glance they saw that their old Emma was come back to them.

"My dears," she said, "the steamer goes in four days. If I can get her out of that bed I shall take her to Palmerston. As far as her bodily health is concerned, she has only got a bad rheumatic cold. But I shall take her to Palmerston, to Miss Burke. She is not in her right mind exactly, and yet her pulse is quiet, and her eyes are not dilated. She has got a craze about the Oxtons, and—and— She must go to Miss Burke. I can't undertake to do anything without Miss Burke. I shall take her to Palmerston on Thursday."

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE BACKSTAIRS HISTORY OF TWO GREAT COALITIONS.

When it was too late, Joseph Burton began to realize to himself the fact that he, by quietly and without remonstrance allowing his sister to devote her life to him, had ruined her life, and had committed a gross act of selfishness. The invalid of the family, among high-bred and high-minded people like the Burtons, is generally nursed and petted into a state of chronic selfishness. Joseph Burton, whose character we have hitherto taken from his brother, had in spite of his really noble instincts, been spoilt in this way, and hitherto had not thoroughly recovered that spoiling. Now he plunged into politics more wildly than ever, and made love to Mrs. North (who was by no means unwilling to have him make love to her: far from it); and tried to forget Erne's death and Emma's misery.

Mrs. North's question about the folly of Mr. O'Ryan seemed pertinent enough, but Mr. Oxton's answer puzzled her exceedingly. Mr. O'Ryan had never concealed his longing for office and power; but, now he had got it, he seemed to be allowing his party to commit such extreme follies, as would put him in the Opposition once more within a twelvemonth. And yet Mr. Oxton said that he had never before given him credit for any approach to political sagacity. She resolved to get her pretty head as near to Joseph Burton's handsome one as was proper, in a quiet window, on the first opportunity, and make him explain this mysterious speech of Mr. Oxton's.

It wanted explanation, certainly; for, since the foundation of Donnybrook Fair (by King Malachi, or, as Mr. O'Callagan called him, Mellekee, "last of prophets, and first of kings and saints

in the Island of Saints"), seldom have the public affairs of any community been brought into such an extraordinary hurly-burly as that into which the O'Ryan ministry succeeded in bringing the affairs of Cooksland. And yet O'Ryan, who might have whipped his dogs in, and gained the respect of the colony, only laughed, and defended each absurdity by a quaint airy Palmerstonian speech, and let things take their course without the slightest concern.

The colony expected a land bill of him (and to tell the honest truth, a land bill was most imperatively necessary), but none was offered to the house by Mr. O'Ryan. He left that to his honourable and gallant friend and colleague, Mr. Rory O'More. And, when the provisions of that bill were laid before a paralyzed and awe-stricken House, even Mr. O'Callagan of the *Mohawk*, himself was obliged to confess that it was "a divvle of a bill, indeed, indeed, but, Faug a ballagh, we'd get some piece of it any how."

The chief points in the bill were, that all the waste lands were to be laid open for selection at 5*s.* an acre; that any person holding over eighty acres should pay a tax of 5*s.* per acre per annum; and that all the men who at present held more than eighty acres, should pay a tax of 2*s.* 6*d.* an acre; which last provison, he remarked, would so far recruit the resources of the colony (they would have taken nearly 3,000*l.* a year from Mr. Oxton alone) as to enable them to reduce import duties, and materially diminish their staff of custom-house officers.

The House wouldn't have this at all —more particularly the gentlemen connected with the Customs (most of them Irish), who happened to sit in the House. The bill was rejected by a perfectly resignable majority; but there was not one single hint of resignation from Mr. O'Ryan. And the quidnuncs of the colony began to remark that neither Mr. Oxton, nor Mr. Dawson, in the Upper House, nor Mr. Dempsey in the Lower, were attending to their parliamentary duties, though all three in town.

Mr. Brallagan's new Constitution bill was of a still more astounding nature than Mr. Rory O'More's land bill. It was simply revolutionary. All property qualification was done away with; the Upper House abolished; and every male in the colony of twenty-one, untainted with crime, invested with a vote. Mr. O'Ryan spoke in favour of the bill for about three minutes, with an airy levity which disgusted every one. "You must come to it some day or another; ye'd better swallow it now. Whether the country's fit for it or not, it never will be more fit; besides, I have some sort of curiosity to see the thing at work. If we do go smash with it, the home government can step in; and, if we don't, why we can give the old lady her *congé*, cut the painter, and start for ourselves."

Joseph Burton rose after Mr. O'Ryan, and in a short, stinging speech denounced the insane folly of virtually putting the government of the country into the hands of the most unfortunate and most unthrifty of the old country. "With regard to one half of the emigrants now entering our ports," continued Joe, "I affirm that their mere presence in this colony proves them to be unable to manage their own affairs with any success. The result of conferring full political privileges on a thriftless, selfish, and idle population would be that the most worthless class would be legislated for, and that the other and more respectable classes, overpowered by numbers, would be neglected; that government would be forced by the demagogues to divert the revenue to unproductive works to create sham labour, and that there would arise a lazzaroni more pestilent than that of Naples."

Not a word did Joe utter against Mr. O'Ryan. The bill was lost by a large majority. One of the younger conservative members rose and gave notice of a motion of want of confidence. The day came and the vote was put; Mr. O'Ryan was victorious by three votes; and so public business came to a dead standstill. Only, the governor having politely remarked that he would be glad

of a little money on account, they made a House and voted him his salary. As for the rest of the budget, not the slightest effort was made to bring it in; forcing a budget of any kind through a house, with a majority of three, which might yet, on any day, in consequence of a hot wind, or the mail steamer coming in, or a steeple chase, or a missionary meeting, or a prizefight, or a thunderstorm, dwindle to a minority of nine, was too much trouble. Meanwhile affairs were come to a dead lock, and it was notorious that no funds were in hand for the payment of officials for more than two months.

When matters were just at this pass, it so happened that Mrs. North's pretty little carriage was conveying her quickly down Sturt Street, through the broiling summer noon; when she saw, walking rapidly on the pavement before her, a large white umbrella, with somebody's legs under it; at the sight of which she hailed her coachman, and made him pull up beside the pavement. The radiant face of Joseph Burton looked out from under the umbrella, and the widow perceived that "ex pede Herculem"—she had looked in his face so long and so earnestly, that now she could recognise him by the shape of his legs.

He looked so unutterably happy that his joy communicated itself to the kind little widow from the mere force of sympathy, leaving alone and not considering the fact that she was over head and ears in love with him. She was going to speak, when he anticipated her.

"Dear Mrs. North, will you drive me somewhere?"

She was going to say, "I will drive you anywhere if you will look at me like that!" but she didn't. She only said, "Jump in. Where?"

"The Bend."

"The Bend," cried out Mrs. North to the coachman. And away went "Lothario"—second-best trotter in the colony—like a steam-engine.

"What makes you look like this?" said Mrs. North, laying her hand on his arm; "have you good news?"

"News which has brought me to life, and made a man of me once more," said Joe. "I have carefully concealed it from you, my dear friend; but I have been in deep distress lately, and the cause of that distress is suddenly removed, and I could sing for joy."

Now Mrs. North was one of the most excellent and admirable little women alive. But she had got to love Joe, and she knew that Joe loved her. She also knew well Joe's ultra-sensitiveness about his deformity, and was well aware that he, with his intense pride, would never lay himself open to the chance of a refusal, would never speak until he knew he was safe; therefore she saw that she would have to do a great deal of a certain sort of work herself which is generally, by old custom and tradition, done by the gentleman, and yet do it in a way which should not in the slightest degree clash with Joe's exceedingly unpractical and book-gathered notions of womanly modesty.

And, if any one was to ask my opinion, I don't think the little woman was in the least to blame. One would not care to see it done by a girl of twenty: but a widow of twenty-six is quite a different matter. I think she acted wisely and well all through.

She withdrew her hand from Joe's arm. "Were you blind enough, and foolish enough, to think that you could conceal it from *me?*" That was all she said.

Joe began, "My dear Mrs. North——" but she interrupted him.

"Come," she said, "we will talk of something else. Like most other men, you can be good-natured, even while you are bitterly unkind. After such a strong instance of the latter, just merely for a change, give me a specimen of the former, and explain this political complication which puzzles us all so."

"Dear Mrs. North," said Joe, in distress, "don't embitter the happiest day in my life by being unkind to me."—The widow's hand immediately went back on to his wrist, and she said, eagerly, "My dear Mr. Burton——"

"There, I knew you were not seriously

angry," said Joe, with a brightened face. "Come, I will soon explain the state of affairs, which is so puzzling to the outsiders."

"But are you sure, dear Mr. Burton," said this conscientious and high-souled widow, "that you are violating no confidence? Oh! if you were to render yourself for one moment uneasy by having reposed, in a moment of excitement, confidence in me, the recollection of which would hereafter render you unhappy, I should never, never——"

"I shall keep no secrets from you in future," said Joe, solemnly. Which the widow thought was getting on pretty well, considering.

The dead-lock in public affairs, as described by Joe, in a delicious drive through shade and sunlight, towards the Bend, was simply this. (It is not hard to understand, and will not take long):—

O'Ryan had been a thorough-going ultra-Republican, a man who believed that the summit of human happiness, and of political sagacity, would consist in putting supreme power into the hands of the majority, and letting them settle their own destinies, without taking into account whether or no a population so peculiarly formed as that of Cooksland, were in the least capable of knowing what was best for them, or of electing the men who could.

His innumerable good qualities, his undoubted talents, his great powers of debate gave him, most justly, the entire confidence of his party. He could, most probably, when he first found himself in power, through the fatal folly of James Oxton, have got through a new constitution bill—so liberal, that all backward steps would have been impossible, as it would seem they have become in Victoria; and the carrying out of his extreme theories would have followed shortly as a matter of course. But, before this happened, two persons had been acting on his somewhat facile and plastic nature, and had modified his opinions considerably.

The first of these was Dempsey, the Irish rebel, the greatest anomaly from the island of bulls—a man so good, so pure in life, so unselfish, and so high-minded, that there were times when one was ashamed that he should bow to one; a man who had shown such great political ability, when he was once removed from his craze of independent Irish nationality; and yet a man who, in his frantic effort in 1848, had shown that he was less able to calculate on the earnestness of the peasants, and the power of the Government, than Smith O'Brien or Duffy;—a man who ought to have been respected and loved by everyone for his good qualities, or shot like a mad dog. You never knew whether the former or the latter fate was the right one for him.

This man had a restless craving after power; but since '48 he had learnt what real power was, and saw that it was impossible to enjoy it with such gentlemen as Mr. O'More, and Mr. Brallagan, or with such an organ as the *Mohawk*, and longed to find himself back again among his peers, to have his share of power with the Oxtons and the O'Reillys—to regain the ground he had lost, by what he now thought a wicked and inconsiderate rebellion against a government which, however misguided, was generous and kind. Moreover, though he had been a rebel, he had never been a Republican. This man, both because he was a relation, and because his eminence was undoubted, had a great deal of influence over O'Ryan, and used it in favour of moderation.

Another person who had great power over him was an old friend, Miss Burke, the peacemaker. She had the profoundest contempt for men of the Brallagan school—men with no qualities worth naming except fierce and noisy impudence, and a profound belief in their own powers. She took care that this contempt should never die out of her cousin's bosom, and certainly few people possessed greater powers of sarcasm than she. No one was ever more able to make any one else contemptible and ridiculous.

Acted on by these people, O'Ryan grew more and more tired of his "tail,"

and more and more anxious to ally his own talents and those of the pick of his party to the other talents of the colony, and form a sound, respectable, moderately liberal government. But what was to be done with the "tail?" To announce without preparation a coalition from which they were excluded, would be to whistle "Vinegar Hill" at a Tipperary fair.

"Hang it," he said, laughing, one day to Dempsey, "I have committed myself to these men, and I can't back out. I will give them an innings. Let them exhibit their statesmanship before the country; they will be easier to deal with afterwards."

He did so. With what result we know. Negotiations had been set on foot for a coalition; and the negotiators had been Miss Burke and Joseph Burton.

Everything had gone smooothly until Mr. Dempsey was brought on the carpet. James Oxton had gracefully met O'Ryan half way, and O'Ryan had yielded with great good sense. But, when Mr. Dempsey's name was mentioned, Mr. Oxton peremptorily told Joseph Burton that he would sit in no cabinet with a gentleman who had been in arms against Her Majesty's authority; and O'Ryan with equal firmness instructed Miss Burke to say that he must decline forming part of any ministry which did not include his friend Dempsey.

"This was the knot all yesterday, dear friend," said Joseph; "but it is so nobly untied. Dempsey has deputed me to say to Mr. Oxton that the matter in hand is far nearer to his heart than any personal ambition could be—that he foregoes all his claims, and will earnestly support the new ministry from the back benches."

"Noble fellow!" cried Mrs. North. "And is it this which has made you so happy?"

"Oh, no; something far different."

"Here we are," said eager Mrs. North, as the carriage dashed quickly into the gravelled court-yard, setting the cockatoos screaming, and bringing all the dogs out at them by twenty vomitories. "I will wait and take you back with your answer. Make haste."

Joe was not long gone. "Drive straight to Mr. Dempsey's at the Stockade," he cried. "My dear creature! at length it is all over and done."

"What did Mr. Oxton say?"

"He said, 'Go, if you please, and tell Mr. Dempsey that I am not to be outdone in nobleness by him or any other man. Say that I request him to sit in the cabinet with us, as a personal favour, and hope to sit there many years with one who has learnt so well, in whatever school, to sacrifice his own ambition for the public good.'"

"You and Lesbia deserve the thanks of every man and woman in the colony. I am proud of your acquaintance. You are to have a seat in the cabinet, of course?"

"Yes, I am to be Minister of Education."

She was looking at him when he said the last three words, and saw that, for the first time, he fully appreciated the grandeur of the position to which he had found himself elevated. As he said the words "Minister of Education," his face flushed and the pupils of his eyes expanded. "That is well," thought Mrs. North "I wonder if he means to speak."

Apparently he meant to hold his tougue, for he did it. There was a long silence, during which Joe twice turned towards her, and twice turned away. "I suppose I must do it myself, then, after all," thought Mrs. North.

"Ah me!" she said in a sweet low voice; "I suppose I shall see but little of the Minister of Education: you will have but little spare time for my tittle-tattle now. However, the past is our own. You can never deprive me of the recollection of the pleasant talks we have had together; and at all events I can watch your career from a distance. I shall have that pleasure, at all events."

"Mrs. North," began Joe. "If I was not a cripple——" here he stopped again.

Dead silence on the part of Mrs. North.

"If I was not a cripple, I should ask you if I might dare——"

Mrs. North's little hand was gently laid on Joe's.

"Mary, I love you."

"And I love you, Joseph. And I will prove it to you between this and the grave, if God spares me."

"Propose to him myself, dear?" said Mrs. North to Mrs. Oxton next day. "No, my dear, I assure you on my word of honour that I was not driven so far as that. But I should have done so in ten minutes more, dear; and so I don't deceive you."

To be continued.

MASR-EL-KAHIRA.

(CAIRO.)

Extracted from the Letters of Lady Duff-Gordon.

WELL may the Prophet (whose name be exalted) smile when he looks down on Cairo! It is a golden existence, all sunshine and poetry, and, *I* must add, kindness and civility.

As I ride along on my valiant donkey, led by the stalwart Hassan, and attended by Omar, I constantly exclaim, "Oh, if our Master were here, how pleased he would be!" (Husband is not a correct word.) How you would revel in old Masr-el-kahira, peep up at lattice-windows, gape like a "Rashein" (green one) in the bazaar, go into raptures in the mosques, laugh at portly Turks and dignified sheyks on their white donkeys, drink sherbet in the streets, ride wildly about on a donkey, peer under black veils at beautiful eyes, and feel generally intoxicated! Omar is enchanted at the idea that the "Sidi-el-kebri" (the great Master) might come. Mashallah! how our hearts would be dilated!

The street in which I live and the neighbours would divert you. Opposite lives a Christian dyer, who must be a seventh brother of the admirable barber: he has the same impertinence, loquacity, and love of meddling with everybody's business. I long to see him thrashed, though he is a constant comedy. The Arabs next-door, and the Levantines opposite, are quiet enough; but how do they eat all the cucumbers they buy of the man who cries them every morning as "fresh gathered by sweet girls in the garden with the early dew?"

The more I see of the back slums of Cairo, the more in love I am with them. The dirtiest lane of Cairo is far sweeter than the best street of Paris. Here there is the dirt of negligence, and the dust of a land without rain, but nothing disgusting; and decent Arabs are as clean in their personal habits as English gentlemen. As to the beauty of Cairo, that no words can describe: the oldest European towns are tame and regular in comparison; and the people are so pleasant! If you smile at anything that amuses you, you get the kindest, brightest smiles in return; they give hospitality with their faces; and if one brings out a few words, "Mashallah! what Arabic the Sitt Ingleez speaks!"

The Arabs are clever enough to understand the amusement of a stranger, and to enter into it, and are amused in turn, and they are wonderfully unprejudiced. When Omar explains to me their views on various matters, he adds, "The Arab people think so; I not know if right."* And the way in which the Arab merchants worked the electric telegraph, and the eagerness of the Fellaheen for steam-ploughs, are quite extraordinary. They are extremely clever and nice children, easily amused, and easily roused into a fury, which lasts five minutes and leaves no malice; and half the lying and cheating of which they are accused comes from misunderstanding and ignorance. The Arabs see us come here and do what only their greatest Pashas

do—hire a boat to ourselves,—and of course think our wealth boundless. The lying is mostly from fright. They dare not suggest a difference of opinion to a European, and lie to get out of scrapes which blind obedience has often got them into. As to the charges of shopkeepers, that is the custom; and the haggling, a ceremony you must submit to. It is for the purchaser or employer to offer a price and fix wages—the inverse of the custom—Europe. If you inquire the price, they ask for something fabulous at random.

I have attached an excellent donkey, and his master, a delightful Hassan, to my house. They live at the door, and Hassan cleans the stairs and goes errands during the heat of the day; and I ride out very early, at six or seven, and again at five. The air is delicious now: it is very hot for a few hours, but not stifling; and the breeze does not chill one, as it does at Alexandria. I live all day and all night with open windows, and the plenty of fresh warm air is the best of remedies. I can do no better than stay here till the heat becomes too great.

The fault of my lodging is the noise. We are on the road from the railway, and there is no quiet except in the few hot hours when nothing is heard but the cool tinkle of the Sakha's brass cups as he sells water in the street, or perchance "Erksoos"—liquorice water,—or caroob and raisin sherbet. The "erksoos" is rather bitter, and very good; I drink a great deal of it, for drink we must. A "gulleh" of water is soon gone. A "gulleh" is a wide-mouthed porous jar, and Nile water drunk out of it, without the intervention of a glass, is delicious. My lodging is very clean and nice, but quite like a French apartment, except the kitchen and other domestic arrangements, which are Arab. Omar goes to market every morning with a donkey (I went once too, and was much amused), and cooks, and in the evening goes out with me, if I want him. I told him I had recommended him highly, and hoped he would get good employment when I left; but he declares that he will go with no one else so long as I come to Egypt whatever the difference of wages may be. "The bread I eat with you is sweet!" he said; a pretty little unconscious antithesis to Dante.[1]

* * * *

One must come to the East to understand absolute social equality. As there is no education, and no reason why the donkey-boy who runs beside me may not become a great man, and as all Muslims are *ipso facto* equal, money and rank are looked on as mere accidents; and my *savoir vivre* was highly thought of, because I sat down with Fellaheen, and treated every one alike, as they treat each other. In Alexandria all that is changed; the European ideas and customs have nearly extinguished the Arab, and those which remain are not improved by the contact. Only the Beddawee preserve their haughty *nonchalance.*

I dined one day with Omar, or rather I ate at his house, for he would not eat with me. His sister-in-law cooked a most admirable dinner, and every one was delighted. It was an interesting family circle. There was a very respectable elder brother, a confectioner, whose elder wife is a black woman,—a really remarkable person. She speaks Italian perfectly, and gave me a great deal of information, and asked very intelligent questions. She ruled the house, but as she had no children, he had married a fair

[1] It is an act of justice, not only to this most faithful and devoted servant, but to the race to which he belongs, to say that Omar's professions have been far more than fulfilled. The passage quoted above was written in May, 1863, just before the writer's departure for England. During her absence, more than double the wages she gave him were offered by an English lady, but he refused without hesitation. He said his poor lady was ill—that it was his duty to take care of her, and that he should never be able to pray to Allah again if he deserted her. Omar is still with her, and is still doing all that can be done by fiathful, affectionate, and intelligent service, to mitigate the sufferings of illness and banishment. The letters from which these passages are extracted contain such proofs of disinterested and loyal attachment and deep sense of religious obligation on the part of this Arab, as are not extremely common among men of his class, even in this Christian and civilized country.—S. A.

gentle-looking Arab woman, who had five children, and all lived in perfect harmony. Omar's wife is a fine handsome girl of his own age, with very good manners, but close on her lying-in, and looking fatigued. She had been outside the door of the close little court which constituted the house, *once* since her marriage. I now begin to understand all about the "manners and customs" of the women. There is a good deal of chivalry in the sentiments of the men concerning them, in some respects, and, in the respectable lower and middle classes, the result is not so bad. I suspect that among the rich few are very happy, but I don't know them, or anything of the Turkish ways. I will go and see the black woman again, and hear more; her conversation was really interesting.

My old washerwoman sent me a fervent entreaty through Omar, that I would dine with her one day, since I had made Cairo delightful by my return. If one will only devour these people's food, they are enchanted—they like that much better than a present; so I will "honour her house" some day. Good old Hannah! she is divorced for being too fat and old, and replaced by a young Turk, whose family sponge on Hayji Ali, and are condescending.

The other day when I went to deposit my cooking things and boat-furniture at her house, about eight or ten Arab women, seeing me arrive on my donkey, followed by a cargo of household goods, thronged round, delighted with the idea that I was coming to live in their quarter, and offering me neighbourly services. Of course all rushed upstairs, and my washerwoman was put to a great expense in pipes and coffee.

* * * *

There is a quarrel now in the street; how they talk and gesticulate! and everybody puts in a word. A boy has upset a cake-seller's tray. "Nal-abuk!" (curse your father!) He claims six piastres damages, and every one gives an opinion, *pro* or *contra.* We all look out of the windows. My opposite neighbour, the pretty Armenian woman, leans out (baby sucking all the time), and her diamond head-ornaments and earrings glitter as she laughs like a child. The Christian dyer is also very active in the row, which, like all Arab rows, ends in nothing;—it evaporates in fine theatrical gestures and a deal of talk. Curious! in the street they are so noisy; and set the same men down in a coffee-shop, or anywhere, and they are the quietest of mankind. Only one man ever speaks at a time—the rest listen, and never interrupt; twenty men do not make the noise of three Europeans.

Nothing is more striking to me in Egypt than the way in which one is constantly reminded of Herodotus. Both the Christianity and the Islam of this country are full of the ancient practices and superstitions of the old worship. The sacred animals have all taken service with Muslim saints: at Minieh, one of them reigns over crocodiles; higher up, I saw the hole of Æsculapius' serpent at Gebel Sheyk Houdee; and I fed the birds who used to tear the cordage of boats which refused to feed them, and who are now the servants of Sheyk Nooneh, and still come on board by scores for the bread which no Rais dares refuse them. Bubartis' cats are still fed in the Cadi's court in Cairo at the public expense, and behave with singular decorum when the "servant of the cats" serves their dinner. Among gods, Amun Ra, the sun god and serpent-killer, calls himself Maree Girgis (St. George), and is worshipped by Christians and Muslims in the same churches; and Osiris holds his festivals as notoriously as ever at Tanta, in the Delta, under the name of Seyd-el-Beddawee. The Fellah women offer sacrifices to the Nile, and walk round ancient statues, in order to have children.

These are a few of the ancient things—and in domestic life are numbers more. The ceremonies at births and burials are not Muslim, but ancient Egyptian. The women wail the dead, as on the old sculptures; all the ceremonies are pagan, and would shock an Indian Mussulman as much as his objection to eat with a Christian shocks an Arab. This country

is a palimpsest, in which the Bible is written over Herodotus, and the Koran over that. In the towns the Koran is most visible; in the country, Herodotus. I fancy this is most marked and most curious among the Copts, whose churches are shaped like the ancient temples; but they are so much less accessible than the Arabs that I know less of their customs.

In Cairo, of course, one is more reminded of the beloved "Arabian Nights;"—indeed, Cairo *is* the "Arabian Nights." I knew that Christian dyer who lives opposite to me, and is always wrangling, from my infancy; and my delightful servant Omar Abu-el Hallowa (the father of sweets), is the type of all the amiable *jeunes premiers* of the stories. I am privately of opinion that he is Bedredeen Hassan; the more as he can make cream tarts, and there was no pepper in them. Cream tarts are not very good; but lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts fulfils all one's dreams of excellence. And dates and Nile water! they are excellent indeed, especially together, like olives and wine.

Two beautiful young Nubian women visited me in my boat, with hair in little plaits finished off with lumps of yellow clay, burnished like golden tags, soft deep bronze skins, and lips and eyes fit for Isis and Athor. Their very dress and ornaments were the same as those represented in the tombs; and I felt inclined to ask them how many thousand years old they were. In their house, I sat on an ancient Egyptian couch with the semicircular head-rest, and ate and drank out of crockery which looked antique; and they brought me dates in a basket such as you see in the British Museum, and a mat of the same sort. At Assouan (Juvenal's distant Syene, where he died in banishment) I dined on the shore with the "blameless Ethiopians—" merchants from Soudan, black as ink and handsome as the Greek Bacchus.

Most ancient of all, though, are the Copts; their very hands and feet are the same as those of the Egyptian statues.

Last Sunday I went to a Coptic church where I saw a procession carrying babies three times round it. It was a living copy of one in the temple of Athor, at Dendera. The two priests carried, one a trident-shaped candlestick, the other cymbals, which he clashed furiously; and then they unbound certain mystic fillets, which they had tied round the children at baptism, and I received a cake of bread which was certainly baked for Isis. I was most kindly received by a Copt merchant at Sioot, and am to spend a week at his hareem if ever I go up the Nile again; everywhere his relations welcomed me and gave me provisions. But, generally, they are a close, reserved people, and acknowledge no connexion with other Christians. They have been so repudiated by Europeans that they are doubly shy of us. The Europeans resent being called "Nazranee," as a genteel Hebrew gentleman may shrink from "Jew." But I said boldly, "I am a Nazareen, praise be to God!" and I found that this was much approved by the Muslims as well as the Copts.

Curious things are to be seen here as to religion: Muslims praying at the tomb of Maree Girgis (St. George), and the resting places of Sittima Mariam and Seyidna Issa (the Virgin and the Infant Jesus), and miracles bran-new of an equally mixed description.

Next Friday is the great Bairam, the day of ascending Mount Arafat at Mecca, and every one is buying sheep and poultry in preparation for it. I kill a sheep, and Omar will cook a stupendous dish for the poor Fellaheen, who are lying about the railway-station waiting to be taken to work somewhere. That is to be my Bairam, and Omar hopes for great benefit to me from the process.

Next month is the Moolid-el-Nebbee, the feast of the Prophet, and I hope to see that too. I have been very fortunate in seeing a great deal here, and getting to know a good deal of the family life. I have been especially civilly treated by dervishes and pious people, who might reasonably have cursed me. Even a tremendous saint, a renowned Fakeer, received me with the greatest distinction, and my crew were delighted, and

prophesied great blessings for me. He had sat naked and motionless for twenty years on one spot, and looked like the trunk of an old tree; but he had no pious cares, and was rather jocose.

* * * *

—— is my near neighbour, and he comes in and we talk over the government. His heart is sore with disinterested grief for the sufferings of the people. "Don't they deserve to be "decently governed, and to be allowed "a little happiness and prosperity? "they are so docile, so contented; are "they not a good people?" Those were his words as he was recounting some new iniquity. Of course, half these acts are done under pretext of improving and civilizing; and the Europeans applaud and say, "Oh, but nothing could be done without forced labour!" and the poor Fellaheen are marched off in gangs like convicts, and their families starve, and (who would have thought it?) the population keeps diminishing. No wonder their cry is, "Let the English Queen come and take us!"

I don't see things quite as the English generally do; but mine is another *Standpunkt*, and my heart is with the Arabs. I care less about opening up the trade with the Soudan, and all the new railways, and I should like to see person and property safe, which no one's is here—Europeans of course excepted. Ismail Pasha got the Sultan to allow him to take 90,000 feddans of uncultivated land for himself, as private property. Very well. But the late Viceroy granted, eight years ago, certain uncultivated lands to a good many Turks, his *employés*, in hopes of founding a landed aristocracy, and inducing them to spend their capital in cultivation. They did so, and now Ismail takes their improved land, and gives them feddan for feddan of his new land (which it will take five years to bring into cultivation) instead. He forces them to sign a *voluntary* deed of exchange, or they go off to Fazoge—a hot Siberia, whence none return. I saw a Turk the other day who was ruined by the transaction.

What chokes me is, to hear Englishmen talk of the stick being "the only way to manage Arabs," as if any one could doubt that it is the easiest way to manage any people; where it can be used with impunity.

If you have any power over an artist, send him to paint here; no words can describe either the picturesque beauty of Cairo or the splendid forms of the people in Upper Egypt, and, above all, in Nubia. I was in raptures at seeing how superb an animal man (and woman) really is; my donkey-girl at Thebes, dressed like a Greek statue, "Word es Sham" (the rose of Syria) was a feast to the eyes; and here too, what grace and sweetness! and how good is a drink of Nile water out of an amphora held to your lips by a woman as graceful as she is kindly! "May it benefit thee!" she says, kindly smiling with her beautiful teeth and eyes.

As to interest and enjoyment, I don't think Italy or Greece can equal the sacred Nile, the perfect freshness of the gigantic buildings, the beauty of the sculptures, and the charm of the people.

But the days of the beauty of Cairo are numbered: the superb mosques are falling to decay, the exquisite lattice-windows are rotting away and replaced by European glass and *jalousies*. Only the people and the government (in spite of a little Frankish varnish here and there) remain unchanged. L. D. G.

CO-OPERATION IN THE SLATE QUARRIES OF NORTH WALES.

BY PROFESSOR J. E. CAIRNES.

The public must now be tolerably familiar with the story of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers, and of the numerous societies, founded upon the same principles which, in various parts of the country, have already accomplished such great things for the working people, and given earnest for the future of still greater

achievements in their behalf. It has heard something also of other and more genuine examples of "co-operation,"—where associates not only trade but "work" together, where the labourers are also the capitalists, and wages and profits return to the same hands—experiments which, small as have been the actual fruits they have hitherto yielded, form yet, in the opinion of those who have most deeply pondered the problem of industrial reform, the most solid grounds of hope for the future permanent elevation of the labouring class.[1] But there is, besides these, a third species of "co-operation," prevailing throughout some large industries in Great Britain, which has not, so far as I am aware, received any consideration in the numerous and instructive discussions which have within the last few years taken place upon this subject, but which is nevertheless well worthy of attention. I refer to the method of employing labour which prevails extensively in mining and other analogous occupations, and is known as the "bargain" or "contract" system. Having lately had an opportunity of witnessing this system in the slate quarries of North Wales, I will describe briefly the method and its results. It will, I think, be seen that it is a genuine instance of "co-operation"—one, moreover, which exhibits the beneficial tendencies of that plan, in some respects in even a more striking light than other and better known examples.

The mountains of North Wales, as is well known, constitute the principal source of the wealth of that region. They are extremely metalliferous, containing lead and copper ore, besides sulphur; but their most important constituent is the slate formation. Veins of this rock, varying in thickness from four and five, to four and five hundred, yards, and traceable, in some instances, for a length of many miles, traverse the country, but more especially the mountain ranges of Carnarvon and Merioneth. The importance of the industry to which they give occasion may be judged from the fact, that three slate quarries—those of Penrhyn, Llanberis, and Festinog—give employment to not fewer than 7,000 men, representing a population of perhaps 20,000 persons. These are, indeed, by much the principal of the slate quarries in that region, but they form but a small fraction of the whole number. It is impossible to wander in any direction over the mountains of those two counties without finding abundant evidence how widely the popular enterprise is engaged in this branch of production. No mountain side is so inaccessible that the slate prospector has not reached it, and the most secluded glens and passes are heard to echo the thunder of the quarrier's blast.

The great majority of the slate quarries are worked by companies—either private co-partneries or joint stock companies; but a few, and notably the two largest—the quarries of Penrhyn and Llanberis—are in the hands of individuals, the proprietors of the mountains where the slate-formation occurs. In the former case the capitalist or capitalists working the quarry pay a royalty, which is generally one-twelfth of the produce. It must be observed that the slate does not, as is frequently supposed, and as might be inferred from a cursory glance at a slate quarry, constitute the mass of the mountain in which the quarry is cut. It runs in distinct veins which, on rising towards the surface, deteriorate—a circumstance to which is due the risk which this mode of employing capital so largely involves; for it is always difficult to say from the appearance of the vein at the surface what may be its quality at a lower depth. Before this can be known, a mass of from two or three to sometimes twenty or even thirty yards in vertical depth must be removed—a tedious and costly operation, which must be completed before slate-quarrying, properly so called, begins, and which is often performed to no purpose; the quality of the rock, when thus ascertained, not

[1] See an article of great interest in the *Westminster Review* for April, 1864, entitled, "Strikes and Industrial Co-operation," in which the whole subject is handled with remarkable ability and knowledge.

proving such as to justify the further prosecution of the work. Cases have been mentioned to the writer of quarries having been abandoned after 20,000*l.*, of others having been given up after 80,000*l.* had been expended on preliminary operations. This incident of slate-quarrying serves to explain what will be presently referred to—the unwillingness of the working quarriers to embark their savings in this kind of speculation.

The business of making slates is an exceedingly simple operation—one, however, which not the less demands from the workman no small amount of intelligence, exactness, and dexterity, besides a good deal of practical acquaintance with the nature of the materials with which he has to deal. It consists in detaching the slate formation in blocks from the mountain side; in sawing the blocks when thus detached into suitable sizes; lastly, in splitting and dressing, so as to bring them into proper shape—a process which is performed sometimes by machinery, but more generally by hand labour. It is to the industrial arrangements by which this operation is carried out that it is desired now to invite the reader's attention. They are as follows:—The portion of the slate which it is proposed to work is divided into sections carefully marked out, which are let out as "bargains" to as many small co-partneries, consisting generally of three or four working men. These co-partneries "contract" to produce slates—each from the section of the rock assigned to it—according to sizes and shapes at so much per thousand. The men who take part directly in these contracts form, perhaps, a third of the whole quarrying population; they are, as might be expected, the older, more experienced, and better-off portion of it; the remainder are employed by them as labourers at fixed wages under the name of "germyns," apparently the Welsh equivalent for "navvies." The capital employed in the undertaking is furnished principally by the proprietors or lessees, as the case may be, of the quarry; but a portion is also provided by the "contractors." Thus the former supply the larger and more expensive machinery, such as the tramways, waggons, steam-engine, if there be one, pumps, slate-saws and planes, &c. while the latter furnish the smaller tools, as well as the gunpowder used in blasting. The practice, moreover, being to pay wages monthly, this supposes, on the part of the workmen—unless so far as they may have recourse to the pernicious aid of the tally-shop—an amount of saving sufficient, at least, to support them during this interval of delay. The relations of the actual workers having been established on this footing, and the contracts entered into, the functions of the principal capitalist or capitalists are thenceforward of an extremely limited kind; they consist chiefly in keeping the machinery in proper order, and seeing to the number and quality of the slates turned out. As for the rest—the plan of operations adopted, the distribution of the labour, its superintendence and reward—of all this the "contractors" undertake the sole and entire charge. It should be added that the "contracts" are supplemented by an understanding, doubtless originating in the felt necessity of mitigating for the working men the inevitable risks of such undertakings, to the effect that, where from the inferior quality of the rock, as ascertained on trial, the returns fall below a certain standard, the reduced earnings of the "contractors" shall be aided by a "poundage," or additional allowance, varying inversely with the amount of their gains. This poundage, so far as I could make out, though for the most part regulated by custom, is also in some degree discretionary on the part of the owner of the quarry, and is not the same for all districts. It applies, however, only to the less fortunate class of "bargains;" the better "bargains" are amply remunerated within the terms of the contract.

Such, in brief, are the arrangements under which industry in the Welsh slate quarries is carried on. I think it will be seen at once that this "contract system" constitutes a true case of "co-operation." It is at least certain that

it fulfils what I venture to think are the most important conditions of that method of industry: there is associated effort; there is common interest in the results of the work; and these results depend, subject to the natural conditions of the case, and the customary qualification of the strict contract just indicated, directly on the energy, skill, and mutual good faith with which the workers perform their part. It has also been said that the "contractors" advance a portion of the capital; but I should not be disposed to attach much importance to this as a distinctive feature of the "contract system;" for, though as a matter of fact the men who take part in contracts have generally accumulated some little capital, and though this circumstance no doubt facilitates in some degree their proceedings in carrying out the undertaking, still the possession of capital does not by any means constitute an indispensable condition to becoming a contractor, it being always easy for a man of good character to obtain the requisite tools and materials on credit from small shopkeepers established in the quarrying districts, and established chiefly with a view to supplying such needs. The only item of capital which in practice the contractor is in the habit of advancing is the money expended on his own support during the monthly interval that elapses before the returns to his industry come in; and, so far as this is concerned, the "germyn" whom he employs—a labourer at fixed wages—has an equally valid title to take rank as a capitalist; the earnings of the "germyn" being also postponed for the same period of time. The value of the experiment, therefore, and that which entitles it to be regarded as an example of "co-operative" industry, lies, in my opinion, in the other conditions to which I have referred—in the fact that the system enlists working men in a joint undertaking, of which the results for them depend in large part on the skill, energy, and conscientious zeal with which it is carried through.

And now let us endeavour to appreciate the bearing of these conditions on the well-being of the quarrying community. We shall consider in the first place the position of the contractor, who, as I have already said, represents about a third of the whole quarrying population. He will not, of course, for a moment be confounded with the important and generally wealthy personage by whom our railways and great public works are carried on. The latter, a capitalist pure and simple, has no other relations with the actual workers than that of paymaster. But the contractor of the slate quarries is himself a manual worker—generally, indeed, a skilled worker, taking to himself the more difficult processes of the undertaking, but still in the strictest sense a working man—working in the same place, and often at the same operation, as the labourer whom he employs, and socially in no respect his superior. But, though a manual labourer, our contractor is also something very different from the ordinary labourer for hire. His remuneration is no fixed sum, but depends upon the success of his exertions, which he has therefore the strongest interest to increase to the utmost. Nor, again, is he to be confounded with the labourer at task-work. In the first place, the undertaking in which he embarks is of an altogether more important character than any that falls to the lot of the ordinary task-work labourer. Before he commits himself to his engagements, a calculation, not altogether free from complication—requiring, besides an acquaintance with arithmetic, and a tincture of mathematics, some practical knowledge of the different qualities of certain rocks — must be performed. Then the undertaking itself comprises several distinct operations—quarrying, cleaving, dressing—the carrying out of which, effectively and economically, calls for deliberation, forethought, and organising skill. Again, the contractor, while a labourer himself, is also a purchaser of the labours of others, holding towards his "germyn" the position of a capitalist proper, and is thus led to look at the business of production in

some degree from the point of view of an employer—a circumstance which may go some way in accounting for the noteworthy fact, that in the districts of the slate quarries strikes are unknown. Lastly, and to this I attach the greatest importance of all, the contractor is a member of a partnership, acquiring rights and incurring responsibilities in relation to his fellow-contractors, taking part in their labours on equal terms, sharing their anxieties, and interested in common with them in the ultimate result of their common efforts.

But the influence of the arrangements I have described is not limited to the class which comes immediately under their operation. A circumstance which gives especial importance to the *status* of the contractor in the slate quarry is that, placed as nearly as possible midway between the position of the ordinary labourer and that of the capitalist pure and simple, it forms an easy stepping-stone for the elevation of the masses from the precarious position of dependence upon the general labour-market—a position which, if there be value in experience, is absolutely incompatible with any substantial and permanent improvement of their state.

The mode in which the ascent is made will be illustrated by a remark made to the writer by the lessee of the Dolwydellan slate quarry—a gentleman to whose kindness he is indebted for most of the information contained in this paper. In reply to a question with reference to a difference in the rates of wages prevailing in different localities, he observed that the men before us would be very slow to leave their present occupation even for the prospect of a considerable advance in their wages—"because," he explained, pointing to a large quarry hole filled with water, "so "soon as this is pumped dry, there is "not a man amongst them who does not "know that he will have a chance of a "share in the new contracts which will "then be opened." Thus the labourers who have not yet attained to the rank of contractors are ever working in full view of an early promotion to this position, their attainment of which, however, depends entirely on their success in recommending themselves to the favourable consideration of the owner of the quarry as well as to that—an equally important condition—of their own fellow-workmen, without whose approval and co-operation they would hope in vain to take advantage of the opportunities which are daily opening. Even the less important class of workmen, they who are employed in clearing away refuse, also pass occasionally into the ranks of the quarriers proper, and ultimately into those of the contractors, and thus feel in some degree the stimulus which such prospects supply. The whole society is thus kept constantly under the incentive of the public opinion of the *élite* among its own members—a state of things which serves to diffuse throughout the entire organization an influence of the healthiest kind.

Nor has the beneficent tendency of these arrangements failed to become effectual in the actual condition of the population of the slate quarries. Their ordinary earnings, according to information supplied to me from various sources, may be set down as follows:—

For carters of refuse from 12*s*. to 17*s*. per week.
For "germyns" (quarriers at fixed wages, many of whom are mere boys), 12*s*. to 20*s*. per week.

In the case of the contractors the variations are much more considerable; the results ranging from 3*l*. to 8*l*., and occasionally to 10*l*. per month. In a small quarry near Dolwydellan which I visited, three contractors had just concluded a "bargain," in which they had netted for the month of July the sum of 9*l*. each. On the whole, so far as I could make out, the earnings of the contractors average something like 5*l*. monthly.

These rates are, I should suppose, about equal to those prevailing in corresponding occupations—I mean occupations in which the toil, risk, and skill are about the same—in the most favoured industrial districts in England; and such a result is surely very creditable

to the industrial system of Wales. For it must be remembered that capital is very far from increasing with the same rapidity in Carnarvonshire and Merionethshire as in, say, Lancashire and Staffordshire; while, on the other hand, owing to the general ignorance of the English language which prevails in the former counties—a circumstance which cannot but operate in some degree as an impediment to emigration—the relief afforded by this safety-valve to the labour market there, is likely to be considerably less than in other portions of the United Kingdom. The external conditions affecting wages in the Welsh counties are therefore decidedly less favourable than they are in the more progressive districts of England; and yet the labouring classes in the former localities are, it seems, comparing analogous modes of labour, equally well off. The explanation, as will be anticipated, is to be found in the slower movements of population in the Welsh districts. In Carnarvonshire population advanced in the decade, 1851 to 1861, at the rate of 9 per cent.; in Merionethshire at the rate of 3 per cent.; in both counties at an average rate of 6 per cent.; while over the whole of England and Wales population during the same period went forward at the average rate of 12 per cent. and in the more prosperous parts of the country—say Lancashire and Staffordshire—at the rates respectively of 20 per cent. and 23 per cent.[1]

The comparatively slow growth of capital in those counties of North Wales is thus, as regards its effect on the condition of the people, neutralized by a growth of population proportionately slow; and the practical result is a rate of remuneration fully up to the English level. The defect in respect to material conditions is compensated by greater vigour in the moral. Now, I think it is impossible not to connect this satisfactory state of things with the *régime* of industry under which it has come to pass. Indeed, to what else can it be ascribed? Religious influences, no doubt, are powerful in North Wales. Nothing apparently can exceed the activity and zeal of the dissenting bodies; and the good effect on the morals and general demeanour of the people is very observable. But, however compatible a strong sense of religion may be with worldly prudence in those matters on which the growth of population depends, the mundane virtue can yet scarcely be regarded as a specific religious result: certainly it is not one which it is usual to hear inculcated from the pulpit. Nor can the fact be attributed to education in the ordinary sense of the word; for, notwithstanding the strongly pronounced literary instincts of the Welsh people, literary education in North Wales seems to be in a decidedly backward state. Improvements, it is said, of an important kind have in recent years been effected in the primary schools; but this has occurred since the mass of the present generation of Welshmen have entered upon active life. It is rare, out of the principal towns, to find working people over the age of thirty who can exchange more than a few words of English: hundreds of thousands cannot accomplish even this little; and even in the towns it is not uncommon to meet substantial shopkeepers who are unable to sign their names to their own bills. In one quarry I was told that some considerable number of the workmen were un-

[1] I do not give these figures as accurate exponents of the relative growth (by way of natural increase) of population in the several districts. No doubt the results in all instances have been much modified both by emigration and by migration within the limits of Great Britain. So far as the former cause is concerned, the probability is, for the reason stated, that, could its effect be ascertained (unfortunately the emigration reports do not distinguish the natives of Wales), the result would be considerably to strengthen my case. And, as regards the latter, though there is no doubt a considerable Welsh movement towards the manufacturing centres of England, this proceeds in the main from the agricultural districts; while, to be set against this, there is an Irish immigration into Wales. On the whole, I think the figures I have given may be accepted for the purpose for which they are adduced, as corroborative illustrations of tendencies which there are independent grounds for believing to exist.

able to read and write. It is therefore not to the superiority of their school instruction that the industrial population of these Welsh counties are indebted for the remarkable circumspection and self-control which they display in their most important social relations. I can only regard this phenomenon, therefore, as the fruit of that practical training in habits of thrift and wise foresight which is provided for them in the industrial system under which they live.

It thus appears that, in point of pecuniary returns, the position of the Welsh quarriers does not suffer by comparison with that of workmen in analogous occupations even in the most prosperous districts of England—districts far more favourably circumstanced, as regards the physical conditions affecting the remuneration of the labourer, than those of the slate quarries. But mere pecuniary return affords after all but an inadequate criterion of the labourer's condition. Fully as important as the amount which he earns is the mode in which his earnings are spent; and it is here that the peculiar strength of the co-oporative principle comes into play. Those who have watched the working of "co-operative stores" have been struck with their effect in awakening and stimulating the saving spirit among the working classes—a result which has been attributed to the strong temptations to frugality presented by those establishments in the opportunities they afford for investing small sums at a fair rate of profit. In the particular form of co-operation, however, to which I have in this paper called attention, this incident of the co-operative plan such as it exists elsewhere—the provision, that is to say, for small investments—does not exist. As I have already intimated, to qualify a man for taking part in a "bargain," no capital is needed beyond the moral capital of a good character. Even should he be in a position to decline the credit which is readily extended to him, the amount required for the purchase of such implements and tools as it falls to his share of the bargain to provide would be exceedingly small. Nor does he find in the other branches of industry flourishing around him those special opportunities which are wanting in his own. Co-operative stores have indeed, as I have been informed, been established in one or two localities in North Wales, and with excellent results; but they do not yet exist on such a scale that they can be supposed to have sensibly affected the habits of the people. As regards the larger operations of slate quarrying, they are, as it happens, peculiarly unsuited as a field for small investments. This will at once be understood if regard be had to what has been already stated—that the amount of capital required to start a slate quarry is very large, while the risk of the speculation is very great. The former obstacle might indeed be overcome by recourse to the joint stock expedient, were the joint stock plan capable of being applied with advantage to this branch of production; but this seems not to be the case: at least, so think the working quarriers, and their opinion seems to be borne out by facts.[1] In the case of the population

[1] Numerous joint-stock companies are at present working quarries in North Wales; but, as a rule, I understand they are not flourishing concerns; all the most prosperous undertakings being in the hands of individuals or private co-partneries. The reasons for the superiority of the latter are apparent enough. There is no need that the business organizations of such an undertaking should be other than extremely simple. In Penrhyn Quarry, for example, where the operations are on an immense scale, the entire business of keeping the accounts, &c. is performed by two clerks. This cannot but give a great advantage to individuals and small co-partneries over the necessarily more cumbrous organization of a joint-stock company. Again, the special knowledge and singleness of design which are so essential in this branch of industry are much more likely to be realized by individuals, or associations consisting of a few partners, than by a more numerous body. In addition to the reasons mentioned in the text, it is probable that some distrust of the Saxon enters into the Welsh workman's reluctance to commit his savings to undertakings which are carried on largely by Saxon capital: this seems to be expressed in his proverb:—"Os byth y gweli sais ac engine yn dyfod ir gwaith pacia dy bethan." [When you see an Englishman with his engine coming to the work, pack and be off.]

of the slate quarries, therefore, there seems to be an entire absence of those special incentives to frugality and providence which have been incidents of the co-operative plan in its better known forms. Nevertheless frugality and providence are found to characterise this population in a remarkable degree. The mere fact that, according to the prevailing custom, wages are paid at so long an interval as once a month, implies of itself a considerable fund of accumulated savings existing among the body of the people. But this would give but an inadequate idea of their saving disposition. It is, I am assured, quite common to find in the ranks of the contractors men who have laid by from one to three and four hundred pounds. In one quarry which I visited, a man was pointed out to me—a manual labourer—who was known to be in receipt of between 80*l.* and 100*l.* a year, independently altogether of his current earnings—the return on capital saved and invested. This, no doubt, was an extraordinary case, but not, I was assured, by any means without a parallel. Well, where is the field for the investment of these considerable accumulations? A portion goes into agriculture; prosperous quarrymen turning farmers in their latter days, or sometimes combining with farming pursuits occasional adventures in their old line. Retail trade again absorbs some. But probably the largest part of the funds finds its way into the associations known as "building societies." These "building societies" might with more propriety be called loan societies; their functions consisting in advancing money to be invested in building speculations, which, though for the most part undertaken by the members, are yet carried on on individual account, resembling in this respect the "Verschussvereine" described by Professer Huber in his interesting paper on "Co-operation."[1] These societies are extremely popular with the workmen; and as to the range of their operations the reader will be able to form some notion when I state that several considerable towns in North Wales have been almost entirely built by the capital supplied through this agency. Thus the pretty town of Bethesda, within five miles of Bangor, is almost entirely the creation of the enterprise of working men deriving their funds from this source. Llandudno, Rhyll, and Upper Bangor owe their existence in large part to the same cause. As to the substantial comfort in which the people of the quarry districts live, no one who has visited these districts will, I think, feel any doubt. Nor is it comfort merely. The style and finish of the workmen's houses are very remarkable, more particularly in Bethesda and the neighbourhood of the Penrhyn quarries, where the elegant model furnished by Colonel Pennant in his own village has been turned to excellent account. A feature in the architecture is the variety of modes in which the staple material is brought into requisition. Roofing is but a small part of the purposes to which the slate is applied; there are slate door-posts, slate window-settings; the ground story is generally flagged with slate, which makes its appearance besides in many places where one would little expect to find it. I know not whether the extreme cleanliness of the Welsh is to be attributed in any degree to the advantages of this material; but they are certainly pre-eminent in this virtue. The exquisite neatness of some of the cottages in Bethesda and Trefriw is such as I imagine would not easily be matched out of Holland. The kitchen-parlour is quite a marvel of cleanliness, tidiness, and order—with its slate floor swept till it shines, its "varnished clock" clicking "behind the door," and its furniture, though mostly made of common wood, polished to such brightness that it does not pale even before the constellations of brass knobs which glitter all around. In the village where I was staying I have watched an old woman who lived on the opposite side of the street come out in showery weather to scrub her door-slab clean as fast as it was soiled by the foot-

[1] Published in the "Social Science Transactions" for 1862.

steps of each careless passer-by. The apparition would follow on the clearing away of a shower almost with the regularity of the lady in the toy barometer. Nor should we omit to say that some attempt at a library is rarely absent from these quarriers' cottages. The selection may not contain the newest publications, and is not perhaps very choice; but at least it shows literary aspirations—a soul for something above the quarry. The Bible, generally in Welsh, I observed held a constant and honoured place in the literary store.

The simplicity of character and kindness of heart among the poorer classes of Welsh people are very striking and attractive. In illustration of these qualities I may mention an admirable trait, which may I think be fairly connected with their co-operative system.

The occupations of the slate quarry involve, as may readily be believed, no small amount of risk to the limbs and lives of those who engage in them; the accidents from blasting, falling in of rocks, &c. being unfortunately very numerous, and frequently fatal; and, as might be expected, there is no lack of provision against such disastrous contingencies. Besides the ordinary friendly societies which flourish in immense numbers all over the country, no quarry of any importance is without its sick club. Numerous associations exist framed with a special view to compensate for the losses incident to mutilation and death. But such machinery does not satisfy the cravings of the fraternal feeling that subsists among the workmen. The assistance from this source (where the accidents are of a serious nature, involving calamitous consequences to the family of the injured man) is almost invariably supplemented by voluntary contributions raised among his fellow workmen. "As "a class," writes a correspondent, himself extensively engaged in this business, to whom I have already expressed my obligations, "As a class, quarriers are "very liberal. If by accident a father "of a family is killed, the wife will go "through the quarry and frequently "gets (if her husband has been a man "of good character) from 10*l.* to 20*l.* "At other times collections are made in "the chapels, and almost in every in-"stance they show great liberality." He adds that these occurrences are unfortunately very frequent; several such calls on the workman's pocket having quite recently occurred in a single quarry in the short space of a few months.

Such then is the "contract system" of the slate quarries, and such are its fruits. Divested as it is of certain extraneous advantages which accompany other forms of "co-operation," it sets, as it seems to me, in all the stronger light the inherent virtue of the principle itself—the principle of combining the exertions of labourers towards a common result in which they have a joint interest—an interest varying with the success of their common efforts. The results here obtained are obtained not so much through the increased force of the external inducements to prudent or righteous conduct, as by strengthening the character of the workman, calling into action qualities of mind which in the ordinary condition of the labourer's life lie dormant, enlarging his mental horizon, stimulating his reflective powers, widening his sympathies—in a word, developing those principles and habits which furnish the only solid basis for any permanent improvement of his state.

How far the particular arrangement which I have described admits of being extended to other departments of production is what actual experiment can alone determine. *Primâ facie*, it would seem that one condition only was indispensable to its adoption—the possibility of splitting up the work to be done into a number of small and independent tasks. It is at all events certain that the success of the plan in the instances in which it has been tried has been remarkably great; and this, considered with reference to commercial, no less than to social, results. As an expedient for the practical solution of the labour-problem, the weakness of the "contract system" seems to me to lie

in the fact that under it the labourer and the capitalist are still distinct persons; the two capacities do not coalesce in the same man. The difficulty which, under the ordinary relations of labour and capital, occurs in settling the rate of wages might equally occur under the "contract system" in settling the terms of the contract. That it does not in practice arise is to be ascribed, I imagine, chiefly to the circumstance to which I have already adverted—the double capacity in which the contractor acts, as at once employer and employed; and, for the rest, to the general intelligence which the system engenders.

IRISH LAWYERS AND STATESMEN OF A BYGONE GENERATION.

BY A MAN ON THE SHADY SIDE OF FIFTY.

As a school-boy of twelve years old, I had been taken by my father to visit the great patriot and Irish orator, Grattan. I well remember that the impression he produced, on a mind then so little competent to comprehend his powers, was one of reverence, not unmixed with awe. There was about him a simple, gentle dignity, a courtesy and elaborate politeness, which reminded me of what I had read of the *vieille cour*. He was dressed in a blue coat and buff waistcoat, with knee-breeches and silk stockings. He had not abandoned the old pigtail, and the studied politeness and elegant elaboration of his manner produced on me an impression which time cannot efface. He had the look and bearing of a thorough gentleman. His enunciation in private life was slow, and his pronunciation seemed, to my child-like ears, somewhat quaint and foreign. "James," he pronounced *Jeems;* "oblige," *obleege*; and he used the words, "a dish of tea," and "a dish of coffee:" but this was the fashion in his early day, and to that fashion he adhered to the last. It has been written by the late Charles Phillips, in his "Curran and his Contemporaries," that Grattan was short in stature, and unprepossessing in appearance. He was rather over than under the middle height, being about five feet nine; and, so far from being unprepossessing in appearance, his features were regular, and full of expression.

For three or four years after the time when I first beheld him, as a boy, I had frequent opportunities of seeing him in private, and I must say that never before or since have I met with one whose manner so captivated and charmed me. It was eminently distinguished and well-bred. I was intimately acquainted with the Right Hon. Robert Day, a retired judge of the King's Bench in Ireland, who had been Grattan's contemporary in the University of Dublin and at the Temple, and who lived a great deal with him in a house which they rented together at Windsor Forest; and Day always spoke of his friend as being the most fascinating man in private life, and more especially in female society, he had ever known. They made a tour in France together in 1768. Grattan, though not speaking the language fluently, read largely the French authors and dramatists.

The first time I ever heard Grattan speak was at a dinner of about twenty persons, given in his honour by an attached friend and admirer, and at which his health was proposed by the host. For the first minute or two he faltered and hesitated; but this nervousness soon disappeared, and, once fairly started, he riveted and charmed attention. I subsequently heard him at a public meeting, where he spoke for about ten or fifteen minutes. He was then seventy-two years of age, and his voice, never in his best days powerful, was thin and somewhat reedy. A critic might have observed that the gesture was somewhat theatrical, and that anti-

thesis and epigram were too frequently resorted to; but the impression produced on me, as a whole, by this great speaker in his decline was, that in boldness of thought, in grandeur and gorgeousness of language, in intensity of feeling and imagination, he was unequalled.

The private life of Grattan was as pure as his public life. His affections centred in his family; and, after country and family, his dominant passions were literature and the pleasures of a country life. On one of the occasions in which I was in his company, he recited long passages from Cowley, Dryden, and Pope—among others the "Elegy on the Death of an Unfortunate Lady;" and I was amazed not more at his powers of memory than at his powers of elocution. The late Mr. Justice Day informed me that Grattan could repeat all the finest passages in Dryden and Pope without missing a line.

Day, and Day's friend Lord Plunket, always used the word "Sir," in speaking to Mr. Grattan; and Mr. Commissioner Burrows, an eminent member of the Irish Bar, as well as Mr. Serjeant Good, Mr. Wallace, and Mr. John Burne, eminent King's Counsel, followed this example. In mentioning this to the Knight of Kerry, he said Mr. Peel, when Secretary for Ireland, treated Mr. Grattan with as respectful a deference. In truth, in private life Grattan was universally respected and beloved. "I never knew a man," said Wilberforce, "whose patriotism and love for his country seemed so completely to extinguish all private interests, and to induce him to look invariably and exclusively to the public good." His life was a great moral lesson, and death has neither diminished nor tarnished his renown.

He was a man of undaunted and fearless courage, at a time, and in a country, when not merely moral but physical courage were indispensable. He fought and wounded Corry, the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he would have fought Flood, his rival, had not the House of Commons interposed. When entering his seventy-third year, an Irish mob assailed him on the day of his being chaired through Dublin, after his return in 1818. One of the miscreants flung at the old statesman a stone, which cut open his cheek under the eye. While still bleeding and suffering from pain, he jumped from the chair, and, seizing the stone, which had fallen at his feet, flung it with failing strength in the direction from which it came. From the place where he received this wound he was carried to one of his committee-rooms in the neighbourhood, and from the balcony of the drawing-room he imputed the injury and insult, of which he had been the victim, to chance, not design.

On the accession of George IV. in 1820, Grattan proceeded to London to present the Roman Catholic petition; but the exertion, though he travelled by easy stages, and by canal, was too much for him, and he died, shortly after his arrival, on the 4th June, 1820. At the request of the foremost men of the nation, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, two of the Royal Dukes being pall-bearers. It might truly be said—

> "Ne'er to these chambers where the mighty rest,
> Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
> Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
> A purer spirit, or more holy shade."

Grattan's second son, and his biographer, succeeded him in the representation of the city of Dublin; and his eldest son sat for many years as one of the members for Wicklow County; but to neither of these gentlemen, now passed away, did the genius or talents of their illustrious father descend.

Fourteen of Grattan's great speeches were on the Roman Catholic question, four were on the declaration of the rights of Ireland, two were on Tithes, and four or five were speeches against the Union. He spoke in the English House of Commons on June 23rd, 1815, on the Corn Laws, and on May 25th of the same year on the downfall of Bonaparte. Here is an extract from this speech:—

"I agree with my honourable friends in thinking that we ought not to impose a Government upon France. I agree with them in de

precating the evil of war, but I deprecate still more the double evil of a peace without securities, and a war without allies. Sir, I wish it was a question between peace and war; but, unfortunately for the country, very painfully to us, and most injuriously to all ranks of men, peace is not in our option; and the real question is, whether we shall go to war when our allies are assembled, or fight the battle when those allies shall be dissipated? Sir, the French Government is war; it is a stratocracy, elective, aggressive, and predatory; her armies live to fight, and fight to live; their constitution is essentially war, and the object of that war the conquest of Europe. What such a person as Bonaparte, at the head of such a constitution, will do, you may judge by what he has done. And first he took possession of the greater part of Europe; he made his son king of Rome; he made his son-in-law viceroy of Italy; he made his brother king of Holland; he made his brother-in-law king of Naples; he imprisoned the king of Spain; he banished the Regent of Portugal; and formed his plan to take possession of the Crown of England. England had checked his designs; her trident had stirred up his empire from its foundation; he complained of her tyranny at sea: but it was her power at sea which arrested his tyranny on land—the navy of England saved Europe. Knowing this, he knew the conquest of England became necessary for the accomplishment of the conquest of Europe, and the destruction of her marine necessary for the conquest of England. Accordingly, besides raising an army of 60,000 men for the invasion of England, he applied himself to the destruction of her commerce, the foundation of her naval power. In pursuit of this object, for his plan of Western empire, he conceived, and in part executed, the design of consigning to plunder and destruction the vast regions of Russia. He quits the genial clime of the temperate zone; he bursts through the narrow limits of an immense empire; he abandons comfort and security, and he hurries to the pole, to hazard them all, and with them the companions of his victories, and with them the fame and fruits of his crimes and his talents, on speculation of leaving in Europe, throughout the whole of its extent, no one free or independent nation. To oppose this huge conception of mischief and despotism, the great potentate of the North, from his gloomy recesses, advances to defend himself against the voracity of ambition amid the sterility of his empire. Ambition is omnivorous—it feasts on famine, and sheds tons of blood, that it may starve on ice, in order to commit robbery or desolation. The Power of the North, I say, joins another prince whom Bonaparte had deprived of almost the whole of his authority—the king of Prussia, and then another potentate, whom Bonaparte had deprived of the principal part of his dominions—the emperor of Austria. These three Powers, physical causes, final justice, the influence of your victories in Spain and Portugal, and the spirit given to Europe by the achievements and renown of your great commander, together with the precipitation of his own ambition, combine to accomplish his destruction. Bonaparte is conquered. He who said, 'I will be like the Most High,' he who smote the nations with a continual stroke, this short-lived Son of the Morning, Lucifer, falls, and the earth is at rest; the phantom of royalty passes on to nothing, and the three kings to the gates of Paris; there they stand, the late victims of his ambition, and now the disposers of his destiny and the masters of his empire. Without provocation he had gone to their countries with fire and sword; with the greatest provocation they came to his country with life and liberty. They do an act unparalleled in the annals of history, such as nor envy, nor time, nor malice, nor prejudice, nor ingratitude can efface; they give to his subjects liberty, and to himself life and royalty. This is greater than conquest."

A contemporary and friend of Grattan during his long life, though eighteen years his junior, was William Conyngham Plunket, afterwards Lord Plunket. This gentleman, though the son of a poor Presbyterian minister in the north of Ireland, claimed descent from the same stock as the Louths and Fingalls.

The ministers of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland even now lead a hard and rugged life. Their stipends are small, their lives are simple, their ministrations are laborious, their course of life is frugal. One hundred and forty years ago they were in a worse position than they are now. They subsisted altogether on the voluntary offerings of their flocks, which were not then supplemented by the "Regium Donum." For the most part, though better born and better educated than the Roman Catholic priests, they were but a couple of degrees higher in the social scale. But they possessed more self-control and discretion.

Plunket's father was said to have been a man superior to his fellows. He was sagacious and solid-headed, a man not merely book-learned, but keen-witted and worldly-wise. Strongly tinged with the intrepid and inquiring spirit of his creed, he was a Liberal in politics, and an Arian in religion. But so staid was his character, so respectable and repected was he, that he was called from Monaghan to the care of the church of

Enniskillen, the capital town of the county Fermanagh. There he married Mary, the sister of Redmond Conyngham, Esq. somewhere at the close of 1748; and in 1750 a son was born to him in the person of Patrick Plunket, the elder brother of William, afterwards one of the most eminent physicians in the city of Dublin. Fourteen years afterwards, namely, in 1764, while his father was still a minister in Fermanagh, William Conyngham Plunket was born in that county.

Four years after this his father removed to the metropolis, having been selected by the elders to fill the place of minister to the Socinian congregation in Strand Street. Some of the ablest men in Dublin—as Sampson, the barrister, Drs. Tennant and Drennan—and some of the most intelligent and respected merchants—Travers Hartley, who represented Dublin in Parliament, Alexander Jaffray, the Graysons, the Wilkinsons, the Wilsons, the Stewarts, the Lunells, the Maquays—belonged to this congregation, and were habitual attendants at it; as also were Sir Archibald Acheson, of Markethill, Armagh, Colonel Sharman, the ancestor of Sharman Crawford, Sir Capel Molyneux, the descendant of the author of "Molyneux's Case of Ireland," and Archibald Hamilton Rowan, afterwards implicated in the Rebellion of 1798. With many of these gentlemen the father of William Conyngham Plunket was intimate, and he also associated with the Liberal politicians and chief men of letters in Dublin. For ten years he gave eminent satisfaction to his hearers, winning daily upon their affection and regard. But in 1778, while still comparatively a young man, he died, leaving a widow and young family. He lived, however, long enough to see his eldest son Patrick established as a rising physician, with every prospect of attaining to the very summit of his profession. As he had died not merely without wealth, but in unprosperous circumstances, the Unitarian congregation of Strand-street, very much to their credit, subscribed a sum of 500*l.* for the education of the younger children of the family. The great advocate and statesman that was to be was then in his fourteenth year. He was at once sent to a classical school to complete the education well commenced by his father; and a provision was made for his mother, for whom a residence was purchased in Jervis-street, near the Strand-street meeting-house. Here she was established as a tea-dealer, being patronized by the elders and congregation of her late husband.

In 1779, Plunket, with his friend and fellow-townsman Magee (the son of a shopkeeper of Enniskillen—some say of a strolling player—and afterwards Archbishop of Dublin), stood for a sizarship at the University of Dublin. They failed in attaining what they desired, and probably deserved, and entered as pensioners. From the period of their entrance into the Irish University, both Plunket and Magee, who were fast friends and companions, exhibited great talents. Plunket obtained a scholarship with ease, and highly distinguished himself as a member of the Historical Society.

The ablest undergraduates of the University were all members of this society, and all of them had the liberty of entering the Irish House of Commons, as the Westminster scholars had and have that of entering the Commons House in London. It was the privilege of Plunket, as a student of Trinity, to have heard Henry Burgh, Flood, Yelverton, Grattan, and Duquery. Charmed by the silvery voice, the inimitable manner, the simple dignity of Burgh; swayed by the powerful diction and luxuriant fancy of Yelverton; subdued by the "resistless powers," as he himself called them, "that waited on the majesty of Grattan's genius"—Plunket seems nevertheless to have modelled himself more on Flood than on any orator that appeared during his early youth. Curran, who idolized Grattan, used to say that Flood was immeasurably the greatest man of his time in Ireland; and this seems also to have been the opinion of Plunket, who admired, re-

spected, and loved Grattan as much as it was in his nature to love any man.

It is not wonderful that one so grave and austere in manner, and so logical in mind as Plunket, should have been greatly pleased with Flood. But he was no servile imitator of that distinguished speaker and statesman, and never was it remarked at the Historical Society that Plunket imitated any one. Without much apparent effort, he bore off the bell in the debates of his juvenile contemporaries. Among these were some very able men indeed. There was Peter Burrowes, afterwards an eminent King's Counsel, and subsequently Commissioner of Insolvents; there was John Sealy Townsend, afterwards a Master in Chancery; there was Luke Fox, afterwards a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; there were John Whitley Stokes (the father of the present eminent physician of that name), William Magee, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, Standish O'Grady, afterwards Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Radcliff, afterwards Judge of the Prerogative Court, and Quin, subsequently an eminent King's Counsel and leader of the Munster Circuit. Of all these able men it was an acknowledged fact that Plunket was the superior.

In 1784, when about twenty, Plunket came over to London, and entered himself at Lincoln's Inn. His intimate friends and companions, during his sojourn in London, were Mr. Joseph Higginson, and Mr. Michael Nolan, afterwards a King's Counsel at the English Bar. Mr. Higginson had been called to the Irish Bar in 1779; but, having taken a decided part during the Volunteer movement, he was unfavourably looked on by the authorities. The result was that he had come to England, and entered the commercial house of Bell and Co., Aldersgate-street. The firm was ultimately known as that of Bell, Higginson, and Co., China and East and West India merchants. Mr. Michael Nolan, Plunket's other friend, had been his contemporary in the University of Dublin. He was a man of sound judgment, and considerable attainments as a scholar and a lawyer. Having a brother an attorney in Dublin, he had purposed being called to the Irish Bar, but he ultimately changed his views, and was called to the English Bar, at which he practised with success. He was the author of a well-known book, the "Justice of the Peace," published 1791-1793, and also of one on the "Poor Laws," which went through many editions. He was subsequently one of the counsel for Mr. Plunket, when that gentleman brought an action for libel against the editor of "Cobbett's Register," in 1804. That he was a man of great learning in his profession is evident from his elaborate argument in showing cause against the rule for a new trial in the case of Governor Picton.[1]

Nolan and Plunket read law and history together when students at Lincoln's Inn, and the intimacy thus early created subsisted till the period of Nolan's death in 1836. Plunket was called to the Irish Bar in 1787. Among the leading counsel of that day were John Fitzgibbon, then Attorney-General, and afterwards Lord Chancellor; Arthur Wolfe, afterwards Lord Kilwarden, and Chief Justice; Fletcher, afterwards a Justice of the Common Pleas; Beresford, Burton, Duquery; William Downes, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench; Robert Day, the friend and contemporary of Grattan, and afterwards one of the Justices of the King's Bench; Fox, afterwards a Justice of the Common Pleas; Smith, afterwards Master of the Rolls; and Fitzgerald, afterwards Prime Serjeant. Curran, without much business at this period, had already distinguished himself as a great advocate; and Saurin, afterwards for so long a period Attorney-General, and who was seven years Plunket's senior at the Bar, was fast rising into practice. Without many friends, and without any connexion with attorneys, Plunket had up-hill work before him. He is said, I know not how truly, to have received half-guinea fees at Trim, where the North-west Circuit then commenced. But there was nothing discreditable in this. Half-guinea fees for justifying

[1] State Trials, vol. xxx. p. 733.

bail, and putting counsel's hand to paper, prevailed in England for more than five-and-forty years after the period of Plunket's call. Be this as it may, Plunket had to contend, in his earlier days, with such men as Duquery, Chatterton, Arthur Moore, Bushe, and M. Ball (afterwards Serjeant Ball), some of them much his seniors, some of them a little his juniors, but all of them men of ability. It is said by Mr. J. C. Hoey, who has written a memoir of Lord Plunket, that he was so poor that he had to sell his gold medal (he means, of course, the gold medal obtained at Trinity College, Dublin) to go his first circuit. I mention this statement to express my disbelief in its accuracy. There were twenty members of his father's congregation in Strand-street, ready and willing to offer young Plunket the means to go the circuit if he needed it; irrespectively of which there was his brother, Dr. Patrick Plunket, a physician fast rising into the highest eminence when Plunket was called, to lend him any aid required. Seventy-six years ago circuits were in Ireland travelled much more cheaply than now. A pint of good wine was then had for a shilling or fifteenpence; and bread, meat, fish, and fowl, were all sold at a low figure. But, even though prices had been double what they were in 1787, there is reason to think that Plunket could have easily found the means to travel the North-western Irish circuit.

In his early career at the Bar, Plunket had lodgings in the house of a Roman Catholic trader, the junior partner in the firm of Macauley and Hughes, of George's Quay. These gentlemen were ship-agents, and owners of some of the principal sailing packets then and subsequently plying between Dublin and Holyhead, Dublin and Parkgate, and Dublin and Liverpool. The head of the firm was a staunch Protestant and Orangeman, while the junior partner, Mr. Michael Hughes, was a devout Roman Catholic. It was with this latter gentleman that Plunket lodged, and a friendship appears to have sprung up between the two, which continued during their respective lives.

The rise of many celebrated men at the Bar is truly said to be owing to the "accident of an accident." It is related by Mr. O'Donoghue, an Irish barrister, that young Plunket was acquainted with the conducting clerk of an eminent firm of attorneys, who, assured of the abilities of his young friend, gave him instructions to draw a heavy bill in Equity. The bill having been despatched in a most masterly manner, the head of the house was so struck with it that he sought the acquaintance of the junior, invited him to his house, sent to him briefs and pleadings, and consulted him in most of the cases in course of progress in his office. This solicitor was named M'Causland. He was a man in large and lucrative practice, and had held the place of examiner to Baron Hamilton since 1781. M'Causland, who had been member for Donegal county, had an only daughter, and this lady Plunket married in 1791, when he was twenty-seven years old, and had been four years at the bar.

While a junior at the Bar Plunket continued his intimacy with Magee, who attained a fellowship, and subsequently became Archbishop of Dublin; with Burrowes, who was rising into eminence on his circuit; with Bushe, six years his junior; and with a more remarkable man in one sense than any of them—Theobald Wolfe Tone. Tone and Plunket were of the same age, and entered the University of Dublin nearly at the same period. From his earliest days Tone had been a reader, and, what is rarer, a thinker. When he entered college he was possessed of much more general information than the generality of freshmen. There was, besides, an energy and a force of character and of will about him which marked him out for a leader of men. His tutor was Matthew Young, a celebrated mathematician, and of this able scholar he acquired the friendship and esteem. At the Historical Society Plunket and Tone were often pitted against each other, but the two men differed as much in the nature of their characters as of their talents. Tone was a man of speculative

views, a bold and original thinker, ardent and enthusiastic, who had deeply meditated on forms of polity and systems of government, and who was smitten with the theories of the French Revolution, and of Republicanism. Plunket, on the other hand, was a Northern Whig, with definite views and fixed opinions. If then in theory a little Republican, and in religion more of a Rationalist than a Ritualist, he was a sincere admirer of the British constitution, and neither a democrat or a Jacobin. Tone was both. He was restless, he was energetic, he was enthusiastic; but there was so much of sincerity about him, he was so disinterested, single-minded, gentle-hearted, and unselfish, that he was a universal favourite with men who dissented from his opinions, and who hated his politics. Nevertheless, a coldness sprang up between Plunket and Tone in 1790, when the latter founded the Society of United Irishmen. This coldness continued till 1795, at which period Tone, whose treasonable proceedings had been discovered by the Government, obtained leave, through the interference of Marcus Beresford, George Knox, and Arthur Wolfe, the Attorney-General (afterwards Lord Kilwarden), to expatriate himself to America. Plunket had no personal interview with him before he left, but shortly before his departure for the New World addressed him the following letter:—

"Dear Tone,—I embrace with great pleasure the idea and opportunity of renewing our old habits of intimacy and friendship. Long as they have been interrupted, I can assure you that no hostile sentiment towards you ever found admittance to my mind. Regret—allow me the expression on your account—apprehension for the public, and great pain at being deprived of the social, happy, and unrestrained intercourse which had for so many years subsisted between us, were the sum of my feelings. Some of them, perhaps, were mistaken, but there can be no use now in any retrospect of that kind. It is not without a degree of melancholy I reflect that your present destination makes it probable that we may never meet again, and talk and laugh together as we used to do, though it is difficult to determine whether these jumbling times might not again bring us together. In all events, I shall be most happy to hear from you, and write to you often and fully, and to hear of your well-being wherever you may be. If I had known your departure was to have been so very immediate, I would not have suffered you to slip away without a personal meeting. I shall hope to hear from you as soon as you get to America. I formerly had friends there. The unfortunate death of my brother you have probably heard of; perhaps, however, I may still have some there who might be useful to you. Let me know where and in what line you think of settling, and, if any of my connexions can be of any use, I will write to them warmly. I beg you will give my best regards to Mrs. Tone, and believe me, dear Tone, with great truth, your friend, W. Plunket.

"May 20, 1795."

The man to whom this kindly and creditable letter was addressed, with his wife, his sister, three children, and £700 in money, sailed for America in May, 1795, where he landed in the August following. It required immense fortitude to sustain any individual freighted with so many calamities —a man who, in addition to the pains of exile, endured the anguish of being an outcast from his friends, his profession, and his country. Tone was in a strange land, and without personal friends; but he was a man of antique fortitude and heroism, and he defied the frowns of fate. His first design was to settle down as a farmer in Princeton, New Jersey; but letters from Ireland changed his purposes. Previously to leaving his country, he had had an interview with Thomas Addis Emmet, soon to follow him. He told Emmet that he did not consider his compromise with the Government extended further than to the banks of the Delaware, for that his offence was expiated by exile. Arrived in Philadelphia, he accordingly sought an introduction from the French Minister to the French Directory in Paris, with a view to the invasion of Ireland. Citizen Adet at first declined all communication; but Tone persevered, exhibited to him credentials from the Roman Catholics in Ireland, and asserted that his country was discontented and organized. At length, Adet gave him the required introduction. He landed with it at Havre in February, 1796, proceeded to Monroe, the United States Ambassador, and procured from

him an introduction to Clarke, Duc de Feltre. Clarke put him into communication with Carnot; and though he spoke the French language imperfectly, his statements were so clear, his arguments so cogent, that the cool-headed and reflective Carnot, the organizer of victory, attentively listened. This was a step gained. But Tone had to encounter the envy and jealousy of certain of his countrymen, who were employed in the French military and secret diplomatic service, and who perceived that their influence and occupation were gone if the recently-arrived exile succeeded. Notwithstanding the attempts made to whisper him down by the Ducketts, Madgetts, Sullivans, MacSheehys, Fitzsimmonses, and other Milesians, acting in the French service, the Irish ex-barrister persevered, and at length succeeded in convincing the Minister that an expedition was feasible.

This was a great achievement for the son of Peter Tone, a coachmaker at 44, Stafford-street, Dublin, who carried on his business within a stone's throw of the Rev. Thomas Plunket's meeting-house and residence. In Stafford-street and Strand-street, Plunket and Tone had known each other as schoolboys; there was but eighteen months' difference between them in point of age; they went through college together; were called to the Bar nearly at the same time; and yet how different were their fates! Here was Tone, in 1796, an exile, and almost a pauper, soliciting the aid of a foreign Government for the invasion of his country, while his early friend and fellow-student had risen into prosperous business, and was looked on as one of the ablest lawyers and advocates of his country. In 1796, a short time before his appointment as *chef de brigade*, Tone's means were exhausted. He had but two louis d'ors left, and he was obliged to apply to the French Minister of War for the means of subsistence. At this juncture, his old college-companion, Plunket, was making nearly a couple of thousands a year, and within eighteen months afterwards he was appointed a King's Counsel.

Ultimately, however, on New Year's day, 1797, Tone set sail, under the command of Hoche, with a fleet of seventeen sail of the line, thirteen frigates, and thirteen transports. But storms arose which separated the fleet, only sixteen sail of which arrived in Bantry Bay, where they lay for sixteen days without attempting to land. Seven sail of the line afterwards reached Ushant, being all that remained of forty-three sail which had departed from Brest.

Tone next joined the expedition of the Texel, consisting of fifteen sail of the line, ten frigates, and many sloops and transports. The land force amounted to 13,500 men, with three months' provisions; but, as Duncan lay off the mouth of the Texel, the expedition never sailed. The third expedition, known as Humbent's, to which Tone was also attached, landed at Kilalla, and was obliged to surrender to an overwhelming force, under Lord Cornwallis, on the 8th of September, 1798. Tone was taken prisoner, tried in Dublin, and sentenced, by court martial, on the 10th November, 1798. That he was mistaken and misguided, all calm-thinking men now allow; but his enemies and opponents at the time fully admitted that he was disinterested and single-minded, and that he acted from no personal motive, but wholly from mistaken views of what he believed to be for his country's good.

In 1798, the year of the rebellion, Plunket, as being the most rising barrister of the day, was made a King's Counsel, and in the same year he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Charlemont. Before he had been ten years at the Bar, he rose into general business on the North-west Circuit, and in the courts of Common Law; but it was in Chancery chiefly that his peculiar powers had scope. In that court he was often opposed to that most able and accurate lawyer, Saurin (afterwards Attorney-General), to O'Grady (afterwards Chief Baron), to John Sealy Townsend, to Bushe and Joy (afterwards Chief Justice and Chief Baron), and to John Kirwan.

an eminent King's Counsel of that day. On circuit, his chief opponents were M'Clelland (afterwards a Baron of the Exchequer), Jebb (afterwards a Justice of the King's Bench), James Whitestone, a very able and learned lawyer and King's Counsel, Robert Johnstone (afterwards a King's Counsel), Luke Fox (afterwards a Judge of the Common Pleas), and Rolleston, afterwards an eminent King's Counsel, and one of the leaders of his circuit. But, in force and cogency of reasoning, in power of generalization, in rapid, close, and irresistible argument, in the capacity of luminously grasping his facts, and drawing irresistible deductions favourable to his own views, Plunket was unequalled. Saurin was more calm, unimpassioned, and equable, as well as a more profound lawyer; Bushe, more ornate, plausible, and rhetorical; O'Grady, more bitter and bantering; and Townsend and Burton had more of black-letter lore; but Plunket was their master in the predominating strength and solidity of his intellect, though he was inferior to more than one among them in readiness and dexterity.

In the year of the fatal rebellion, Plunket, owing to his own talents and ability, partly also to his connexion with the family of the M'Causlands, had obtained excellent business in Chancery; but so highly was he thought of as an advocate and general and constitutional lawyer, that he was, with Mr. Curran and Mr. Ponsonby, selected counsel for the Sheareses, and both barristers argued the demurrer of Harry Sheares with eminent ability. But, when Curran, prompted by the most noble feelings, made so vigorous an effort shortly afterwards to save Wolfe Tone from the executioner by moving for a Habeas Corpus, Plunket did not volunteer his services for his old friend and companion, and the heat and labour of the forensic effort fell on Curran and Peter Burrowes, who had prepared Tone's defence before the court-martial. I do not blame Plunket for holding aloof on this occasion. He probably felt that Tone, having made a compromise with the Government in 1795, was only permitted to go into exile on the condition that he was thenceforth and for ever to abstain from all treasonable practices, and that the Government would not have spared his life on any other conditions. Be this as it may, he held aloof, and, it must be admitted, consistently; for though he was not averse from constitutional efforts to ameliorate the condition of his country, he ever held in detestation the Jacobite faction, and had a horror of those who would resort to France to carry out their views for the regeneration of Ireland. Plunket, it should be remembered, though a Whig and a Liberal, was not a Revolutionist or a Republican. In truth, he had donned a uniform, and became a member of the Lawyers' corps, in order to preserve our shores from that very invasion which Tone had laboured with great vigour to effect. The young barrister was also a member of Parliament, and, in the absence of Grattan, had taken a leading, indeed, the very foremost, part in the ranks of the Whig opposition. He was member for the borough of Charlemont; and the proprietor of that borough, though a volunteer of 1782, and still stickling for the independence of Ireland, did not wish to reduce his country to the necessity of seeking a favour of France.

Plunket, coming with a high academic, and a still greater Bar, reputation, had soon gained the ear of the Irish House of Commons. It is very possible that he entered on the discussion of the Union question at first with despondency, seeing that it must be carried both by bribery and intimidation; but, this being so, his efforts in the House of Commons appear the more wonderful. At the Bar meetings, among his fellows and brother professional men, Plunket spoke of the measure and its prospect of success with complete unreserve and the utmost candour. He expressed his belief that fear, animosity, a want of time to consider the consequences, and 40,000 British bayonets would carry the point; but in Parliament, on the other hand, he held the highest and loftiest tone, and no man of his day—a day fertile in great men and oratory—stood

in so prominent a position. I have said that Grattan, a man of more fire, genius, and fervid energy, was not then a member of Parliament. He was more original than Plunket, more pointed and terse in his language, perhaps he was more sagacious, and he certainly possessed a more extraordinary power of invective and sarcasm. But though the great lawyer did not take such high flights at this period—though he was less epigrammatic and antithetical—though he was less sublime and more severe in his style than the patriot of 1782, yet he was as great an orator after another mould and fashion. Plunket's style of speaking would also be preferred by the generality of Englishmen. He was sparing of metaphor, and his taste was severe, indeed fastidious. His diction was the perfection of English prose undefiled. It was perspicuous, strong, and idiomatic, and occasionally fringed with apt and admirable illustrations and the most biting and caustic satire. It was while he represented the borough of Charlemont in the Irish Parliament that he came into collision with Lord Castlereagh upon the question of the Union. He certainly attacked the noble lord, the chief secretary for Ireland, more boldly and unsparingly than any of the party with whom he acted. Here, by way of example, is his comparison between Pitt and Castlereagh :—

"The example of the prime minister of England, inimitable in its vices, may deceive the noble lord. The minister of England has his faults: he abandoned in his latter years the principles of reform, by professing which he had obtained the early confidence of the people of England: and in the whole of his political conduct he has shown himself haughty and intractable. But it must be admitted that he has shown himself by nature endowed with a towering and transcendent intellect, and that the vastness of his moral resources keeps pace with the magnificence and boundlessness of his projects. I thank God that it is much more easy for him to transfer his apostasy and his insolence than his comprehension and sagacity; and I feel the safety of my country in the wretched feebleness of her enemy. I cannot fear that the constitution which has been formed by the wisdom of sages, and cemented by the blood of patriots and of heroes, is to be smitten to its centre by such a green and limber twig as this."

The Union once carried, Plunket subsided from a legislator and a statesman into a practising Irish barrister in a capital without a parliament. It enhanced his regretful feeling to find that the men who voted for the Union were elevated into Justices and Chief Justices, not because of their sterling professional merit, but because of their utility to the minister. For fifteen years after the Union, it may be safely averred that the Bench of Justice was occupied by not a few men of whom Plunket and others thought that they ought never to have been raised to the dignity of the ermine.

Plunket had no lack of briefs before the Act of the Legislative Union was passed. After 1800 he rose into large and lucrative business, and was deemed so formidable an advocate, that the Crown secured his services in the case of Robert Emmet. The Attorney-General on that occasion was O'Grady, afterwards Chief Baron; and the Solicitor-General, M'Clelland, afterwards a Baron of the Exchequer. The case for the Crown was opened by the Attorney-General, in a speech of great ability and clearness, and eminently moderate in tone. The unhappy prisoner called no witnesses, and it was urged by one of his counsel, Mr. M'Nally, that the Crown had no right of reply. But the Court ruled otherwise, and the duty would have devolved on the Solicitor-General, had not the Attorney-General (O'Grady) particularly requested Mr. Plunket to rise and address the Court. His so doing occasioned animadversions then and long afterwards; but, to any one acquainted with the usages of the profession, it is unnecessary to state that Plunket had no option but to obey the call of the Attorney-General. I have very recently read the reply of Plunket on the prosecution, and I do not find in it any language of which a gentleman or a lawyer, placed in a most painful position, need be ashamed. Plunket, at every period of his life, had a horror of United Irishmen, only less intense than his hatred of Jacobinism, Bonapartism, and Imperialism. In defending one of Emmet's partisans shortly

afterwards, Curran, who was at one time supposed to sympathise with the United Irishmen, used language much stronger than Plunket.

On the 22d October, 1803, three-and-thirty days after Emmet's trial, Plunket was appointed Solicitor-General under the Addington administration. In 1805 he became Attorney-General under Pitt, and he retained office in the Grenville administration, generally known as All-the-Talents, with Bushe as his colleague as Solicitor-General. In 1807, after having twice failed in contests for Dublin University, he was returned to the Imperial Parliament for the borough of Midhurst. At this period the most eminent and statesmanlike of public men was Earl Grenville; and it is not wonderful that Plunket attached himself to one who resembled himself in attainments and character of mind. Both were men of proud character, both were signally indifferent to popularity, both held mob applause in sovereign contempt, and both looked on French Imperial principles with a horror bordering on detestation. There was a further similitude between Lord Grenville and Plunket: both were resolute and strenuous for what was called Roman Catholic emancipation, as the best way of extirpating French principles and French influence in Ireland. Irrespectively of these considerations, Plunket was a man to give his confidence to a high-souled, high-principled chief. He left office with the Grenville party in 1807, surrendered his English seat, and resumed his practice of his profession. His old opponent in the Court of Chancery, Saurin, against whom he had been so often pitted in causes, succeeded him as Attorney-General, and for fifteen years continued to enjoy the emoluments of office. In the interval between 1807 and 1812, when he was returned for the University of Dublin, Plunket devoted himself assiduously to the pursuit of his profession, and certainly distanced all competitors. He was employed as leading counsel on one side or other in all the great causes in Chancery, and made the largest income in the profession, with the two exceptions of Saurin and Bushe, Attorney and Solicitor-General. If we deduct the official from the private gains of these gentlemen, Plunket made a larger income than either of them, and he greatly distanced such eminent practioners as Burton (afterwards a judge), Joy (afterwards Chief-Justice), Jebb (afterwards a judge), the two Pennefathers (subsequently judges), and Lefroy, at present Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. Between 1807 and 1822, when he was again appointed Attorney-General, under the viceroyalty of Lord Wellesley, I should say that Plunket's private practice was from 7,000*l.* to 8,000*l.* per annum—an immense sum for Dublin. From 1822 to 1827, when he was appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, his private practice and official income averaged together about 14,000*l.* a year. Moreover, in 1812, he had, by the death of his brother, Dr. Patrick Plunket, who had never married, acquired a large fortune. The doctor left him 60,000*l.* in money, and a very valuable library. He was, therefore, in a position to take his place in the House as an independent member.

The greatest authorities declared that Plunket had reached the height of Parliamentary oratory. Lord Dudley wrote to his friend Dr. Coplestone, that for its gravity and sagacity, its energy and intensity, its exactitude, its sober, stately grace, he preferred Plunket's style to any he had known or read of. Of the "Peterloo" speech, in November, 1819, he also wrote, "I wish you "had heard him, in answer to Mackin-"tosh. He assailed the fabric of his ad-"versary, not by an irregular, damaging "fire that left parts of it standing, "but by a complete and rapid process of "demolition, that did not let one stone "continue standing on another." Between 1807 and 1829, Plunket made nine speeches on the Catholic question, all marked by his peculiar excellencies—great force of reasoning, great vigour and purity of expression, and great felicity of illustration. Every word was weighty; and the chain of reasoning

coiled irresistibly around the subject, grasping it as in a vice. Of these speeches, twenty years afterwards, Sir Robert Peel, one of the ablest of his opponents, said, "Lord Plunket was, in "my opinion, the most powerful and able "advocate the Catholics ever had. I will "say that he, more than any man, con- "tributed to the success of the Roman "Catholic question." It is not, therefore, wonderful that, when the Duke of Wellington determined to bring forward the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, in 1829, he solicited Lord Plunket to sit by his side, and to fight the battle for him in the House of Lords. This he did not less willingly than ably, and with the passing of this Relief Bill his senatorial career in a great degree closed. He was then, and had been for two years previously, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland, and he seems to have thought—and to have thought wisely—that it would be unseemly for a judge to mingle in party strife.

When the Whigs came into power in 1830, he was made Lord Chancellor of Ireland, which position he continued to hold (with the exception of Sir R. Peel's short tenure of office in 1834-5) till 1841. On the 18th of June in that year, the great lawyer—against whom some Chancery barristers, led by Mr. Sugden, now Lord St. Leonard's, raised a clamour, because Mr. Canning proposed to make him Master of the Rolls in 1827—was forced by Lord Melbourne to surrender the Irish seals to make way for Sir John Campbell. The Bar of Ireland voted him an address on this occasion, in which it expressed "the profoundest "admiration for his talents and acquire- "ments, which never shone with greater "brilliancy than at the period of his "removal from office." Nor was this the only notice taken of his removal. Sir Robert Peel denounced it in indignant terms in Parliament.

As a member of the Upper House, Lord Plunket addressed the Lords rarely. He spoke scarcely more than a dozen times between 1827 and 1841, occupying as he did for more than ten of these years judicial offices. But, though he spoke not often, he spoke well, wisely, and weightily.

Plunket was at all times indifferent to applause. He never could be got to correct his speeches, or to give a fuller report of them. Only one of them is correctly reported—that which he made on the Catholic question, 1813. The speech delivered on the Catholic question, in 1821, was one of the greatest orations ever heard in Parliament. It was of this discourse that Sir R. Peel said, "It stands nearly the highest in "point of richly combining the rarest "powers of eloquence with the strongest "powers of reasoning." On the afternoon of the day on which that speech was spoken, I was myself—then in my teens—introduced into the House of Commons for the first time, and I can speak of the impression the oration produced on Brougham, Mackintosh, and other leading men of the Whigs, as well as on Castlereagh and Canning. I read three of Plunket's speeches on Irish questions connected with Catholic claims, in 1825, but none of them were of the calibre of the speech of 1821. As a student and a barrister, between 1823 and 1827, I heard many of his arguments in Chancery, and all his addresses to the Court and the Jury in the Ex Officio informations in 1823; and, taking him in all, he appeared to me the greatest and most effective advocate and the most powerful reasoner I ever heard. He was a strong, square-built man, with broad and massy shoulders and a deep, full chest. His face, rather coarse in feature and outline, was redeemed from vulgarity by the noblest and highest of foreheads. He was a man of strong passions and acute feelings. But he knew how to control and keep in subjection his emotions and feelings, though the task must have been a difficult one.

I had the good fortune to be presented to Lord Plunket in my seventeenth year; and, when I had attained the age of twenty, and became a law student, I ventured to ask him what books I should read. I remember, as though it were yesterday, calling at his lodgings, a hatter's shop in St. James's-street, in

the spring of 1824. "Read," said he, "at present, 'Dalrymple on Feudal Pro-"perty,' 'Sullivan's Lectures,' and "'Gilbert's History of the Common "Pleas.' Read also 'Blackstone' daily, "and also 'Boote's Suit at Law;' and, "when you have mastered these, take "to 'Coke Littleton,' and read no book "but that. Any man who has mastered "'Coke Littleton' is armed *cap-à-pied.*" When he had finished this word, Sir John Newport entered the room, and I withdrew.

The next time I saw Plunket was in a post-chaise a few days afterwards with Sydney Smith turning the corner of Clifford-street, Bond-street. His huge jaws were dilated with laughter, and the veins of his forehead swollen with exuberant hilarity. The wittiest of Edinburgh Reviewers had titillated the risible muscles of the great orator almost to tears. They were going into Hertfordshire together, to spend from the Friday till the Monday with a noble host, their political friend.

I do not believe that Lord Plunket ever set his foot in the House of Lords after the indignity cast on him by Lord Melbourne. From 1841 to the period of his death he remained at his seat in Old Connaught, near the town of Bray. He occupied himself till 1850 in reading the poets of his country and of Greece and Rome; but towards 1851 his mind began to decay, and from that period till his decease, on Thursday the 5th of January, 1854, in his ninetieth year, he amused himself with the society of his children, grandchildren, and great-grand-children. In private life, and as a member of a family circle, he was all that was good, kindly, and amiable.

THE UNSEEN MODEL.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD.

Forth to his study the sculptor goes,
In a mood of lofty mirth.
"Now shall the tongues of carping foes
Confess what my art is worth.
'Neath the dome of my brain last night she rose,
And to-night shall see her birth."

He stood, and with proud uplifted hand
He struck the formless clay:
"Psyche, arise!" he said, "and stand,
In beauty affronting the day.
I cannot find thee in any land—
I will make thee. And so I say."

The morning had dropped the veil that lies
All day over the truth,
When the sculptor said, "I will arise
And make a woman in sooth:"
And he models and makes till daylight dies,
And its forms turn all uncouth.

The sculptor lighted his lamp so bright;—
"I will work on," said he,
"In spite of the darkness. The very night
Shall hurry and hide and flee
From the glow of my lamp, and the making might
That shineth out of me."

The sculptor modelled, the sculptor made,
  But not a line or limb
The will of the worker quite obeyed,
  Or yielded all to him.
What could it mean? He was half afraid:
  "Night-work in clay is grim.

"'Tis the lamp," he said; "but all will be right;
  And the morning comes amain."
So he wrought and modelled the livelong night,
  At the Psyche of his brain.
He lifted his eyes, and lo! the light
  Looked in at his window pane.

The lamp went out. The grey light spread
  Through films of window-dew.
The shadows melted; each cast stared dead;
  And each marble glimmered blue.
The sculptor folded his arms, and said,
  "Now I shall see her true."

Backward he stepped. A dumb dismay
  Moulds his lips to a cry of fear.
There she stands—no Ideal in clay,
  No Psyche from upper sphere!
'Tis the form of a maiden—dead, away,
  Forgotten for half a year.

Her soul to his he had witched and wiled;
  And gently she stole to his side.
He wearied and went. The maiden smiled;
  But with dying autumn she died.
Now, risen, she stands, the sculptor's child,
  And she will not be denied.

For his Pride on Art's throne would have leapt—
  And Love shall be his doom.
Psyche awoke her; forth she crept;
  He made *her* in the gloom.
Henceforth she sits where once she slept,
  In his bosom's secret room.

And his soul will haunt her form with sighs;
  And his heart will pine and rue.
And still in his study, where shapes arise,
  Each marble they carve and hew
Shall have this maiden's mournful eyes,
  And her shape shall glimmer through.

CHARLES STURT:

A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF AUSTRALIAN EXPLORATION.

Just now, when so much attention is being called to Australian exploration, and while the work is going on so very satisfactorily, it may not be amiss if we while away half-an-hour in recalling the deeds of an earlier adventurer in the same field, at a time when the nature of the country towards the interior was utterly unknown, when nearly every plant was new, and when no navigable river had been discovered to the eastward of the Blue Mountains. Let us follow the footsteps of the first successful explorer of the interior of the great continent—of the man who penetrated almost to the centre of it, and who left his name like a monument on the great bare map of Australia for twenty years, hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the boldest of his contemporaries. Let us follow the track of Charles Sturt, the father of Australian exploration.

From 1788 to 1813, the narrow strip of land between the Blue Mountains and the sea was found sufficient for the wants of a population amounting, in the latter year, to 10,400, including 1,100 military (population at present about 1,000,000). At this period, no white man had penetrated 100 miles from the sea; but, to the west, the mountains hung like a dark curtain, and shut out the knowledge of all beyond.

These mountains are but little more than 3,000 feet in height, but among the most singularly abrupt in the world—so abrupt, that they baffled every attempt to surmount them. The intrepid surgeon, Bass, explorer of the southern coast, was foiled, after the most desperate efforts. A Mr. Cayley penetrated sixteen miles, to meet with the same disappointment. At length, however, in the year 1813, the first great drought of the colony settled down inexorably; and Providence said, in most unmistakeable terms, "Cross those mountains or starve."

Three men rose and obeyed—Blaxland, Wentworth, and Lieutenant Lawson, of the 194th regiment. They fought their way to the summit, and looked over into the glorious western land. Then their provisions failed, and they came back and told what they had seen.

Australia was blessed in those days with a most energetic governor. This governor, Macquarie by name, not only sent instantly his surveyor-general, who confirmed the good news and discovered the river Macquarie, but set his convicts to work, and made a splendid road—an Australian Simplon through the mountain—and in fifteen months from that time, just as Bonaparte landed from Elba, drove his wife over the mountains (say in a gig, for respectability's sake); picnic'd on the Macquarie river, and founded the flourishing town of Bathurst.

Everything went charmingly. Mr. Evans proceeded to the westward from the picnic party, discovered another fine river (the Lachlan) flowing, like the Macquarie, full and free to the west. It seemed that, according to all precedent, these waters ran into larger ones, and that a Nile or a Mississippi was to be discovered by merely following one's nose. The men of those times were ignorant of the vast depressed basin of the interior, in which so many fine streams lose themselves by evaporation. Oxley discovered this region. Sturt attacked it; was beaten back from it time after time on the west and north-west, but conquered it gloriously on the south-west, after a journey for which we are at a loss to find a parallel.

In 1817, Mr. Oxley, surveyor-general, went down the Lachlan, and found that it lost itself among level marshes. He tried the Macquarie, with the same result. The channel of this last river was lost among vast reed beds. A third river (the Castlereagh), traced by him,

confirmed the previous observations. There was no doubt now that, in ordinary seasons, these large streams were spread abroad into a dead level country, and were lost by sheer evaporation, unless, indeed, they found their way into a vast tideless sea in the interior.

So stood the question until 1828. In 1826 another fearful drought set in, and lasted for two years. After that time, the western rivers were reported to be lower than they had ever been seen; and it became evident that now or never was the time to penetrate the vast reedy marshes which had stopped Oxley, and, by crossing them, to see what lay beyond. An expedition was formed, and the command of it was given to Captain Charles Sturt, of the 39th Regiment. He started from Paramatta on the 9th of November, 1828; and on the 26th of December, having proceeded about a hundred miles down the Macquarie, and having passed for some days through a level, dreary flat, with belts of reeds, he came to a wall of reeds, which prevented his further progress by land, and necessitated the launching of his boat.

At first the course of the river was narrow and tortuous; but at length, in a very few miles, it grew broader. This, so far from being a good sign, was a bad one. The river was spreading out into the marsh; for the flood-marks, which formerly were many feet above the water, were now barely a foot. It was evident that the river was losing power; the current grew almost imperceptible, and at this point, also, the trees disappeared. Three miles further the river, thirty yards broad as it was, came to an end; the boat grounded, and Captain Sturt got out; and, for his own satisfaction, walked right round the end of it, and got in again. There was an end of the Macquarie.

Unsupplied by any tributaries, and receiving its waters entirely from mountains 200 miles away, the time had come for the river when its mountain supply was counterbalanced in the very dry season by evaporation. In very wet seasons the surplus water is carried westward by fifty tiny channels. Carried westward, but whither. Into an inland sea, or into a great watercourse running north-west? That was the problem before Captain Sturt—the problem he solved at last.

Having rowed back to his camp, Captain Sturt made an expedition, a circuit of some 200 miles to the north-west, which resulted in nothing. From this time till the 18th of January the whole party persevered in their efforts to get round the north of the miserable country which surrounded the marshes. Every attempt to the westward was foiled. The ascent of a small mountain rising out of the waste revealed nothing whatever except the horrible level expanse, stretching westward like a sea. They were, in fact, standing on the St. Kilda of the dividing range, and looking over the Atlantic of low land so recently raised from the sea.

So they struggled, westward and northward, without hope, down a dry creek, with sometimes, but very seldom, a pool of water in it. And suddenly, without expectation or preparation of any kind, they came to the edge of a cliff some fifty or sixty feet high, at the base of which flowed a magnificent river, stretching away from north-east to south-west in vast reaches, eighty yards broad, and evidently of great depth. Splendid trees grew on its banks; its waters were covered with countless legions of pelicans, swans, and ducks; the native paths on each side of it were as broad as roads. It was a magnificent discovery. In one instant it dispelled the notion—which had arisen one hardly knows how—that the trend of land was towards the north-west. It proved at a glance that this was a great trench, carrying off all the innumerable eastern rivers southward, and showed that the Southern Ocean, and not Torres Straits, received their waters. That its sources and its *embouchure* were both far distant from the place where Sturt stood, in silent gratitude, was evident from its great size and depth; and from this moment the Darling took its place for ever among the great rivers of the world, and Charles Sturt's name was written down among the foremost of the great band of successful explorers.

Though a great geographical blunder,

involving an error of nearly 2,000 miles, had been cleared up, it fared but poorly with the expedition. In five minutes, or less, congratulations and hand-shakings were exchanged for looks of incredulous horror. They forced their way to the banks of the stream, and found it was salt, too salt to be drunk.

But little more remains to be said of this great river in this place. They followed it down for many miles, subsisting precariously on the puddles of fresh water which lay about the bank. The river at night was covered with leaping fish; innumerable wild fowl still floated on its bosom; the banks were fertile and beautiful; but the water was salt. The bullocks stood in it, with only their noses above water, and refused to drink it; the men who attempted to do so were made fearfully ill. At one time they found a current in it, which they discovered was fed by great brine springs; at another it ceased altogether, and a bar of dry sand, over which you might ride, crossed it. A strange, weird, anomalous river, on whose banks they were nigh dying of thirst!

It was necessary to turn. It was resolved on. Captain Sturt was merely to go a few miles down the river, on a forlorn hope, leaving the party behind in camp. The day was intensely clear and cloudless, burning hot, without a breath of air. Captain Sturt and Mr. Hume were sitting on the ground together, making their chart, when they heard the boom of a great cannon, fired apparently about five miles to the N.W. The whole expedition heard it; there was no doubt about it. A man was sent up a tree, and reported nothing but perfectly level wooded country in every direction. What that sound was we shall never know. Neither the captain in the army, nor the brave gentleman-pioneer and bushman, nor the convicts, could make head or tail of it. No doubt, coming at such a time, "it made a "strong impression on us for the rest of "the day."

Captain Sturt, with Mr. Hume, went forty miles down the river, and found it stretching away south-west, in reaches grander and more majestic than before, covered with wildfowl, swarming with fish, but as salt as ever. There he left it, to meet it twice again—once higher up, as we shall see immediately; and once again hundreds of miles away, in the most awful moment of his adventurous life.

We need say but little more. After terrible hardships the expedition succeeded in striking the Darling ninety miles higher up than the first point of discovery, and recognised it in an instant. The same long canal-like reaches; the same clouds of waterfowl and shoals of fish; the water still intensely salt! They had now seen it through 150 miles of its course, and found no change. It was time to abandon the expedition. They got back in safety, having by tact and courage avoided any collision with the natives. The results were important. The trend of the interior basin was southward, not northward! From the water-marks by the shore of this great canal-like river, it was evident that in nine summers out of ten, in any season almost but this, the driest hitherto known in the history of the colony, the rainfall would be sufficiently great to overpower the brine springs in its bed, and make it run fresh. And, lastly, from the size of the channel, it was inferred that the sources of the river were many hundred miles to the north, probably within the tropic.[1]

And now we come to the second and greater expedition. The question remained, "What becomes of the Darling towards the south-west?"

It seemed an utterly hopeless task to carry boats back to the point at which Captain Sturt had touched it, to launch them on its waters, and to run down. The plan evidently was to try and cut it at a point lower down; but how? The Macquarie had been tried, as we see. The Lachlan was known to be a

[1] This branch of the Darling, which may be called the true Darling, loses its name higher up, but may be roughly said to rise in the latitude of Moreton Bay (27°). The lower part, however, receives waters from far inside the tropic.

miserable poor thing of a river, worse than the Macquarie. What remained? What river was there flowing west with vitality sufficient to reach the Darling before it perished?

The Morumbidgee? Well, that did seem something of the kind—rising here behind Mount Dromedary, fed by a thousand streaming creeks, from a thousand peaceful gullies, till it grew to manhood, to strength, to passion, and hurled itself madly from right to left, against buttress after buttress of its mountain-walled prison, until it was free; and then sweeping on, sleeping here, snarling there, under lofty-hanging woodlands, through broad rich river flat, through a country fit for granary of an empire, sometimes in reaches still as glass, sometimes in long foaming shallows of frosted silver. A river among rivers, growing in majesty and beauty, as a hundred tributaries added to its volume, until at last, where the boldest stockman had left it and turned, it went still westward, a chain of crimson reaches, towards the setting sun! Could this river die, save in the great eternal ocean? Was there a curse on the land, that such a thing should happen?

This is very unbusiness-like language. But I think it must have been something of this kind which Charles Sturt meant, when he said that the attention of the Colonial government was, under these circumstances, drawn to the fact that the volume of water in the Morumbidgee was more considerable than that in either of the rivers before mentioned, and did not seem to decrease, but rather the contrary, in a westerly direction. So they deputed Captain Sturt to follow down the Morumbidgee, and find out whether he could carry it on until it cut the Darling. Saul went after his father's asses, and found a kingdom. Captain Sturt went to look after that miserable old Darling, and found a kingdom also, and a very fine one too.

But there was another reason which gave people great hopes that the Morumbidgee went somewhere, and not nowhere, like other Australian rivers. In 1825 Mr. Hume (before-mentioned) and Mr. Hovell, had gone a strange journey to the south-west, keeping great mountains on their left, to the south and east, nearly all the way, through an utterly unknown, but fine and well-watered, country, until, when 500 miles from Sydney, they came on a great arm of the sea, and came back again, disputing whether or no they had reached the Port Phillip of Collins, or the western port of Bass. It was, in fact, the former, though they could not decide it. This journey of theirs, down to the desolate shores of a lonely sea, was made only thirty-eight years ago; yet the best way to describe it now is to say that they passed through the towns of Yass, Goulbourn, Albury (with the wonderful bridge), Wangaratta, Benalla, Seymour, and Kilmore, until they came to the city of Melbourne, which is now slightly larger than Bristol, and exports eleven millions a year. "Darn 'em," said an old Yankee to me once, *apropos* of the new South Australian discoveries, "they're at it again you see."

On their route they crossed three large streams, going north and west from the mountains which were between them and the sea, which they named the Hume, the Ovens, and the Goulbourn. Now, if either of these streams joined the Morumbidgee, there were great hopes that their united tides would be strong enough to bear one on to the junction with the Darling. These were the prospects of the expedition. We will now resume our narrative.

A whale-boat was constructed, fitted loosely, and taken to pieces again and packed in the drays, ready for construction in the interior. A still was also provided, lest the waters of the Darling should be found salt where they struck it. The expedition started from Sydney on the 3rd of November, 1829, exactly a year after the starting of the previous one, whose course we have so shortly followed. Mr. Hume was unable to accompany Captain Sturt on this journey. His principal companions were, Mr. George Macleay; Harris, his soldier

servant; Hopkinson, soldier friend of Harris; Frazer, an eccentric Scot, declining to forego his uniform; dogs; a tame black boy on horseback; Clayton, a stolid carpenter; the rest convicts.

On the 21st of the month, they were getting among the furthest stations. "From east-south-east to west-north-"west, the face of the country was hilly, "broken and irregular, forming deep "ravines and precipitous glens, amid "which I was well aware the Morum-"bidgee was still struggling for freedom; "while mountains succeeded mountains "in the background, and were them-"selves overtopped by lofty and distant "peaks." So says Captain Sturt, in his vigorous, well-chosen language.

At last they reached the river of their hopes, rushing, crystal clear, over a bed of mountain *débris*, in great curves and reaches, across and across the broad meadows, which lay in the lap of the beautiful wooded mountains which towered up on all sides, and which, in places, abutted so closely on the great stream that they had to cross and recross it many times, with great difficulty. Immediately they were beyond the limits of all geographical knowledge; the last human habitation was left behind at the junction of the Tumut, a river as big as the Morumbidgee, about ten miles above the present town of Gundaqui, which has since acquired a disastrous notoriety for its fatal floods. The river was stronger and broader than ever, leading them on towards the great unknown south-west.

The reaches grew broader, and the pasture on the flats more luxuriant; yet still hope grew stronger. The natives, such as they saw, were friendly; they caught fish, one of which weighed 40 pounds, (a small thing that, though; they run up to 120 pounds.) The ranges still continued on either hand. Hope grew higher and higher—it was to be a mere holiday expedition! At length they left the ranges, and came out on to the great basin of the interior once more; and a dull unexpressed anxiety began to grow on them hour after hour. The country was getting so horribly like the miserable desert which had balked them before, on the Macquarie.[1] Still the river held on bravely, and any unexperienced man would have scouted the idea of its losing itself among reed marshes. But ugly symptoms began to show themselves. The soil grew sandy, and was covered with the claws of dead crayfish. The hated cypress began to show too. Two blacks, who had been induced to accompany them, turned back, evidently never expecting to see them again. Things began to look bad.

And worse as they went on. They began to get among the reeds again. The plains stretched away treeless and bare to the north-east as far as they could see, and the river, their last hope, began to grow smaller. They got entangled among sheets of polygonum (a gloomy and leafless bramble); the crested pigeon and the black quail appeared—all strong symptoms of the interior desert.

Toiling over a dreary sand plain, in which the dray horses sunk fetlock-deep, they came to a broad, dry creek, which seemed to be the junction or one of the junctions of the Lachlan. They headed back to the river again; but one of the men, sent on on horseback, rode back to say that the noble river was gone—that there was nothing to be seen but reeds, reeds, reeds in all directions. They had been deceived by another Macquarie!

Fortunately not. After a terrible day on horseback, Sturt forced his way to the river once more, and lay down, half dead with fatigue, in utter despair on its banks. He could not sleep, but, as he lay awake under the winking stars, his purpose grew. At daybreak he was up and on horseback with Macleay. They rode till noon through belts of reeds, the river still holding its own to the south-west. At noon Sturt

[1] How greatly would their anxiety have been increased had they been aware, as we are now, that the river had actually bifurcated already immediately below the beautiful Hamilton Plains, and, that after a ramble of 150 miles, with more or less prosperity, the smaller arm reached the Murray 11 miles above the junction of the main channel!

reined up, and the deed was done. He asked no advice, he allowed no discussion. He told Mr. Macleay that to push round the reeds toward the north-west in search of the Darling was to endanger the expedition — that the river was still alive; that at any moment it might join a stream from the south-east (he meant one of the three streams discovered by Hovell and Hume, before mentioned); that his fixed and unalterable purpose was to send the drays and horses back, to put together the whale boat, and to row down the river into such country and towards such fate as Providence should will.

One can fancy the smile that came over Macleay's face as his tall, gaunt chief sat upright in his saddle and announced his determination to take this bold and desperate step, for such it was. All the expedition, convicts and all, understood the situation perfectly, and worked accordingly. *In seven days not only had the whale boat been put together, but a tree had been felled from the forest, sawn up, and another boat built and painted; and at the end of the seventh day both were in the water ready for loading.*

Of the convicts he took the carpenter, Clayton, who had superintended and mainly done this wonderful week's work (what *could* such a fine fellow have been doing to get transported?), Mulholland, and Macnamee; of free men, Harris, the captain's servant, Hopkinson, and Frazer (all these three, I believe, soldiers). The others were sent home, under charge of *Robert* Harris, with despatches.

So they started, rowing the whale-boat, and towing the little boat which they had made after them. The stream was strong, and they swept on between the walls of reeds at a good pace. Two emus swimming across the river before them caused them to land; and, forcing their way to the upper bank, they found that the reeds were ceasing, and that they were fairly committed to the level interior on a stream which was obviously contracting.

Again the reeds hemmed them in on all sides, so closely that there was barely room to land and camp; the river holding due west. On the morning of the second day the skiff they were towing struck on a sunken log, and went down, with all their stores. The day was spent in raising her, and in diving after the head of the still to which they attached such importance. In the morning it was recovered, and they made sixteen miles. The fourth day of their voyage found them still hemmed in by reeds, which overshadowed the still diminishing river; and it came on to rain, turning also very cold. They camped at two o'clock. No tributary had met them as yet, and hope began to die.

As the current began to deaden, the vast logs carried down by the floods from the better country above began to choke the river, rendering the navigation difficult. But on the sixth day of their voyage there came a gleam of hope. A running creek from the south-east, the first tributary for 340 miles, joined the Morumbidgee, and the boat struck on a reef of rocks, the first ribs of the earth found west of the dividing range; the river grew slightly better, and even the country seemed slightly to improve.

But next day it seemed as if it were all over with the expedition. The river contracted, and was so obstructed by a network of fallen logs that it was impossible to proceed. Night fell upon them, and they delayed the attempt of their forlorn hope until the morning.

They started early. The current was, strange to say, swift once more, and every man had to be on the alert to keep his part of the boat from striking the jagged points of the trees, which, being carried down roots foremost, presented a horrible *cheval de frise,* one touch against which would have left them hopelessly destitute in the midst of a miserable desert. Hopkinson stood in the bow, and behaved like a hero, leaping off on to snags, which sank under his weight, and saving them a dozen times. They pushed through the barrier, which had delayed them the

night before; but, alas! at every reach the same difficulties occurred. At one o'clock they stopped for a short time, and then proceeded, the banks becoming more narrow and gloomy, the turns in the river more abrupt, and the stream very swift. At three o'clock Hopkinson, who was in the bows, called out that they were approaching a junction; in less than one single minute afterwards, they were shot, like an arrow from a bow, through a narrow channel into a magnificent river. The Morumbidgee was no more; and they, dazed and astonished, were floating on the bosom of the majestic Murray, henceforth one of the great rivers of the world.

What a moment in the man's life! It was not merely that a desperate adventure had terminated—as it would seem at the moment—favourably. There was more to congratulate himself on than the mere lucky issue of an adventure. A very carefully considered geographical problem, originated by his sagacity, had been solved by his perseverance. He had argued that the Hume, Ovens, and Goulbourn, seen by Hume and Hovell flowing north, would "form a junction," or, as vulgarians would say, "join," and that the Morumbidgee would retain sufficient strength to carry its waters to them. The one difficulty had been the Morumbidgee, and that river had not deceived him, though he had so cruelly suspected it. Sturt must have felt on that afternoon, as Adams did, when, having finished his vast calculations, he sat looking through his telescope, and saw the long-expected Neptune roll into the field, or as Herschel and his sister felt, after their three months' labour to correct one unfortunate mistake, when they saw a dim needle of light in the west, which was not a star.

If one had to find fault with Captain Sturt's proceedings, one would be forced to say that it would have been better, on the discovery of this great river, to have gone back at once, to have brought on his depôt, to have communicated with his base of operations at Sydney, and to have done the whole thing with a Fluellen-like attention to the rules of war. I am happy to say such a thing never entered into his head. Sir Galahad saw his horse, armour, and sword, and recognised it as the means of reaching the Sangreal. Sturt saw his boat full of convicts, and recognised it as the means of solving the great problem of the outfall of the western waters. I say I am glad that Sturt committed himself to this strange, wild adventure without one moment's hesitation, like a knight-errant; if for no other reason, because one is glad to see the spirit of the sixteenth century so remarkably revived in the nineteenth. Charles Sturt, the Dorsetshire squire's son, turned his boat's head westward, down the swift current of the great new river, knowing well that each stroke of the oar carried him further from help and hope, but knowing also that a great problem was before him, and begrudging any other man the honour of solving it. It is not well for us to sneer at motives such as these. We must recognise personal ambition as a good and necessary thing, or half our great works would be left undone. He disconnected himself from his base, and began to move his little flying column. Whither?

It seems, from a later passage in his journal, that he had some notion of reaching the Southern Ocean, and coasting back in his whaleboat. I cannot but think that he (who afterwards shewed himself so patient and so sagacious in his unparalleled journey to the centre of the continent) had, on this occasion, calculated, to some extent, the chances against him; yet by his journal one finds no trace of any calculation whatever. Here was the great river, flowing swiftly westward, and he turned his boat's head down it, "*vogue la galère.*"

The Murray, where he joined it, was 120 yards broad; say, roughly, one third broader than Henley reach. The Murray, however, above its junction with the Morumbidgee, is both swifter and deeper, as well as broader, than the Thames at Henley. Captain Sturt speaks of it as being perfectly clear. It doubtless was so in January; but later

on in the summer I think he would have found it assume a brown, peaty colour. At least, such is my impression. I used to notice this fact about nearly all the rivers I knew in Australia Felix. While the vegetable matter was thoroughly washed out of them and diluted by the winter floods, they were—instance the Yarra, Goulbourn, and Ovens — very clear. But later on in the summer, towards February, they began, as the water got lower, to get stained and brown, although not foul; and the little corregimus (?) of the Yarra, the only one of the salmonidæ which, as far as I am aware, exists to any extent in Australia, seems only to rise to the fly while the waters are clear and green, but to go to the bottom during the summer.

On the lower part of the Morumbidgee they had seen no natives; but on the very first day on the Murray, as we now call this great river, natives reappeared. In the evening a large band of them, painted and prepared for war, advanced on Sturt and his few companions, through the forest. The sight was really magnificent. They halted and broke out into their war-cry. They threatened and gesticulated; but at last, when they had lost their breath, they grew calm, nay, began to get rather alarmed, for no one took the slightest notice of them—which was very alarming indeed. Sturt got them to come down to him, and gave them presents; then put them in a row, and fired his gun in the air. The result was an instant and frantic "stampede." However, after a time, they were induced to return, and sixteen of them, finding no one was the worse for the gun, stayed with them all night. Next day they followed them, and entreated them to stay with them. Their astonishment at the gun shows that Sturt and his party were the first white men they had seen.

It was, in all human probability, *these very blacks*, at least the children and young men among them, who gave some curious trouble to the police at Swanhill, as late as 1854. I say, in all human probability, for Sturt was at this time barely sixty miles from the town we now call Swanhill, though then close upon four hundred miles from human habitation. The story about these blacks, as it was told me at the time, was this :—A Chinaman, one of those wretched Amoy emigrants that were poured in on us so plentifully at that time, wandered; and he wandered to Swanhill. Why he went there nobody knows, for the simple reason that he had no earthly cause for going there. But he followed his nose, did this Chinaman, and he got to Swanhill; and, when he got there, there were a tribe of river blacks hanging about the town who found him walking in a wood near that place; and these blacks instantly possessed themselves of his person and carried him off into the bush on the other side of the river. The Chinaman did not care a button. He had come on his travels, and during those travels he had come on a tribe of savages, who carried him away into a forest—an ordinary piece of business enough to a man whose knowledge of the world was confined to a back street in Whampoa. You cannot astonish a Sindee or a Chinaman,—the wonders they *do* meet with fall so far below their ignorant anticipations.

So the Chinaman was marched off, perfectly contented, by the black fellows, into the bush. The black fellows removed from the neighbourhood of the settlement, that they might enjoy their prize without interruption. They fed him with the rarest dainties. Grubs, opossum (originally, and with careful cooking, nasty, but which, when chucked on the fire unskinned, ungutted, unprepared, is a good deal nastier), snake, lizard, cockatoo, centipede, hermetically sealed meat from the station which had been unfortunate, lobworms, and every other inconceivable beastliness which black fellows devour before their wives come and beg Epsom salts of you, did this Chinaman enjoy. And they sat and looked at him all day long. The thing was kept a profound secret. It was a wonderful catch for them.

Why? Just for the same reason that you, my dear reader, not so very long

ago, used to be so proud when you caught a mouse or a squirrel, and let your sisters peep into the box where you kept it, as a very particular favour. Nothing else than that—just the childish instinct of keeping something they had caught, as they kept Buckley the convict. But, unluckily, the thing leaked out.

One of those old men, "flour-bag cobblers," as they are irreverently called by the young men, who are allowed to visit three or four of the tribes neighbouring their own without molestation, happened to visit this particular tribe. They could not keep their counsel. In a weak moment, with looks of exultation, they showed him their tame Chinaman. Fired with rage and envy at such an inestimable prize having fallen into the clutches of a rival tribe, this wicked and envious old man went away and informed the police.

The thing got wind; philanthropists took it up; they were determined to benefit this Chinaman, nill-he will-he. That he was comfortable in his present quarters was nothing; he had no business to be, if he was. Public opinion was brought to bear, and a policeman was sent into the bush, to fetch him back.

But they wouldn't give him up. They put their case in this way. They said, "He is not a white man, as you yourselves will allow; therefore he can't belong to you. He is not a black man, for he is yellow; therefore we set up no claim that he is ours. But we, on the other hand, found him walking in a wood, and *caught* him. Consequently by all laws, human and divine, he *must* belong to us." Their case was strong, but it would not do; the trooper was sent back again and fetched the Chinaman away from among the sulky blacks. I do not know what became of him; he may have followed his nose—a thing that may be done without the slightest personal hardship in Australia—to this day; but I rather think I can guess what happened to the old man who "split" to the police. I rather fancy that he found himself laid on his stomach on the grass one moonshiny night, getting himself beaten raw sienna and pale yellow madder about the back; which is the same thing as being beaten black and blue is to a white man.

Such were these poor children of the wilderness in 1854, who were frightened by Sturt's gun in 1829. Poor wretches! It unluckily happened, by mismanagement on both sides, that it came to be a struggle for bare existence between them and the first squatters. Horrible atrocities were committed on both sides; Glenelg poisonings and severe stockmen massacres on the part of the whites, and innumerable butcheries of lonely shepherds on the part of the blacks. Having heard the case argued so very often as I have, I cannot pronounce any sweeping condemnation on either blacks or whites. If you deny the squatters the right to defend their lives and property, you come inexorably to the conclusion that we have no business in Australia at all. Have we, or have we not, a right to waste lands occupied by savage tribes? If we have not, the occupation of Australia is an act of piracy. If we have, then the confiscation of the Waikato lands ought to have been done thirty years ago, before we supplied the Maories with guns. This is the sort of result you come to, if you apply any general rule to our colonial policy. The law of purchase, which makes us legal owners in New Zealand, proves us to be pirates in Australia.

Meanwhile Sturt sleeps his first night on the Murray. It is time that he, Macleay, and his boatful of soldiers and convicts should awaken and go on.

The river improved with them mile after mile. The current, fed by innumerable springs, grew stronger, and its course was often impeded by bars of rock, which formed rapids, and which showed, also, that they were near to high, water-producing ground; elevations of sandstone, seventy or eighty feet in height, began to appear, also; still, however, the river held towards the *north* of west, and the country appeared unpromising in that direction.

For six days, passing over a distance of say 190 miles, they swept onwards down the river without adventure. On

the sixth day they fell in with a great tribe of natives, who at first threatened them, but, after being encouraged, made friends with them; for in Mr. Macleay they recognised a dead man, named Rundi, who had been killed by a spear-wound in his side, and had come back to them in his shape. The poor fools ran with the boats which contained their beloved Rundi for two days, and on the morning of the third day Sturt saw them clustering eagerly on a lofty bank ahead of them, watching their movements with intense anxiety.

He soon saw why. Sweeping round a sharp turn in the river, he, without a moment's preparation, found himself on the glassy lip of a rapid, which instantly below burst into a roaring cataract. There was just time for him to stand up in the stern sheets and *decide*. There seemed to be two channels, and he rammed his boat at the left one. In the midst of the rapid she struck on a rock. The skiff which they were towing swept past them and hung in the torrent, but the whaleboat remained firmly fixed. At the terrible risk of her being so lightened as to sweep down the cataract broadside on, two men got out and swung her into the comparatively still water below the rock. After this, having got her head to the stream, they lowered her into safety—thus passing, with incredible good fortune, an obstacle which would have to be passed again on their return. Again the behaviour of the convicts was splendid. One need say nothing of the others, of course.

So passed one adventure: we now approach another and a more terrible one.

The river still perversely held to the north of west, but the friendly natives, in describing its course, always pointed a *little* to the south of west. But, besides this, they made a curious diagram by placing sticks across one another, which no one could understand. Frazer, the Scot, played with them; he sat up with them all night, to his and their infinite contentment; but in the morning they were gone.

The reason was soon apparent,—they were approaching another tribe. The next morning, the river being so much wider, they hoisted a sail, and sailed pleasantly on. They saw vast flocks of wildfowl overhead; and, after nine miles, looking forward, saw that they were approaching a band of magnificent trees, of dense, dark foliage; and beneath them was a vast band of natives, in full war-paint, chanting their war-songs, and standing line behind line, quivering their spears. The passage of the river was about to be disputed at last.

At first Sturt thought nothing of it. The river was so broad that he could easily pass them. But the blacks knew what they were about. The river suddenly shoaled; the current was swift; and Sturt saw that a great sandbank stretched suddenly one-third across the river below. This the natives took possession of, and this Sturt had to pass.

It seemed a perfectly hopeless business. The expedition was within five minutes of its conclusion. The people at home in Dorsetshire yonder, praying for those travelling by land or by water that Sunday, would have prayed a little more eagerly, I take it, if they had known to what pass tall young Squire Charley had brought himself at eleven o'clock that morning. Macleay and two of the men were to defend the boat with the bayonet; Captain Sturt, Hopkinson, and Harris were to keep up the fire. There would not have been much firing or bayoneting either, after the first flight of a couple of hundred spears or so, each one thrown by a man who could probably hit a magpie at ten yards.

The boat drifted on, the men again behaving nobly. Sturt fixed on a savage, and said he must die; his gun was at his shoulder, but it was never fired. Before he pulled the trigger, Macleay called his attention to the left bank. A native, running at the top of his speed, dashed into the water, swam and splashed across, seized the native at whom Sturt was aiming by the throat, and forced him back; and then, driving in the natives who were wading towards the boat, back on to the sand-bank by the mere strength of his fury, the noble fellow stood alone before the

whole tribe of maddened savages, before three hundred quivering spears, stamping, gesticulating, threatening, almost inarticulate in his rage.

They were saved. They were just drifting past their preserver when the boat touched on a sand-bank; in an instant they had her off. For a minute or two they floated like men in a dream, incredulous of their safety; and, while they were preparing to go back to the assistance of the gallant savage, they looked to their right, and saw the Darling—saw it come rolling its vast volume of water in from the northward. The Darling—the river they had tried to follow the year before, five hundred miles to the north, in the miserable desert—found once more, at this terrible time, when each man sat on his thwart, paralyzed with the fear of the terrible danger just overpast!

They saw about seventy natives on the bank of the new river, and landed among them. Seeing this, the others, on the tongue of land between the two rivers, began to swim across, unarmed, in curiosity. Now, they saw the extent of their danger. Captain Sturt, a soldier, used to calculate numbers of men, puts the number of hostile natives at no less than six hundred. They soon became quiet. Sturt rewarded his friend with every expression of good will, but refused to give anything to the hostile chiefs. After rowing a few miles up the Darling, which he found a more beautiful stream than the Murray, and perfectly fresh, he turned his boat's head and renewed his voyage, running up the Union Jack and giving three cheers. They hoisted their sail, and went onwards with their strange adventure.

The channel grew to be much obstructed with large fallen logs of timber, and sand-banks began to appear. Sturt considers that, just after the junction of the Darling, they were not more than fifty feet above the level of the sea. Enormous flocks of wild-fowl flew high over head. The blacks were friendly enough and curious enough. They broke up the skiff they had towed so far, and found the river, since the junction, holding, as the black fellows had shown them, slightly south of west on the whole. They had now been rowing rapidly down stream for eighteen days.

Day succeeded day, and they still rowed on. After they had passed the junction of the Darling, no further hostility was exhibited by the natives. Their valiant friend, who had risked his life to save theirs, had done his work well. They now found themselves passed on, from tribe to tribe, by ambassadors, and treated in the most friendly way. Seldom do we get an instance of the action of one powerful mind producing such remarkable results. The poor savage was a typical person. In reading the history of the encroachments of the white race on the coloured race, one always finds a Montezuma, a man in advance of the thoughts of his countrymen—a man who believes in us and our professions, and thinks that the great hereafter will be a millennium of tomahawks, looking-glasses, and Jews'-harps. This poor fellow could hardly have succeeded in keeping the blacks quiet without some degree of eloquence. That, when he, single-handed, drove back two or three hundred of them on the sand-bank, he merely frightened them by his fury into believing that the whites were a sacred and terrible race, I can quite believe. But after this he must have gone into particulars, and, shewing the tomahawks Sturt had given them, have begun to lie horribly. There is no other way of accounting for the singular change in the behaviour of the natives. Captain Sturt's great gun-trick fell perfectly dead on the audience at this part of the river. They had heard of it, and never so much as winked an eye at the explosion, but sat defiantly still. The temper of the natives must have been at this time neutral. They were determined to give these men—these white men—these men who came from the land of looking-glasses—these distributors of tenpenny nails—these fathers of Jews'-harps—a fair trial, on condition of their acting

up to the character given of them by those natives who already had received tomahawks—on condition, in short, of being each one furnished with a looking-glass, a string of beads, and a tomahawk. This being impossible, Sturt was treated very much like an impostor on his way back, being made answerable for the wild representation of his friends. If the blacks had any cause for their behaviour, it must have been this.

They let them pass on from tribe to tribe, undergoing the most loathsome examination from the poor diseased savages. And now a new feature showed itself upon the river. The left banks became lofty, above 100 feet high, of fantastically water-worn clay, apparently like the domes of the Mississippi, or the cliffs near Bournemouth. The natives as yet gave no information about the sea.

Now, after twenty-two days on the river, and when they had come some three hundred miles on it, it came on to rain heavily and steadily. They noticed the height of the flood-marks, and saw that a flood would be their destruction; for the men were beginning to fail rapidly.

The river turned hopelessly north again, thrown in that direction by cliffs, apparently, from Sturt's description, of pleiocene, or post-pleiocene, formation. The river ran in a fine glen between them. Still for another hundred miles the river held north-west, and there was no change.

At last there came a message from the sea. A very, very old man, whom they met walking through a wood, fell in love with Hopkinson, and followed them. He got into the boat with them, and spoke to Sturt by signs. He pointed to the north-west, and laid his head upon his hand; that was intelligible—they would sleep that night at a point to the north-west. But what did the old fellow mean by insisting on sleeping due south the night after, and why did he roar like the sea, and imitate waves with his hand? What strange change was coming?

The great change of all. They had come to the Great Bend, which lies exactly on the thirty-fourth parallel of south latitude. From this point the character of the river changes, and it runs due south towards the sea. The scenery becomes magnificent, the water deeper, the reaches longer, its breadth about a quarter of a mile; and so it goes on, increasing in beauty and magnificence, for the next hundred miles.

Here for the first time the gulls came overhead, and Frazer would have shot one, only Sturt forbade him to kill the messengers of glad tidings. Here too the south wind, which saved their lives, began to blow, and the whale-boat began to leap and plunge upon the waves which rolled up the long windy reaches. Sometimes the river would strike tall cliffs, beautifully ornamented with trees; in other places would sough among great beds of reeds.

When this weary hundred miles was nearly passed they found that there was a tide in the river of nearly eight inches; and next day Sturt got out of the boat and climbed a hill, and saw that the end of it all was come. *Thalatta! Thalatta!* There it was at last, in the distance, with one great solitary headland, wrapped in a mist of driving sea-spray.

Between where he stood and the sea, the river expanded into a large lake, and this he determined to cross for the purpose of seeing whether there was a practicable channel into the sea. The spot on which he stood is nearly identical with the Ferry, at Wellington, a township on the Adelaide road. The nearest human habitation to him at that time, 1829, must have been nearly 700 miles away as the crow flies. Now, if he stood there, he would be able to take coach to the city of Adelaide, fifty miles distant, containing 25,000 inhabitants, and would pass through a beautiful settled country all the way. Or he could get on board one of the fleet of steamers which now ply on this river, and might go up in her above a thousand miles into the network of rivers which spread out of the Murray and the Darling.

Lake Alexandrina was the name he gave to this beautiful lake, fifty

miles in length, across which they sailed in one day, and at sunset heard the surf bursting in on the sand. The next day they went down to the shore, and bathed in the great Southern Ocean.

There was no available passage into the sea. Had there been, Sturt thinks he would have made for Van Dieman's Land. As it was, he was eight hundred miles from help, with failing provisions and sickening men, a strong current, a danger of natives, who had by this time repented allowing them to pass, and violent physical pain of his own to contend with. Was ever man in such a case?

The men could not have rowed all the way, as became evident afterwards. God, it seemed, would not have the expedition perish, and most unexpectedly He sent a strong south wind, which lashed the broad lake and the long reaches of the Murray into waves, and before which they hoisted their sail and sped away homewards, across the solitary lake, among the swift sea-fowl, as though their whale-boat was seized with a panic as soon as they turned, and was flying for life.

At last the breeze died away and the weary rowing began; but the wind had just made the difference between safety and ruin. They had a row before them of seven hundred miles, on bread and water. They reached the Great Bend twenty days after they had left it, and turned the boat's head eastward. From thence to the junction with the Darling they were frequently in danger from the natives, but no accident occurred. They rowed on with failing strength, frequently sleeping while labouring at the oar, through intensely hot weather, and with the growing terror of the rapid, which had nearly shipwrecked them before, getting only stronger as they approached it.

At last they reached it. Their most desperate efforts were utterly unavailing; they were up to their armpits in water, holding their boat in the lee of a rock, where they were suddenly surrounded by hundreds of armed natives. They were utterly defenceless, and the captain thought that the end of it all was come in good earnest this time. But the natives remained silent, resting on their spears, and Sturt heard the deep voice he knew so well—the voice of the native who had saved them before. This noble fellow was there again, just at their extremest need.

With the help of the natives they got their boat through, and went on. Noticeable at this point is this circumstance:—The sugar had run short, and there was but six pounds remaining. The convicts and soldiers unanimously begged Sturt and Macleay to keep it for their own use. Now what sort of convicts and soldiers were those who did this? And what sort of men were they who brought them into this temper? These extracts too, are worth keeping, as exhibiting character:—"We were not always equal to a trial of temper (with the blacks) after our day's work." And about the blacks again—"They lay down close to our tents, or around our fire. When they were apparently asleep I watched them narrowly. Macnamee was walking up and down with his firelock, and every time he turned his back one of the natives rose gently and poised his spear at him; and, as soon as he thought Macnamee was about to turn, he dropped as quietly into his place. When I say the native got up, I do not mean that he stood up, but that he raised himself sufficiently for the purpose he had in view. His spear would not, therefore, have gone with much force; but I determined it should not quit his hand, for, had I observed any actual attempt to throw it, I should unquestionably have shot him dead upon the spot."

We return to him entering the Morumbidgee, since leaving which they had rowed 1,500 miles, through an unknown desert country. Pause and think of this an instant; it is really worth while to do so. On the fifty-fifth day from their leaving it, they re-entered the narrow, gloomy channel of the tributary: the navigation was much obstructed, in consequence of the river having fallen. On the seventy-seventh day, having reached

the place where the whaleboat had been launched, after a voyage of 2,000 miles, they met with their greatest disappointment. Their companions were not there. The drays had failed to meet them, and the depôt was deserted.

The men lost heart now for the first time. The river suddenly rose, and for seventeen terrible days longer they rowed without energy—almost without hope—against a swift current. They became terribly haggard, and at last the first man went mad, and showed the others the terrible fate in store for them, and forced them, in addition to their own gloomy thoughts, to listen to the raving of a lunatic. The mind of the chief himself became a little off its balance. With his noble simplicity he says:—"I became captious, and found "fault when there was no occasion, and "lost the equilibrium of my temper in "contemplating the condition of my "companions. . . . No murmur, however, "escaped them. Macleay preserved his "good humour to the last."

At Hamilton Plains, being still ninety miles from assistance by land, they abandoned the boat and took to the bush. It became necessary to send the two strongest men for assistance. Hopkinson and Mulholland were honoured by the selection, and the others remained camped. On the eighth day Sturt served out the last ounce of flour, and prepared to move his foodless and exhausted men on the way towards assistance. Suddenly there was a shout, and they knew that aid was come one way or another. Hopkinson and Mulholland had found the drays; and then these noble fellows, disregarding their fearful condition, had hastened back with a few necessaries to their chief, to fall utterly exhausted on the ground before him, but to tell him with smiling faces that he was saved.

The two great successful river-adventures of this century are undoubtedly Sturt's discovery of the Murray and Speke's discovery of the source of the Nile. But Sturt's discovery has of course led to commercial results far greater than any which can come from that of Speke. The Murray, draining a basin nearly equal to that of the true Mississippi (omitting the Missouri and Arkansas basins) is now covered with steamboats, and flows through three splendid republics, whose presidents are nominated by the British Crown. No city stands on the Murray, in consequence of the unfortunate bar at the mouth, and so the dockyards required by the fleet of steamers are on Lake Victoria. But the beautiful city of Adelaide is but seventy miles off, and now, unless I am mistaken, connected with it by the Goolwa railway. And Charles Sturt has earned for himself the title of the father of Australian exploration.

A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART XIV.

CHAPTER XL.

"It's hard to ken what to say," said the Mistress, going to the window for the hundredth time, and looking out wistfully upon the sky which shone dazzling over the Holy Loch with the excessive pathetic brightness of exceptional sunshine. "I canna make out for my part if he's broken-hearted or no, and a word wrong just at a moment like this would be hard on the callant. It's a wonderful mercy it's such a bonnie day. That's aye a blessing both to the body and the mind."

"Well, it's you that Colin takes after," said the farmer of Ramore, with an undertone of dissatisfaction; "so there's no saying but what the weather may count for something. I've lost understanding for my part of a lad that gangs abroad for his health, and gets himself engaged to be married. In my days, when marriage came into a man's head, he went through with it, and there was an end of the subject. For my part, I dinna pretend to understand your newfangled ways."

"Eh, Colin, dinna be so unfeeling," said the Mistress, roused to remonstrance. "You were like to gang out of your mind about the marriage when you thought it was to be; and now you're ready to sneer at the poor laddie, as if he could help it. It's hard when his ain friends turn against him after the ingratitude he's met wi', and the disappointment he's had to bear."

"You may trust a woman for uphaudin' her son in such like nonsense," said big Colin. "The only man o' sense among them that I can see was yon Mr. Meredith that took the lassie away. What the deevil had Colin to do with a wife, and him no a penny in his pouch? But in the meantime yonder's the steamboat, and I'm gaun down to meet them. If I were you I would stop still here. You're no that strong," said the farmer, looking upon his wife with a certain secret tenderness. "I would stop still at hame if I were you. It's aye the best welcome for a callant to see his mother at her ain door."

With which big Colin of Ramore strode downwards to the beach, where his sons were launching their own boat to meet the little steamer by which Colin was coming home. His wife looked after him with mingled feelings as he went down the brae. He had been a little hard upon Colin for these six months past, and had directed many a covert sarcasm at the young man who had gone so far out of the ordinary course as to seek health in Italy. The farmer did not believe in any son of his needing such an expedient; and, in proportion as it seemed unnecessary to his own vigorous strength, and ignorance of weakness, he took opportunity for jeers and jests which were to the mother's keen ears much less good-natured than they seemed to be. And then he had been very angry on the receipt of Colin's letter announcing his intended marriage, and it was with difficulty Mrs. Campbell had prevented her husband from sending in return such an answer as might have banished Colin for ever from his father's house. Now all these clouds had blown past, and no harm had come of them, and he was coming home as of old. His brothers were launching the boat on the beach, and his father had gone down to meet the stranger. The Mistress stood at her door, restraining her eagerness and anxiety as best she could, and obeying her husband's suggestion, as women do so often, by way of propitiating him, and bespeaking tenderness and forbearance for her boy. For indeed the old times had passed away, with all their natural family glad-

ness, and union clouded by no sense of difference. Now it was a man of independent thoughts, with projects and pursuits of his own differing from theirs, and with a mind no doubt altered and matured by those advantages of travel which the Mistress regarded in her ignorance with a certain awe, who was coming back to Ramore. Colin had made so many changes, while so few had occurred at home; and even a bystander, less anxious than his mother, might have had reason to inquire and wonder how the matured and travelled son would look upon his unprogressive home.

It was now the end of September, though Colin had left Rome in May; but then his Snell Scholarship was intended to give him the advantage of travel, and specially that peculiar advantage of attendance at a German University which is so much prized in Scotland. He had accordingly passed the intervening months in a little German town, getting up the language and listening to lectures made doubly misty by imperfect understanding of the tongue. The process left Colin's theological ideas very much where it found them—which is to say, in a state of general vagueness and uncertainty; but then he had always the advantage of being able to say that he had studied at Dickofptenberg. Lauderdale had left his friend after spending, not without satisfaction, his hundred pounds, and was happily re-established in the "honourable situation" which he had quitted on Colin's account; or, if not in that precise post, at least in a cognate appointment, the nature of which came to Colin's ears afterwards; and the young man was now returning home alone, to spend a little time with his family before he returned to his studies. The Mistress watched him land from the boat, with her heart beating so loudly in her ears that no other sound was audible; and Colin did not lose much time in ascending the brae where she stood awaiting him. "But you should not have left your father," Mrs. Campbell said, even in the height of her happiness. "He's awfu' proud to see you home, Colin, my man!" Big Colin, however, was no way displeased in his own person by his son's desertion. He came up leisurely after him, not without a thrill of conscious satisfaction. The farmer was sufficiently disposed to scoff aloud at his son's improved looks, at his beard, and his dress, and all the little particulars which made a visible difference between the present Colin and the awkward country lad of two years ago; but in his heart he made involuntary comparisons, and privately concluded that the minister's son was far from being Colin's equal, and that even the heir and pride of the Duke would have little to boast of in presence of the farmer's son of Ramore. This—though big Colin would not for any earthly inducement have owned the sentiment—made him regard his son's actions and intentions unawares with eyes more lenient and gracious. No contemptible weakness of health or delicacy of appearance appeared in the sunburnt countenance, so unexpectedly garnished by a light-brown, crisp, abundant beard—a beard of which, to tell the truth, Colin himself was rather proud, all the more as it had by rare fortune escaped that intensification of colour which is common to men of his complexion. The golden glitter which lighted up the great waves of brown hair over his forehead had not deepened into red on his chin, as it had done in Archie's young but vigorous whiskers. His complexion, though not so ruddy as his brother's, had the tone of perfect health and vigour, untouched by any shade of fatigue or weakness. He was not going to be the "delicate" member of the family, as the farmer had foreboded, with a strange mixture of contempt in his feelings; for, naturally, to be delicate included a certain weakness of mind as well as of body to the healthful dwellers in Ramore.

"You'll find but little to amuse you here after a' your travels," the farmer said. "We're aye busy about the beasts, Archie and me. I'll no say it's an elevating study, like yours; but it's

awfu' necessary in our occupation. For my part, I'm no above a kind o' pride in my cattle; and there's your mother, she's set her shoulder to the wheel and won a prize."

"Ay, Colin," said the Mistress, hastening to take up her part in the conversation, "it's aye grand to be doing something. And it's no' me but Gowans that's won the prize. She was aye a weel-conditioned creature, that it was a pleasure to have onything to do with; but there's plenty of time to speak about the beasts. You're sure you're weel and strong yourself, Colin, my man? for that's the first thing now we've got you hame."

"There doesna look much amiss with him," said the farmer, with an inarticulate growl. "Your mother's awfu' keen for somebody to pet and play wi'; but there's a time for a' thing; and a callant, even, though he's brought up for a minister, maun find out when he's a man."

"I should hope there was no doubt of that," said Colin. "I'm getting on for two-and-twenty, mother, and strong enough for anything. Thanks to Harry Frankland for a splendid holiday; and now I mean to settle down to work."

Here big Colin again interjected an inarticulate exclamation. "I ken little about your kind of work," said the discontented father; "but, if I were you, when I wanted a bit exercise I would take a hand at the plough, or some-wise-like occupation, instead of picking fools out of canals—or even out of lochs, for that matter," he added, with a subdued thrill of pride. "Sir Thomas is aye awfu' civil when he comes here; and, as for that bonnie little creature that's aye with him, she comes chirping about the place with her fine English, as if she belonged to it. I never can make out what she and your mother have such long cracks about."

"Miss Frankland?" said Colin, with a bright look of interest. The Mistress had been so much startled by this unexpected speech of her husband, that she turned right round upon Colin with an anxious face, eager to know what effect an intimation so sudden might have upon him. For the farmer's wife believed in true love and in first love with all her heart, and had never been able to divest herself of the idea that it was partly pique and disappointment in respect to Miss Matty which had driven her son into so hasty an engagement. "Is she still Miss Frankland?" continued the unsuspicious Colin. "I thought she would have been married by this time. She is a little witch," the young man said with a conscious smile—"but I owe her a great many pleasant hours. She was always the life of Wodensbourne. Were they here this year?" he asked; and then another thought struck him. "Hollo! it's only September," said Colin; "I ought to ask, Are they here now?"

"Oh, ay, Colin, they're here now," said the Mistress, "and couldna be more your friends if you were one of the family. I'm no clear in my mind that thae two will ever be married. No that I ken of any obstacle—but, so far as I can see, a bright bonny creature like that, aye full of life and spirit, is nae match for the like of him."

"I do not see that," said the young man who once was Matty Frankland's worshipper. "She is very bright, as you say; but he is the more honest ot the two. I used to be jealous of Harry Frankland," said Colin, laughing; "he seemed to have everything that was lacking to me; but I have changed my mind since then. One gets to believe in compensations," said the young man; and he shut his hand softly where it rested on the table, as if he felt in it the tools which a dozen Harry Franklands could have made no use of. But this thought was but dimly intelligible to his hearers, to one of whom, at least, the word "jealous" was limited in its meaning; and, viewed in this light, the sentiment just expressed by Colin was hard to understand.

"I'm no fond of what folk call compensations," said the Mistress. "A loss is aye a loss, whatever onybody can say. Siller that's lost may be made up for, but naething more precious. It's

aye an awfu' marvel to me that chapter about Job getting other bairns to fill the place o' the first. I would rather have the dead loss and the vacant place," said the tender woman, with tears in her eyes, "than a' your compensations. One can never stand for another—it's awfu' infidelity to think it. If I canna have happiness, I'll be content with sorrow; but you're no to speak of compensations to me."

"No," said Colin, laying his hand caressingly on his mother's; "but I was not speaking of either love or loss. I meant only that for Harry Frankland's advantages over me, I might, perhaps, have a little balance on my side. For example, I picked him out of the canal, as my father says," the young man went on laughing; "but never mind the Franklands; I suppose I shall have to see them, as they are here."

"Weel, Colin, you can please yourself," said his father. "I'm no' a man to court the great, but an English baronet, like Sir Thomas, is aye a creditable acquaintance for a callant like you; and he's aye awfu' civil as I was saying; but the first thing to be sure of is what you mean to do. You have had the play for near a year, and it doesna appear to me that tutorships, and that kind of thing, are the right training for a minister. You'll go back to your studies, and go through with them without more interruptions, if you'll be guided by me."

But at this point Colin paused, and had a good many explanations to give. His heart was set on the Balliol scholarship, which he had once given up for Matty's sake; but now there was another chance for him, which had arisen unexpectedly. This it was which had hastened his return home. As for his father, the farmer yielded with but little demur to this proposal. A clear Scotch head, even when it begins to lose its sense of the ideal, and to become absorbed in "the beasts," seldom deceives itself as to the benefits of education; and big Colin had an intense secret confidence in the powers of his son. Honours at Oxford, in the imagination of the Scotch farmer, were a visionary avenue leading to any impossible altitude. He made a little resistance for appearance sake, but he was in reality more excited by the idea of the conflict —first, for the scholarship itself; then for all possible prizes and honours to the glory of Scotland and Ramore—than was Colin himself.

"But after a year's play you're no qualified," he said, with a sense of speaking ironically, which was very pleasant to his humour. "A competition's an awfu' business; your rivals that have aye been keeping at it will be better qualified than you."

At which Colin smiled, as his father meant him to smile, and answered, "I am not afraid," more modestly a great deal than the farmer in his heart was answering for him; but then an unexpected antagonist arose.

"I dinna pretend to ken a great deal about Oxford," said the Mistress, whose brow was clouded; "but it's an awfu' put-off of time as far as I can see. I'm no fond of spending the best of life in idle learning. Weel, weel, maybe its no idle learning for them that can spare the time; but for a lad that's no out of the thought of settling for himself and doing his duty to his fellow-creatures—I was reading in a book no that long ago," said Colin's mother, "about thae fellowships and things, and of men so misguided as to stay on and live to be poor bachelor bodies, with their Greek and their Latin, and no mortal use in this world. Eh, Colin, laddie, if that was a' that was to come of you!—"

"You're keen to see your son in a pulpit, like the rest of the silly women," said the farmer; "for my part, I'm no that bigoted to the kirk; if he could do better for himsel'——"

But at this juncture the Mistress got up with a severe countenance, laying aside the stocking she was knitting. "Eh, Colin, if you wouldn't get so worldly," cried the anxious mother. "I'm no one that's aye thinking of a callant bettering himself. If he's taken arles in one service, would you have

him desert and gang over to another? For me, I would like to see my laddie faithful to his first thoughts. I'm no saying faithful to his Master, for a man may be that though he's no a minister," continued the Mistress; "but I canna bear to see broken threads; be one thing or be another, but dinna melt away and be nothing at a'," the indignant woman concluded abruptly, moving away to set things in order in the room before they all retired for the night. It was the faint, far-off, and impossible idea of her son settling down into one of the Fellowships of which Mrs. Campbell had been reading which moved her to this little outburst. Her authority probably was some disrespectful novel or magazine article, and that was all the idea she had formed in her ignorance of the nurseries of learning. Colin, however, was so far of her mind that he responded at once.

"I don't mean to give up my profession, mother; I only mean to be all the more fit for it," he said. "I should never hesitate if I had to choose between the two."

"Hear him and his fine talk," said the farmer, getting up in his turn with a laugh. "It would be a long time before our minister, honest man, would speak of his profession. Leave him to himself, Jeanie. He kens what he's doing; that's to say, he has an awfu' ambition considering that he's only your son and mine," said big Colin of Ramore; and he went out to take a last look at his beasts with a thrill of secret pride which he would not for any reward have expressed in words. He was only a humble Westland farmer looking after his beasts, and she was but his true wife, a helpmeet no way above her natural occupations; but there was no telling what the boy might be, though he was only "your son and mine." As for Colin the younger, he went up to his room half an hour later, after the family had made their homely thanksgiving for his return, smiling in himself at the unaccountable contraction of that little chamber, which he had once shared with Archie without finding it too small. Many changes and many thoughts had come and gone since he last lay down under its shelving roof. Miss Matty who had danced away like a will-o'-the-wisp, leaving no trace behind her; and Alice who had won no such devotion, yet whose soft shadow lay upon him still; and then there was the deathbed of Meredith, and his own almost deathbed at Wodensbourne, and all the thoughts that belonged to these. Such influences and imaginations mature a man unawares. While he sat recalling all that had passed since he left this nest of his childhood, the Mistress tapped softly at his door, and came in upon him with wistful eyes. She would have given all she had in the world for the power of reading her son's heart at that moment, and, indeed, there was little in it which Colin would have objected to reveal to his mother. But the two human creatures were constrained to stand apart from each in the bonds of their individual nature—to question timidly and answer vaguely, and make queries which were all astray from the truth. The Mistress came behind her son and laid one hand on his shoulder, and with the other caressed and smoothed back the waves of brown hair of which she had always been so proud. "Your hair is just as long as ever, Colin," said the admiring mother; "but its no a' your mother's now," she said with a soft, little sigh. She was standing behind him that her eyes might not disconcert her boy, meaning to woo him into confidence and the opening of his heart.

"I don't know who else cares for it," said Colin; and then he too was glad to respond to the unasked question. "My poor Alice," he said; "if I could but have brought her to you, mother— She would have been a daughter to you."

Mrs. Campbell sighed. "Eh, Colin, I'm awfu' hard-hearted," she said; "I canna believe in ony woman ever taking that place. I'm awfu' bigoted to my ain; but she would have been dearly welcome for my laddie's sake; and I'm

real anxious to hear how it a' was. It was but little you said in your letters, and a' this night I've been wanting to have you to mysel', and to hear all that there was to say."

"I don't know what there is to say," said Colin; "I must have written all about it. Her position, of course, made no difference to my feelings," he went on, rather hotly, like a man who in his own consciousness stands somewhat on his defence; "but it made us hasten matters. I thought if I could only have brought her home to you——"

"It was aye you for a kind thought," said the Mistress; "but she would have had little need of the auld mother when she had the son; and Colin, my man, is it a' ended now?"

"Heaven knows!" said Colin with a little impatience. "I have written to her through her father, and I have written to her by herself, and all that I have had from her is one little letter saying that her father had forbidden all further intercourse between us, and bidding me farewell; but——"

"But," said the Mistress, "it's no of her own will; she's faithful in her heart? And if she's true to you, you'll be true to her? Isna that what you mean?"

"I suppose so," said Colin; and then he made a little pause. "There never was any one so patient and so dutiful," he said. "When poor Arthur died, it was she who forgot herself to think of us. Perhaps even this is not so hard upon her as one thinks."

"Eh, but I was thinking first of my ain, like a heartless woman as I am," said his mother. "I've been thinking it was hard on *you*."

He did not turn round his face to her as she had hoped; but her keen eyes could see the heightened colour which tinged even his neck and his forehead. "Yes," said Colin; "but for my part," he added, with a little effort, "it is chiefly Alice I have been thinking of. It may seem vain to say so, but she will have less to occupy her thoughts than I shall have, and—and the time may hang heavier.—You don't like me to go to Oxford, mother?" This question was said with a little jerk, as of a man who was pleased to plunge into a new subject; and the Mistress was far too close an observer not to understand what her son meant.

"I like whatever is good for you, Colin," she said; "but it was aye in the thought of losing time. I'm no meaning real loss of time. I'm meaning I was thinking of mair hurry than there is. But you're both awfu' young, and I like whatever is for your good, Colin," said the tender mother. She kept folding back his heavy locks as she spoke, altogether disconcerted and at a loss, poor soul; for Colin's calmness did not seem to his mother quite consistent with his love; and a possibility of a marriage without that foundation was to Mrs. Campbell the most hideous of all suppositions. And then, like a true woman as she was, she went back to her little original romance, and grew more confused than ever.

"I'm maybe an awfu' foolish woman," she said, with an attempt at a smile, which Colin was somehow conscious of, though he did not see it, "but, even if I am, you'll no be angry at your mother. Colin, my man, maybe it's no the best thing for you that thae folk at the castle should be here?"

"Which folk at the castle?" said Colin, who had honestly forgotten for the moment. "Oh, the Franklands! What should it matter to me?"

This time he turned round upon her with eyes of unabashed surprise, which the Mistress found herself totally unprepared to meet. It was now her turn to falter, and stammer, and break down.

"Eh, Colin, it's so hard to ken," said the Mistress. "The heart's awfu' deceitful. I'm no saying one thing or another; for I canna read what you're thinking, though you are my ain laddie; but if you were to think it best no to enter into temptation—"

"Meaning Miss Matty?" said Colin; and he laughed with such entire freedom that his mother was first silenced and then offended by his levity. "No fear

of that, mother; and then she has Harry, I suppose, to keep her right."

"I'm no so clear about that," said Mrs. Campbell, nettled, notwithstanding her satisfaction, by her son's indifference; "he's away abroad somewhere; but I would not say but what there might be another," she continued, with natural *esprit du corps*, which was still more irritated by Colin's calm response,—

"Or two or three others," said the young man; "but, for all that, you are quite right to stand up for her, mother; only I am not in the least danger. No, I must get to work," said Colin; "hard work, without any more nonsense; but I'd like to show those fellows that a man may choose to be a Scotch minister though he is Fellow of an English college—"

The Mistress interrupted her son with the nearest approach to a scream which her Scotch self-control would admit of. "A Fellow of an English college," she said, in dismay, "and you troth-plighted to an innocent young woman that trusts in you, Colin! That I should ever live to hear such words out of the mouth of a son of mine!"

And, notwithstanding his explanations, the Mistress retired to her own room, ill at ease, and with a sense of coming trouble. "A man that's engaged to be married shouldna be thinking of such an awfu' off-put of time," she said to herself; "and ah, if the poor lassie is aye trusting to his coming, and looking for him day by day." This thought took away from his mother half the joy of Colin's return. Perhaps her cherished son, too, was growing "worldly," like his father, who thought of the "beasts" even in his dreams. And, as for Colin himself, he, too, felt the invisible curb upon his free actions, and chafed at it in the depths of his heart when he was alone. With all this world of work and ambition before him, it was hard to feel upon his proud neck that visionary rein. Though Alice had set him free in her little letter, it was still in her soft fingers that this shadowy bond remained. He had not repudiated it, even in his most secret thoughts; but, as soon as he began to act independently, he became conscious of the bondage, and in his heart resented it. If he had brought her home, as he had intended, to his father's house, his young dependent wife, he probably would have felt much less clearly how he had thus forestalled the future, and mortgaged his very life.

CHAPTER XLI.

The Balliol Scholarship was, however, too important a reality to leave the young candidate much time to consider his position—and Colin's history would be too long, even for the patience of his friends, if we were to enter into this part of his life in detail. Everybody knows he won the scholarship; and, indeed, neither that, nor his subsequent career at Balliol, are matters to be recorded, since the chronicle has been already made in those popular University records which give their heroes a reputation, no doubt temporary, but while it lasts of the highest possible flavour. He had so warm a greeting from Sir Thomas Frankland that it would have been churlish on Colin's part had he declined the invitations he received to the Castle, where, indeed, Miss Matty did not want him just at that moment. Though she was not the least in the world in love with him, it is certain that between the intervals of her other amusements in that *genre*, the thought of Colin had often occurred to her mind. She thought of him with a wonderful gratitude and tenderness sometimes, as of a man who had actually loved her with the impossible love—and sometimes with a ring of pleasant laughter, not far removed from tears. Anything "between them" was utterly impossible, of course—but, perhaps, all the more for that, Miss Matty's heart, so much as there was remaining of it, went back to Colin in its vacant moments, as to a green spot upon which she could repose herself, and set down her burden of vanities for the instant. This very sentiment, however, made her little inclined to have him at the Castle,

where there was at present a party staying, including, at least, one man of qualifications worthy a lady's regard. Harry and his cousin had quarrelled so often that their quarrel at last was serious, and the new man was cleverer than Harry, and not so hard to amuse; but it was difficult to go over the well-known ground with which Miss Frankland was so familiar in presence of one whom she had put through the process in a still more captivating fashion, and who was still sufficiently interested to note what she was doing, and to betray that he noted it. Colin, himself, was not so conscious of observing his old love in her new love-making as she was conscious of his observation; and, though it was only a glance now and then, a turn of the head, or raising of the eyes, it was enough to make her awkward by moments, an evidence of feeling for which Miss Matty could not forgive herself. Colin consequently was not thrown into temptation in the way his mother dreaded. The temptation he was thrown into was one of a much more subtle character. He threw himself into his work, and the preparations for his work, with all the energy of his character; he felt himself free to follow out the highest visions of life that had formed themselves among his youthful dreams. He thought of the new study on which he was about to enter, and the honours upon which he already calculated in his imagination as but stepping stones to what lay after, and offered himself up with a certain youthful effusion and superabundance to his Church and his country, for which he had assuredly something to do more than other men. And then, when Colin had got so far as this, and was tossing his young head proudly in the glory of his intentions, there came a little start and shiver, and that sense of the curb, which had struck him first after his confidence with his mother, returned to his mind. But the bondage seemed to grow more and more visionary as he went on. Alice had given him up, so to speak; she was debarred by her father from any correspondence with him, and might, for anything Colin knew, gentle and yielding as she was, be made to marry some one else by the same authority; and, though he did not discuss the question with himself in words, it became more and more hard to Colin to contemplate the possibility of having to abridge his studies and sacrifice his higher aims to the necessity of getting settled in life. If he were "settled in life" to-morrow, it could only be as an undistinguished Scotch minister, poor, so far as money was concerned, and with no higher channel either to use or fame; and, at his age, to be only like his neighbours was irksome to the young man. Those neighbours, or at least the greater part of them, were good fellows enough in their way. So far as a vague general conception of life and its meaning went, they were superior as a class in Colin's opinion to the class represented by that gentle curate of Wodensbourne, whose soul was absorbed in the restoration of his Church, and the fit states of mind for the Sundays after Trinity; but there were also particulars in which, as a class, they were inferior to that mild and gentlemanly Anglican. As for Colin, he had not formed his ideal on any curate or even bishop of the wealthier Church. Like other fervent young men, an eager discontent with everything he saw lay the bottom of his imaginations; and it was the development of Christianity—"more chivalrous, more magnanimous, than that of modern times"—that he thought of. A dangerous condition of mind, no doubt; and the people round him would have sneered much at Colin and his ambition had he put it into words; but, after all, it was an ideal worth contemplating which he presented to himself. In the midst of these thoughts, and of all the future possibilities of life, it was a little hard to be suddenly stopped short, and reminded of Mariana in her moated grange, sighing, "He does not come." If he did come, making all the unspeakable sacrifices necessary to that end, as his mother seemed to think he should, the probabilities were that the door of the grange

would be closed upon him; and who could tell but that Alice, always so docile, might be diverted even from the thought of him by some other suitor presented to her by her father? Were Colin's hopes to be sacrificed to her possible faith, and the possible relenting of Mr. Meredith? And, alas! amid all the new impulses that were rising within him, there came again the vision of that woman in the clouds, whom as yet, though he had been in love with Matty Frankland, and had all but married Alice Meredith, Colin had never seen. She kissed her shadowy hand to him by times out of those rosy vapours which floated among the hills when the sun had gone down, and twilight lay sweet over the Holy Loch—and beckoned him on, on, to the future and the distance where she was. When the apparition had glanced out upon him after this old fashion, Colin felt all at once the jerk of the invisible bridle on his neck, and chafed at it; and then he shut his eyes wilfully, and rushed on faster than before, and did his best to ignore the curb. After all, it was no curb if it were rightly regarded. Alice had released, and her father had rejected him, and he had been accused of fortune-hunting, and treated like a man unworthy of consideration. So far as external circumstances went, no one could blame him for inconstancy, no one could imagine that the engagement thus broken was, according to any code of honour, binding upon Colin; but yet— This was the uncomfortable state of mind in which he was when he finally committed himself to the Balliol Scholarship, and thus put off that "settling in life" which the Mistress thought due to Alice. When the matter was concluded, however, the young man became more comfortable. At all events, until the termination of his studies, no decision, one way or other, could be expected from him; and it would still be two years before Alice was of the age to decide for herself. He discussed the matter—so far as he ever permitted himself to discuss it with any one—with Lauderdale, who managed to spend the last Sunday with him at Ramore. It was only October, but winter had begun betimes, and a sprinkling of snow lay on the hills at the head of the loch. The water itself, all crisped and brightened by a slight breeze and a frosty sun, lay dazzling between its grey banks, reflecting every shade of colour upon them; the russet lines of wood with which their little glens were outlined, and the yellow patches of stubble, or late corn, still unreaped, that made the lights of the landscape, and relieved the hazy green of the pastures, and the brown waste of withered bracken and heather above. The wintry day, the clearness of the frosty air, and the touch of snow on the hills, gave to the Holy Loch that touch of colour which is the only thing ever wanting to its loveliness; a colour cold, it is true, but in accordance with the scene. The waves came up with a lively cadence on the beach, and the wind blew showers of yellow leaves in the faces of the two friends as they walked home together from the church. Sir Thomas had detained them in the first place, and after him the minister, who had emerged from his little vestry in time for half an hour's conversation with his young parishioner, who was something of a hero on the Holy Loch—a hero, and yet subject to the inevitable touch of familiar depreciation which belongs to a prophet in his own country. The crowd of church-goers had dispersed from the roads when the two turned their faces towards Ramore. Perhaps by reason of the yew-trees under which they had to pass, perhaps because this Sunday, too, marked a crisis, it occurred to both of them to think of their walk through the long ilex avenues of the Frascati villa, the Sunday after Meredith's death. It was Lauderdale, as was natural, who returned to that subject the first.

"It's a wee hard to believe that it's the same world," he said, "and that you and me are making our way to Ramore, and not to yon painted cha'amer, and our friend, with her distaff in her hand. I'm whiles no clear in my mind that we were ever there."

At which Colin was a little impatient, as was natural. "Don't be fantastic," he said. "It does not matter about Sora Antonia; but there are other things not so easily dropped;" and here the young man paused and uttered a sigh, which arose half from a certain momentary longing for the gentle creature to whom his faith was plighted, and half from an irksome sense of the disadvantages of having plighted his faith.

"Ay," said Lauderdale, "I'm no fond myself of dropping threads like that. There's nae telling when they may be joined again, or how; but if it's ony comfort to you, Colin, I'm a great believer in sequences. I never put ony faith in things breaking off clean in an arbitrary way. Thae two didna enter your life to be put out again by the will of an old fool of a father. I'll no say that I saw the requirements of Providence just as clear as you thought you did, but I canna put faith in an ending like what's happened. You and her are awfu' young. You have time to wait."

"Time to wait," repeated Colin in his impatience; "there is something more needed than time. Mr. Meredith has returned me my last letter with a request that I should not trouble his daughter again. You do not think a man can go on in the face of that."

"He's naething but a jailor, callant," said Lauderdale; "no that I am saying anything against an honourable occupation," he continued, after a moment's pause, with a grim smile crossing his face; "there was a man at Ephesus in that way of living that I've aye had an awfu' respect for—but the poor bit bonnie bird in the cage is neither art nor part in that. When the time comes we'll a' ken better; and here, in the meantime, you are making another beginning of your life."

"It appears to me I am always making beginnings," said Colin. "It was much such a day as this when Harry Frankland fell into the loch—that was a kind of beginning in its way. Wodensbourne was a beginning, and so was Italy—and now— It appears life is made up of such."

"You're no so far wrong there," said Lauderdale; "but it's grand to make the new start like you, with a' heaven and earth on your side. I've kent them that had to set their face to the brae with baith earth and heaven against them—or any way so it seemed. It's ill getting new images," said the philosopher meditatively. "I wonder who it was first found out that life was a journey. It's no an original idea nowadays, but its aye awfu' true. A man sets out with a hantle mair things than he needs, *impedimenta* of a' kinds; but he leaves the maist of them behind afore he's reached the middle of the road. You've an awfu' body of opinions, callant, besides other things to dispose o'. I'm thinking Oxford will do you good for that. You're no likely to take up with their superfluities, and you'll get rid of some of your ain."

"I don't know what you call superfluities," said Colin. "I don't think I am a man of many opinions. A few things are vital and cannot be dispensed with, and these you are quite as distinct upon as I can be. However, I don't go to Oxford to learn that."

"I'm awfu' curious to ken in a general way," said Lauderdale, "what you are going to Oxford to learn. Latin and Greek and Mathematics? You're no a bad hand at the classics, callant. I would like to ken what it was that you were meaning to pay three good years of life to learn."

Upon which Colin laughed, and felt without knowing why, a flush come to his cheek. "If I should prefer to win my spurs somewhere else than at home," said the young man lightly, "should you wonder at that? Beside, the English universities have a greater reputation than ours—and in short——"

"For idle learning," said Lauderdale with a little heat; "not for the science of guiding men, which, so far as I can see, is what you're aiming at. No that I'm the man to speak ony blasphemy against the dead languages," said the philosopher, "if the like of that was to be your trade; but for a Scotch parish, or maybe a Scotch presbytery—or in the

course of time, if a' goes well, an Assembly of the Kirk——"

"Stuff," cried Colin; "does not all mental discipline train a man, whatever his destination may be? Besides," the young man said with a laugh, half of pride, half of shame, "I want to show these fellows that a man may win their honours and carry them back to the old Church, which they talk about in a benevolent way, as if it was in the South Sea Islands. Well, that is my weakness. I want to bring their prizes back here, and wear them at home."

"The callant's crazy," said Lauderdale, but the idea was sufficiently in accord with his national sentiments to be treated with indulgence; "but, as for sticking a wheen useless feathers into the douce bonnet of a sober old Kirk like ours, I see nae advantage in it. It might maybe be spoiling the Egyptians," added the philosopher grimly, "but, as for ony good to us— You're like a' young creatures, callant; you're awfu' fond of the *impedimenta*. Reputation of that description is a fashious thing to carry about, not to say that three years of a callant's life is no a time to be calculated upon. You may change your mind two or three times over between that and this."

"You have very little respect for my constancy, Lauderdale," said Colin; and then he felt irritated with himself for the word he had used. "In what respect do you suppose I can change my mind?" he asked with a little impatience; and Colin lifted his eyes full upon his friend's face, as he had learned to do when there was question of Alice, though certainly it could not be supposed that there was any question of Alice in the present case.

"Whisht, callant," said Lauderdale; "I've an awfu' trust in your constancy. It's one o' the words I like best in the English language, or in the Scotch either for that matter. It's a kind of word that canna be slipped over among a crowd, but craves full saying and a' its letters sounded. As I was saying," he continued, changing his tone, "I'm a great believer in sequences; there's mony new beginnings, but there's nae absolute end short of dying, which is aye an end for this world, so far as a man can see. And, next to God and Christ, which are the grand primitive necessities, without which no man can take his journey, I'm aye for counting true love and good faith. I wouldna say but what a' the rest were more or less *impedimenta*," said Lauderdale; "but that's no the question under discussion. You might change your mind upon a' the minor matters, and no be inconstant. For example, you might be drawn in your mind to the English kirk after three years; or you might come to think you were destined for nae kirk at all, but for other occupations in this world; and, as for me, I wouldna blame you. As long as you're true to your Master—and next to yoursel'—and next to them that trust you," said Colin's faithful counsellor; "and of that I've no fear."

"I did not think of setting the question on such a solemn basis," said Colin with an amount of irritation which annoyed himself, and which he could not subdue; "however, time will show; and here we are at Ramore." Indeed the young man was rather glad to be so near Ramore. This talk of constancy exasperated him, he could not tell how; for, to be sure, he meant no inconstancy. Yet, when the sunset came again, detaching rosy cloudlets from the great masses of vapour, and shedding a mist of gold and purple over the hills—and when those wistful stretches of "daffodil sky" opened out over the western ramparts of the Holy Loch—Colin turned his eyes from the wonderful heavens as if from a visible enemy. Was not she there as always, that impossible woman, wooing him on into the future, into the unimaginable distance where somewhere she might be found any day waiting him? He turned his back upon the west, and went down of his own will to the dark shade of the yew-trees, which were somehow like the ilex alleys of the sweet Alban hills; but even there he carried his impatience with him, and

found it best on the whole to go home and give himself up to the home talk of Ramore, in which many questions were discussed unconnected with the beasts, but where this one fundamental question was for the present named no more.

CHAPTER XLII.

Colin's career at Oxford does not lie in the way of his present historian, though, to be sure, a few piquant particulars might be selected of the way in which a pair of young Scotch eyes, with a light in them somewhat akin to genius, but trained to see the realities of homely life on the Holy Loch, regarded the peculiar existence of the steady, artificial old world, and the riotous but submissive new world, which between them form a university. Colin who, like most of his countrymen, found a great deal of the "wit" of the community around him to be sheer nonsense, sometimes agreeable, sometimes much the reverse, had also like his nation a latent but powerful sense of humour, which, backed by a few prejudices, and stimulated a little by the different manners current in the class to which he himself belonged, revealed to him many wonderful absurdities in the unconscious microcosm which felt itself a universe—a revelation which restored any inequality in the balance of affairs, and made the Scotch undergraduate at his ease in his new circumstances. For his own part, he stood in quite a different position from the host of young men, most of them younger than himself, by whom he found himself surrounded. They were accomplishing without any very definite object the natural and usual course of their education—a process which everybody had to go through, and which, with more or less credit, their fathers, brothers, friends, and relatives had passed through before them. Life beyond the walls of the University had doubtless its objects more interesting than the present routine; but there was no such immediate connexion between those objects and that routine as Colin had been accustomed to see in his Scotch college. As for Colin himself, he was aiming at a special end, which made his course distinct for him among his more careless companions; he was bent on the highest honours attainable by hard work and powers much above the average; and this determination would have acted as a moral shield to him against the meaner temptations of the place, even if he had not already been by disposition and habits impervious to them. The higher danger—the many temptations to which Colin, like other young men, was exposed, of contenting himself with a brilliant unproductive social reputation—were warded off from him by the settled determination with which he entered upon his work. For Scotch sentiment is very distinct on this question; and Colin understood perfectly that, if he returned with only a moderate success, his *Alma Mater* would be utterly disgusted with her pet student, and his reputation would fall to a considerably lower ebb than if he had been content to stay at home. He came upon that tranquil academic scene in the true spirit of an invader; not unfriendly—on the contrary, a keen observer of everything, an eager and interested spectator of all the peculiar habitudes of the foreign country—but chiefly bent upon snatching the laurel, as soon as that should be possible, and carrying home his spoil in triumph. He entered Oxford, in short, as the Czar Peter, had he been less a savage, might have been supposed to establish himself in the bosom of the homely English society of his time, seeing, with eyes brightened by curiosity and the novelty of the spectacle, various matters in a ridiculous light which were performed with the utmost gravity and unconsciousness by the accustomed inhabitants; and, on the other hand, discovering as many particulars from which he might borrow some advantage to his own people. Certainly, Czar Peter, who was at once an absolute monarch and the most enlightened man of his nation,

stood in a somewhat different position from the nameless Scotch student, between whom and other Scotch students no ordinary observer could have discovered much difference; but the aspirations of young men of Colin's age are fortunately unlimited by reason, and the plan he had conceived of working a revolution in his native Church and country, or, at least, aiming at that to the highest extent of his powers, was as legitimate, to say the least, as the determination to make a great fortune, with which other young men of his nation have confronted the world. Colin frequented the Oxford churches as he had frequented those in Rome, with his paramount idea in his mind, and listened to the sermons in them with that prevailing reference to the audience which he himself expected, which gave so strange an aspect to much that he heard. To be sure, it was not the best way to draw religious advantage for himself from the teachings he listened to; but yet the process was not without its benefits to the predestined priest. He seemed to himself to be looking on while the University preacher delivered his dignified periods, not to the actual assembly, but to a shrewd and steady Scotch congregation, not easily moved either to reverence or enthusiasm, and with a national sense of logic. He could not help smiling to himself when, in the midst of some elaborate piece of reasoning, the least little step aside landed the speaker upon that quagmire of ecclesiastical authority which with Colin's audience would go far to neutralize all the argument. The young man fancied he could see the elders shake their heads, and the rural philosophers remark to each other, "He maun have been awfu' ill off for an argument afore he landed upon yon." And, when the preacher proceeded to "our Church's admirable arrangements," and displayed with calm distinctness the final certainty that perfection had been absolutely attained by that venerated mother, the young Scotchman felt a prick of contradiction in his heart on his own account as well as that of his imaginary audience. He thought to himself that the same arguments employed on behalf of the Church of Scotland would go a long way towards unsettling the national faith, and smiled within himself at the undoubting assumption which his contradictory northern soul was so far from accepting. He was not a bad emblem of his nation in this particular, at least. He consented without a remonstrance to matters of detail, such as were supposed by anybody, who had curiosity enough to inquire into the singular semi-savage religious practices of Scotland, to be specially discordant to the ideas of his country; but he laughed at "our Church's admirable arrangements" in such a manner as to set the hair of the University on end. The principles of apostolic succession and unbroken ecclesiastical descent produced in this daring young sceptic, not indignation nor argument, which might have been tolerated, but an amused disregard which was unbearable. He was always so conscious of what his Scotch audience, buried somewhere among the hills in the seclusion of a country parish, would think of such pretensions, and laughed not at the doctrine so much as at the thought of their reception of it. In this respect the young Scotchman, embodying his country, was the most contradictory of men.

He was not very much more satisfactory in the other region, where the best of Anglicans occasionally wander, and where men who hold with the firmest conviction the doctrine of apostolic succession sometimes show a strange degree of uncertainty about things more important. Colin's convictions were vague enough on a great many matters which were considered vital on the Holy Loch; and perhaps he was not a much more satisfactory hearer in his parish church at home than he was in Oxford when there was question of the descendants of the apostles. But amidst this sea of vague and undeveloped thought, which was not so much doubt as uncertainty, there stood up several rocks of absolute faith

which were utterly impervious to assault. His mind was so far conformed to his age that he could hear even these ultimate and fundamental matters canvassed by the calm philosophers about him, without any undue theological heat or passion of defence; but it soon became evident that on these points the young Scotchman was immovable, a certainty which made him an interesting study to some of his companions and teachers. It would be foolish to say that his faith procured for him that awe and respect which the popular mind takes it for granted a company of sceptics must always feel for the one among them who retains his religious convictions. On the contrary, Colin's world was amused by his belief. It was, itself to start with, a perfectly pious, well-conducted world, saying its prayers like everybody else, and containing nothing within its placid bosom which in the least resembled the free-thinkers of ancient days. The Church was not the least in the world in danger from that mild fraternity, to which every kind of faith was a thing to be talked about, to evolve lines of thought upon, and give rise to the most refined, and acute, and charming conversation. But, as for Colin, they regarded him with an amused observation as a rare specimen of the semi-cultivated, semi-savage intelligence which is always so refreshing to a society which has refined itself to a point somewhat beyond nature. He was "a most interesting young man," and they found in him "a beautiful enthusiasm," an "engaging simplicity." As for Colin, he was quite aware of the somewhat unfounded admiration with which he was regarded, and smiled in his turn at his observers with a truer consciousness of the humour of the position than they could possibly have who saw only half of it; but he kept his shrewd Scotch eyes open all the time, and half unconsciously made himself acquainted with a great many new developments of that humanity which was to be the material of all the labours of his life. He had it in his power to remark the exact and delicate points at which Anglicanism joined on to the newer fashion of intellectualism, and to note how a morsel of faith the less might be now and then conciliated and made up for by a morsel of observance the more; and, beside this, he became aware of the convenient possibility of dividing a man, and making him into two or three different "beings," as occasion required; so that the emotional human being —having sundry natural weaknesses, such as old association and youthful habit, and a regard to the feelings of others, not to speak of the affectionate prejudices of a good Churchman—was quite free to do his daily service at chapel, and say his prayers, even at the very moment when the intellectual being was busy with the most delicate demonstration that prayer in a universe governed by absolute law was an evident absurdity and contradiction of all reason. Colin for his part looked on at this partition, and smiled in his turn. He was not shocked, as perhaps he ought to have been; but then, as has been said, he too was a man of his age, and found many things which were required by absolute orthodoxy unnecessary *impedimenta*, as Lauderdale had called them. But, with all this, the young man had never been able to cut himself in half, and he would not learn to regard the process as one either advantageous or honourable. Such, apart from the work which was necessary in obedience to his grand original impulse, were the studies he pursued in Oxford. At the same time he had another occupation in hand, strangely out of accord at once with those studies and with his own thoughts. This was the publication of poor Meredith's book, the "Voice from the Grave," at which he had laboured to the latest moment of his life. In it was represented another world, an altogether contradictory type of existence. Between Colin's intellectual friends, to whom the "Hereafter" was a curious and interesting but altogether baffling subject of investigation, and the dying youth who had gone out of this world in a dauntless primitive confidence of finding himself at once in the shining streets and

endless sunshine of the New Jerusalem, the difference was so great as to be past counting. As for the young editor, his view of life was as different from Meredith's as it was from that of his present companions. The great light of heaven was to Colin, as to many others, as impenetrable as the profoundest darkness; he could neither see into it, nor permit himself to make guesses of what was going on beyond; and, consequently, he had little sympathy with the kind of piety which regards life as a preparation for death. Sometimes he smiled, sometimes he sighed over the proofs as he corrected them; sometimes, but for knowing as he did the utter truthfulness with which the dead writer had set forth his one-sided and narrow conception of the world, Colin would have been disposed to toss into the fire those strange warnings and exhortations. But when he thought of the young author, dead in his youth, and of all the doings and sayings of those months in which they lived together, and, more touching still, of those conversations that were held on the very brink of the grave, and at the gate of heaven, his heart smote him. And then his new friends broke in upon him, and discussed the proofs with opinions so various that Colin could but admire and wonder. One considered them a curious study of the internal consciousness, quite worthy the attention of a student of mental phenomena. Another was of opinion that such stuff was the kind of nutriment fit for the uneducated classes, who had strong religious prejudices, and no brains to speak of. When Colin found his own sentiments thrown back to him in this careless fashion, he began to see for the first time the conceit and self-importance of his judgment. For Meredith had faced death with that faith of his, and was at least as well able to judge as his present critic. The result was that the young man, thus seeing his own defects reflected out of the eyes of others, learned humbleness, and went on with his work of editing, without judging. Other lessons of a similar kind came to him in the same way unawares; and thus he went on, thinking still of that parish church in Scotland, in which all these gifts of his would be utterly lost and buried according to the judgment of the world.

"If you have set your heart on being a parson," some one said to him—and he could not help recalling the time when Sir Thomas Frankland had said exactly the same—"go into the Church, at least. Hang it! Campbell, don't go and bind yourself to a conventicle," said his anxious acquaintance; "a man has always a chance of doing something in the Church."

"That is precisely my idea," said Colin, "though you fellows seem to think it the last possibility. And, besides, it is the only thing I can do, with my ideas. I can't be a statesman, as you have a chance of being, and I have not an estate to manage. What else would you have me do?"

"My dear fellow," said another of his friends, "you are as sure of a Fellowship as any man ever was. Go in for literature, and send your old Kirk to Jericho—a fellow like you has nothing to do in such a place. One knows the sort of thing precisely; any blockhead that can thump his pulpit, and drone out long prayers—"

"That is our weak point," said Colin, who felt much more disposed to be angry than became his philosophy, "but nobody can make public prayers now-a-days; it's a forgotten faculty. Many thanks for your advice, but I prefer my own profession. It should be good for something, if any profession ever was."

"Well, now, taking it at the very best, how much do you think you are likely to have a-year?—a hundred and fifty, perhaps? No, I don't mean to say that's final;—but, of course, a thoughtful fellow like you takes it into consideration," said Colin's adviser; "everything is badly paid now-a-days—but, at all events, there are chances. If a man is made of iron and brass, and has the resolution of an elephant, he may get to be something at the Bar, you know, and make a mint of

money. And, even in the Church, to be sure, if he's harmless and civil, something worth having may come in his way; but you are neither civil nor harmless, Campbell. And, by Jove! it's not the Church you're thinking of, but the Kirk, which is totally different. I've been in Scotland," continued the Mentor, with animation; "it's not even one Kirk, which would be something. But there's one at the top of the hill and one at the bottom, and I defy any man to tell which is which. Come, Campbell, don't be a Quixote—give it up!"

"You might as well have told my namesake to give up the Queen's service after he had lost a battle," said Colin. "I don't suppose Sir Colin ever did lose a battle, by the way. I am not the sort of stuff for a Fellow of Balliol," said the young man; I'd like to work among men—that is my idea of being a priest, or clergyman, or minister, or whatever you choose to call it. Next to that I should like to command a regiment, I believe—that's my ambition; and I don't mean, you may be sure, to desert my standard, and take to writing books, even if I could do it. Yes, you are perfectly right," said Colin, turning round upon one of his visitors, who was silent—"it is almost the only kind of kingship possible to a son of the soil."

"I never said so," said the young man he addressed, in a patronizing tone; "I thought, indeed, you expressed yourself very well, Campbell. It is a curious study altogether. Scotland, though it is what one may call a nation of dissenters, is always an interesting country. If you happened to be of the seed of the martyrs, you might lead her back to a better faith."

At which Colin laughed, and forgot his momentary irritation. "None ot you know anything about it; let us postpone our conclusion in the meantime for ten years," said the cheerful young autocrat. Ten years was like to be an eventful period to all that little assembly who were standing on the verge of life; but they all made very light of it, as was natural. As for Colin, he did not attempt to make out to himself any clear plan of what he intended to do and to be in ten years. Certainly, he calculated upon having by that time reached the highest culmination of which life was capable. That he meant to be a prince in his own country was a careless expression, unintentionally arrogant, and said out of the fulness of his heart, as so many things are for which an account has to be given in latter years; for, in reality, the highest projects that could move the spirit of a man were in Colin's mind. He had no thought of becoming a popular preacher, or the oracle of a coterie; and the idea of personal advancement never came into his head, rash though his words were. What he truly intended was not quite known to himself, in the vague but magnificient stirrings of his ambition. He meant to take possession of some certain corner of his native country, and make of it an ideal Scotland, manful in works and stedfast in belief; and he meant from that corner to influence and move all the land in some mystical method known only to the imagination. Such are the splendid colours in which fancy, when sufficiently lively, can dress up even such a sober reality as the life of a Scotch minister. While he planned this, he seemed to himself so entirely a man of experience, ready to smile at the notions of undisciplined youth, that he succeeded in altogether checking and deceiving his own inevitable good sense—that watchful monitor which warns an imaginative mind of its extravagance. This was the great dream which, interrupted now and then by lighter fancies, had accompanied Colin more or less clearly through all his life. And now the hour of trial was about to come, and the young man's ambition was ready to accomplish itself as best it might.

To be continued.

THE MAIDEN FROM AFAR

SCHILLER.

(Translated by Dr. Anster.)

With peasants poor in lowly glade
When the first larks were warbling there,
Came, with each coming year, a maid,
Vision divinely fair!

Of that rough vale she was no child,
She came none knew from what far place;
She vanished, and the sylvan wild
Retained of her no trace.

The bosoms of the savage race
Expand; they see her and revere,
For round her dwells a lofty grace
That tempers Love with Fear.

And flowers she brought from her far land
Of happier suns, and fruits mature,
From trees by softer breezes fanned
Beneath a sky more pure.

She gives, and all receive with joy,
To some rich fruits, gay flowers to some;
The grey-haired on his staff—the boy
Alike wend happy home.

Welcome were all that came, but when
She saw two lovers fond and true,
Then gave she her best gifts; oh! then,
Her flowers of heavenliest hue!

FIRES.

BY A CANTAB.

We were at wine in W.'s rooms when some one came in to tell us that there was a fire at Cottenham. "Where's Cottenham, and how far is it?" was the common shout. A vague sort of answer of "About eight miles, and beyond Milton somewhere," was quite enough for half-a-dozen strong-legged and strong-winded young men, of twenty-one or thereabouts; and, without a minute's delay, off they set for the field of action. When Magdalene had been passed, and the open road reached, there, straight before us, was the smoking, glaring evidence that the report we had heard was only too true, and that another of those incendiary fires had been enkindled, which, at that time, were the disgrace of the East-Anglian Counties. Our walk soon quickened into a trot, and somewhat

under ninety minutes saw us in the large, straggling village of Cottenham. We soon perceived that, right in the wind, some malicious fellow had set fire to the stacks in a large farmyard, which, by that time, were all consumed, and the fire was busy devouring the buildings and dwelling-house. In front of the house was a wide open street, across which the flakes of fire were blown by the freshening wind. Men were on the thatched roof of a cottage on the other side of the street, trying, with pails of water, to keep down the fire, which already threatened to spread across the village, the greater part of which lay in that direction. But their efforts were all in vain. The whole house was soon in flames, which soon spread along the low thatched cottages on that side of the street. There were no engines (but the parish engine, not much larger than a garden-pump, and that out of order); there was no one to order and control the gazing multitudes, who were, many of them, willing to work; so, at last, we University-men took the matter into our own hands. Farther down the street, we found that the windward of a row of three thatched cottages was on fire, and that there was no hope of saving them. Beyond them was a gap of a yard or two. We got all the furniture and goods out of the houses, depositing them safely under the hedge on the other side of the road. I carried a cradle, baby and all, out of one house. I saw some other man helping a poor imbecile woman downstairs, her daughter enticing her out by saying to her, "Come and see Mary, mother. You shall see Mary if you'll come." The words seemed to touch some chord of sorrow or hope in the poor woman's heart, and she was taken out of the house. We then fastened a rope to the beam which ran along the front of the house, supporting the bottom of the rafters, and, with a long pull and a strong pull, brought the whole roof down. We then poured water over the ruins, and over the next house, and thus cut off the fire in that direction. But it had meantime been spreading farther across the village, devouring, if my memory fails not, forty-eight houses, of which eighteen were farmhouses, with barns, stables, and stacks. When we had done our work in this first street at which we had arrived, we followed the track of flame into another street, where the same work of destruction was proceeding. Our way lay through gardens and orchards, where we found poor people sitting with their household goods around them, looking most sad and pitiable. Later in the night, the church was opened for the reception of the homeless. About two o'clock, the engines from Cambridge got to work, and then we, with many other gownsmen, took our turn at the, by no means easy, work of pumping. We had been at Cottenham by half-past eight; the engines were at least five hours later—the rule then being that the engines did not stir till some one had arrived who guaranteed the necessary payments. Under the influence of the well-appointed engines, and the willing arms of the gownsmen, the flames were soon overpowered, and no fresh buildings ignited. One engine at eight o'clock would have saved the village. About four o'clock we began to think of returning; and, in a stronger force than we started, we began to wend our weary way home. We had not gone far before a dog-cart overtook us, into which I managed to scramble—a shout of "get some supper ready" saluting my ears as I drove off. It was just the end of the Easter Vacation; there were very few men in College. I knocked up all I knew to beg for food for a dozen hungry men, whom I expected in my rooms in a short time. But never a bit of anything could I get but eggs. So the only thing was to light the fire, boil the kettle, brew tea, and cook the eggs. Men I knew and men I did not know soon poured into my rooms, and, though wishing for something rather more substantial, we were very thankful for the eggs. About six we got to bed. In the course of the day we drove over and visited the still smouldering ruins, the strangest sight being six new white brick houses, standing still erect, but gutted of all

their woodwork. They had only just been rebuilt after a fire which had destroyed several houses a few months before. Thus ended the great Cottenham Fire.

Perhaps the most startling fire that took place in Cambridge in my time, was that at St. Michael's Church, then held by good old Professor Scholefield. It was one Sunday morning. The Sunday-school had been held in the church, and, just as the congregation was coming in, about a quarter to eleven, flames were seen breaking out in the roof. The iron pipe of a common stove had got red-hot and had ignited the beams in the roof, through which it passed. It was full term time, and therefore there was soon a full muster of gownsmen. There were no waterworks then in Cambridge, so that the whole supply of water had to be brought up from the Cam. This could only be reached by the long, narrow Trinity Lane; but soon a double line of men was formed down the lane, across Trinity New Court—the grass, generally preserved from the profane feet of undergraduates with religious care, being mercilessly trampled down—into Trinity grounds, and so to the river, where Long Johnson (afterwards stroke of the University boat in which I rowed), with other plucky men, was seen standing up to his middle in the water steadily filling the empty buckets. Dons even took their places in the ranks; and others, careful of the health of those committed to their care, were seen pouring out glasses of brandy for the men who were working in the water. After I had done my share of the handing work for a time, one of the most intelligent and respectable of our college servants got half-a-dozen of us together, and took us to get our College engine. Knowing the town well, he took us round by Sidney-street and the Market-place into the yard belonging to Messrs. Swan and Hurrell, ironmongers. There was a good supply of water; and, taking the hose through the houses of Rose-crescent, he got to the back of the church, and just reached the chancel window as the flames had seized the beautiful old oak stalls, which adorned that part of the church. These we saved. The rest of the church was thoroughly destroyed, and had to be re-built. Some of the men on this occasion exposed themselves to great risk; all worked with a will, but yet system was wanting.

The only other fire at which I "assisted" at Cambridge was at a house in Sidney-street—close to Trinity Church. The men worked here as willingly and hard as ever, even though the house had been occupied by one of those sharks who sometimes prey upon the young and thoughtless. Old Whitaker had been one of those wretches who entice young men into extravagance and worse, by lending money, or buying clothes or other articles of property from men who are hard up. I had known a silly fellow who had been in the habit of getting clothes on credit from his tailor, and then selling them to old Whitaker, of course for half-price or less. It was, therefore, with some satisfaction that, at the next summer assizes, I saw the old wretch sentenced to transportation for life for setting fire to his house—the fact being that his malpractices had compelled the University authorities to "discommune" him, *i.e.* forbid the undergraduates to have any dealings with him. His trade thus being gone, he had hoped to make the Insurance Offices pay him for stock which he had previously removed.

A few weeks after I had taken my degree, I was in Cambridge for a couple of days, and to my sorrow the front of Trinity Hall was burnt down without my knowing it. I was sorry for the college. I am afraid that I grieved almost as much that I was not there to see—the fact being that Cambridge men felt a kind of savage interest in extinguishing fires. I have often said that it was part of my University training. A few months after I had gone to my first curacy, I had the opportunity of showing what my education in this line had done for me. One Sunday morning, at five o'clock, I was awakened by a loud crackling noise, which I found to proceed from the wooden buildings of a tan-yard, which were in a perfect blaze. A very few minutes

sufficed to take me to the spot, and I gained a considerable amount of *kudos* by my exertions on that occasion.

I daresay the present generation of Cantabs is just as fond of fires, and just as willing to work at putting them out, as we were. The young and kindly hearts must be just the same in their feelings now as then. What I should like to hear of is the establishment of a Volunteer Fire Brigade in my old University. I venture to say that, if the colonel of the University Volunteers were to graft the fire brigade on to his system, it would add wonderfully to its popularity. In the rifle corps there is the necessary discipline, authority, and organization. After half-a-dozen drills with the engines there would only be needed a monthly practice to keep the brigade efficient. The college servants should also be enrolled in the brigade, so that there would still be a body of men ready for any emergency in the vacations. If some such plan were adopted, much desultory energy and undirected power would be brought under control. Clergymen and country gentlemen would acquire a kind of knowledge which might often be very useful in remote districts; and the University which began the Volunteer movement might give an impulse to Volunteer Fire Brigades which would produce beneficial effects from Cumberland to Cornwall.

Some anxious parents might say that they did not send their sons to the University to make firemen of them, and to expose them to the great risks that attend such an employment. But the fact is, that men will go to fires, and will work at them. It must certainly be better to have them there under discipline than as their own masters. The risk would be much less; the good done much greater. And, as the University engines would always move at the first alarm of fire, much valuable property might be saved while the managers of other engines were bargaining as to who was to pay for the engines, as happened at Cottenham, and lately near Preston.

“LIKE HER—BUT NOT THE SAME!”

I SEEK her by the stream that laves
Yon crumbling convent wall,
And in the silent place of graves
That loved her soft footfall;
Then in a dream thro' evening calm
Again we wander by the palm.

But lo! this glooming crust unstirred
Gives o'er the sombre glow
Of caverned fire—my dream is blurred:
I wake—the fire is low:
Alone I hear the wind and rain
To-night chill beat my window-pane.

“Yet she is nigh—behold,” they say,
“Yon queenly-smiling dame!”
More cold this cold heart turns away—
Like her—but not the same!
I knew I left *her* lying where
Yon graves in sunlight sleep so fair.

RODEN NOEL.

A BASQUE PASTORALE.

THIS Pastorale was played at Larran, June 20th, 1864.

The benevolent reader will perhaps at once exclaim, with varied energy of expression, according to his or her peculiar temperament: "Where is Larran? and what is a Pastorale?"

Larran is a village of about 1,200 souls, high among the mountains of the French-Spanish frontier, near the head waters of Le Saison (or Cesson, according to Michel), in the arrondissement of Mauléon, in the department of the Basses Pyrénées, the south-westerly department of la belle France, and one of the most lovely in the whole of it. So far, geographically. Ethnologically—which is of still greater importance to the present subject—it is situated in the very heart of La Soule, in the Pays Basque, and thus occupies the proudest of all positions among that remarkable people; for, of the three *French* districts of the Pays Basque, viz. Le Labourd, La Basse Navarre, and La Soule, the inhabitants of the last are those who claim to be Basques *par excellence*—the pure, unmingled, aristocratic blood. And, what is still more to the present purpose, it is in the Souletin district alone, nay, only in its more remote parts, that Pastorales are now either acted at all, or in anything like their primitive simplicity.

Now, what is a Pastorale? Reader, the gist, the whole purport of this paper will be an attempt to describe to you a Pastorale. But, before describing the thing, we will endeavour to explain the word. It is evidently of French-Latin origin, and is defined in Boiste's Dictionary as "a theatrical or poetical piece, in which shepherds are the actors, musicians, dancers." This seems to be pretty nearly correct; but the Basques themselves use the French word "Tragédie" as synonymous with Pastorale. The piece we are about to describe is entitled in MSS. "La *Tragédie* de Richard sans Peur, Duc de Normandie," and in ordinary conversation the terms Pastorale and Tragédie are indifferently used. The reader must not understand, however, by Tragédie, anything like the Tragedies of Corneille or of Shakespeare, nor even what is in some respects much nearer, the Plays of Euripides, or of Sophocles, or of the early Athenian stage. This will, we trust, be made plain by the sequel. Meanwhile we must be content with this definition: a Pastorale is a dramatic representation as performed among the Souletin Basques.

How can one get to Larran? Starting from Mauléon or from Tardets, the chief towns in the valley of Le Saison, and which are easily accessible from any of the central stations of the Pau and Bayonne railroad, there is a carriage-road up the valley as far as Licq; but thence the traveller must proceed on his own legs, or on those of horse, mule, or donkey. Following the path up the valley,—a valley as lovely in its quiet beauty as a mountain valley of the softer kind can well be—following up this valley, the path winds close along the banks of the Gave, or mountain stream, till the ascent begins which leads immediately to Larran itself. The village is perched on a kind of high plateau or promontory in the hills, so far above the little mountain stream which we have hitherto followed that it can neither be seen nor heard directly from it, though but a hundred yards from the centre of the village there is a point whence nearly the whole course of it may be seen, as it comes leaping, sparkling, foaming down from its iron mountain home. But, high as Larran is, it has still this peculiarity: from no quarter can it be seen as you approach it, until you are almost in its streets; and again, when you are in it, nought can be seen from it but the open sky, and the summits of the neighbouring but still somewhat distant mountains. It was in the rough open "place"

of this village, looked down upon by those majestic spectators, under a literally cloudless sky, and, of course, as its midsummer concomitant in Pyrenean latitudes, a blazing scorching southern sun, that this Pastorale was played—acted for eight long hours, or, reckoning the preliminary procession, for nearly nine.

The performers of these Pastorales are no paid actors—they are no set of artists devoting themselves, either exclusively or in part, to the service of the tragic muse. They are simply the rustic villagers, young or old as the case may be, who, for their own pleasure, or to while away the tedium of a long winter in the mountains, and for the entertainment of their neighbours, or for the still more cherished approval of the fair Basque maidens, learn and act these Pastorales. In the district of La Soule there are generally one or two acted yearly, but seldom at the same village in two consecutive years. In the acting the sexes are rarely, if ever, mingled. Generally all the performers are males, young lads or boys taking the female parts; but, sometimes, once in seven years or so, the maidens of the valley will act a piece, the subject of which is almost always taken from the life of some female saint; and excellently well we are assured they do it—the girls in this case taking the male as well as the female parts. At Larran, the piece we witnessed was performed by the young bachelor lads of the village and of the neighbourhood. None of the actors were above twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age, but they ranged from boyhood up to that age. The piece selected was entitled (as above) "Richard sans Peur, Duc de Normandie;" but, notwithstanding this French title, the reader must please to remember that every other word of it was Basque (Escuaras), excepting solely in the interlude, wherein some words of Béarnois *patois* were introduced.

Let us now attempt a description of the accessories. First, of the stage. No stage that ever was constructed could possibly be more simple. It consisted merely of rough boards, laid on joists, which again rested on empty wine-barrels set on end. The whole surface of the stage might be some sixty feet by forty. The access to it was by a short ladder of four or five steps from the ground in front. The hinder part abutted on a house, on a level with the first floor, taking advantage of a slope in the ground, so that through the windows and doors of this house, the actors and inmates found egress and ingress to and from the stage. Some five or six feet from the house-wall, a sheet, to which a few flowers and ribbons were attached, was suspended across the stage, and the space thus inclosed between the sheet and the house formed the ordinary green-room, or retiring-place for the actors when off duty. At the sides, this too was as open as any other part of the stage, and as patent to the curiosity of the spectators. At the upper right-hand corner of the sheet was affixed (as is always the case in these Pastorales) a wooden puppet, whose body, legs, and arms could be jerked about by cords; which puppet is supposed, in the Basque idea of Saracenic and diabolic mythology, to represent Mahomet, the god, or idol, whom Saracens and devils equally adore. It is frequently alluded to as such in the course of the performance. This is absolutely the whole scenic decoration; the rest is bare boards.

How shall we describe the actors themselves, and their dresses? How can we speak of simplicity without making it ridiculous? how show originality lurking beneath conventionality, and old ideas of romance united so quaintly with the latest phases of modern caprice in feminine and military toilettes? Can the reader picture to himself Charlemagne, that doughty emperor, in the blue uniform of a national guard, with white cotton gloves for gauntlets, and a gold-headed Malacca walking-cane to represent the sceptre before which trembled almost all of Europe's monarchs; and Richard, Duke of Normandy, the hero of the piece, in similar attire, but with blue glass spectacles on, in order to hide a squint?

Clarissa, too—the fair Clarissa, the only daughter of England's proud king, Astolpho—in hat and feather, ay, white cotton gloves, and crinoline? These are types of most of the dresses on that day. But by the side of these was the graceful Satans' dress—those darling Satans of whom we shall have so much to say—so thoroughly Basque, from the pretty red beret (cap), with its white tassels, to the hempen sandals (spartingues or espadrilles); the short, tight-fitting jacket of brightest scarlet, open in front, the crimson sash, the nether garments white, with just three threads of different colours, some inches apart, below the knee. An Archbishop, too, was there, gorgeous in purple spangled cassock and cape, and purple pasteboard mitre, with silver tinsel cross upon it, and gilded crosier. An Angel, too—a boy in satin tunic, white, with garland on his head of green and white, with sash of blue—a wingless angel, but who ever kept a tiny cross upheld between his joined palms and outstretched finger-tips, and ever marched with softly measured steps, and ever spoke in softly chanted tones. Such were the chief costumes. Blue was the colour of the good and the heroic—of Roland, and of Charlemagne, of Richard himself, and of Salomon, king of Brittany, and all the French; while scarlet, horrid scarlet flamed upon the backs of all the bad—the terrible Satans, the heathen Saracens, the perfidious English.

The head-dresses, among all else that was conventional, were truly original, and *seemed* invented for the occasion. If Charlemagne, for instance, was not Charlemagne in the play, but some one else (reader, express not too strongly thy astonishment; such changes happened continually, for there was a play within the play, in which the metamorphose of the characters was indicated to the eye by change of head-dress only)—if Charlemagne, I say, was not himself, but some one else, he wore a common buff wide-awake; but, when himself, he shone most glorious to behold in tinsel bravery—upon his head he wore what one of my companions most accurately described as "a structure like a conical bird-cage made of sticks of barley-sugar, with his head in the middle of it." The head-dresses of the blue division were but variations on this, with field-marshals' and gendarmes' hats for the minor characters; but the reds, the Sultan and his men, were terrible in gleaming helmets of carmine tinsel, over which nodded fearfully four plumes of mingled red and white. A small oval looking-glass did duty for a diamond above the front of the mighty Saladin, and by this small mirror his gallant followers did literally often dress themselves. A giant, too, appeared in black, with sombre plumes at least half a yard high upon his lofty head. Let this suffice for the millinery department.

The other properties comprised a full orchestra of *three* performers, and *five* instruments. The first performer played a violin simply, like any other village musician; but his fellow-artists played four instruments, two apiece at the same time, viz. a pipe or fife, and a Basque tambourin. The former was played with the mouth and right hand; the latter rested on the shoulder and knees, and was beaten by a stick with the left hand. This Basque tambourin must by no means be confounded with the instrument of similar name familiar to our childhood in the hands of German peasant girls. It is quite a different instrument—being one of the many variations of the guitar, only made of stouter wood, oblong in shape, about two and a half feet long, but slightly broader at the upper end than at the lower, and with a low bridge, over which are stretched five strings of very coarse material, which are beaten with a short stick, about twelve inches long. The music thus produced seems to be not at all unpleasant to dance to, or to give the rhythm to the chants. For other purposes we dare not hazard an opinion.

Stage construction, scenery (or rather no scenery), costumes, orchestra, have been more or less described. What remains? Some very useful personages. First, a prompter and stage-conductor

rolled into one, and who without false shame pursued his useful labours before the eyes and ears of all the spectators. Secondly, six stage-keepers, one at each corner, and two at the sides of the stage, dressed in white berets, in neat blue and white blouses with turndown collars, belted round the waist, and with white inexpressibles. They were armed with guns and bayonets, which guns they fired (as by proxy) whenever a hero fell, and very often promiscuously besides. And, when the report was heard, the Basque matrons and maidens all called out in charming nervousness (like the unfortunate maidens of a Greek Tragedy) Ay! yai! ai! yai! ai! yai yai yai eh!!!!! to the great satisfaction of those stalwart warriors, who themselves seldom fired their old flint pieces without firmly shutting both eyes, and turning their heads as far as possible away from the trigger and the stock. The further business of these stage-keepers was to preserve order among those of the spectators (a pretty numerous company), who were admitted to seats *on* the stage, and to prod small boys in the back with their bayonets, in order to repulse their attempts to escalade the same, or to hunt them out from among the wine-barrels below, when their game of hide-and-seek grew too uproarious there. They were also useful in crying out "Shoal!" *i.e.* silence, when conversation grew too animated among the inattentive portion of the audience.

The reader must now be asked to imagine himself, at nine o'clock on the morning of June 20th, sitting at the open window of a spacious bed-room in the village inn, looking down on the place, and with a side-view of the stage below, commanding a prospect of the doings of the green-room as well as of the performance upon the stage itself. At present the stage is untenanted, save by a few women who are leisurely stitching flowers and ribbons to the sheets they have just put up to form the back of the stage; but nearly all the previous night, beneath the clear, bright moon, private, but by no means quiet, rehearsals of the parts have been going on, mostly of the steps and dances, not of the speeches. Throughout the whole village, however, some unusual silent stir is visible. The sounds of fife and violin are faintly and irregularly heard; horses are led up the steep hill sides, and small ravines, and through the stony lanes which lead to and through the village; while indoors a universal "toilette" seems going on. In the inn itself each room contains some monarch or hero of the day putting on his bright attire. In the kitchen, Salomon, king of Brittany, turns up the tails of his uniform to a blazing fire, as if it were midwinter instead of midsummer. Strange, half-dressed figures flit from door to door, or appear at open windows in a still odder stage of habiliment. But, at length, all, both men and steeds, are visibly converging to the more distant part of the village. The music settles to a more regular strain, and through openings among the houses glimpses are to be caught of the procession as it winds its way round the village to pay due respect to the authorities—the mayor, the parish priest, the chief custom-house officers, &c. — before commencing the business of the day. First marches on foot the orchestra—the aforesaid trio of violin and tambourin players—heading the procession; then follow on horseback seven or eight of the blue or heroic division; then on one mule come the Archbishop, and the Angel-boy clinging most tightly round his grace's waist. A lady (boy, of course) follows next on horseback, in hat and feathers, and in crinoline. Then proudly march on restless steeds the haughty Saracens; and the three Satans close the procession—one in solitary grandeur upon his horse, but his two companions carried back to back upon a single noble steed. At intervals along the line walk the stage-keepers with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, and every now and then some straggling shots indicate to our ears at what point of the village they have arrived. At length the whole procession is seen winding down before the church, and across the "place" to the front of the stage.

And now the actors separate into two

portions. The red division disappears for a time behind the houses at the farther end of the "place." The orchestra and stage-keepers mount the stage as easily and as naturally as any one else; but the others—what are they doing? They seem as if they wanted to make their steeds perform a dervish dance, or to try if a horse can be made giddy by imitating a teetotum. After tremendous caracoling among the crowd immediately in front, some one dismounts and rushes at the ladder. There seems nothing to prevent him mounting easily, but it appears to be absolutely necessary for the actors on these occasions to suppose some invisible force repelling all the assailants' efforts to mount. Once, twice, thrice, (and oftener by the principal characters), is the attempt made in vain, ere the final rush and bound surmounts all imaginary obstacles, and lands the hero in the middle of the stage. The Archbishop, the Angel, and the Lady alone advance more quietly. At last, the first division of actors is on the stage, and some have retired behind the sheets. The orchestra now plays a kind of chant, and the future Charlemagne comes forward to the steps, and, standing in the middle of the stage, uncovers to his audience, and then with a clear, ringing voice slowly chants forth a couplet of the long prologue, which details the whole history of the play. Some measured steps bring him to the right-hand corner, where he chants another couplet; thence to the middle; thence to the left-hand corner; and so on continually till the prologue is completed, and the play is ready to commence. But, before that, see, all the actors on the stage advance to the front, and kneel down, while the Archbishop intones a prayer, in which the others join, invoking God's blessing on the work. This pious act, which was repeated at the close of the performance, seemed to be done in all seriousness; at least, it was done with all due decorum. So also, when the "Angelus" sounded from the church tower, on the moment the music ceased, the actors stopped their acting, actors and audience all took off their hats, and crossed themselves, and remained some minutes in silent prayer. This was repeated twice, we believe—at twelve and at six o'clock.

But now the piece begins. How shall we describe it? To go through it all would be impossible: and how give an idea in brief of a performance which occupied eight long hours, without a pause; which included at once nearly all possible dramatic elements; which seemed as if it were meant to embrace all the innumerable vicissitudes of human life, and all possible relations of man, both with the finite and the infinite; which was by turns tragic and comic, and always operatic—was mythic, and mystic, and historic, epical, lyrical, and didactical, musical and Terpsichorical; in which the actors' parlance ranged from ordinary dialogue, through monotone and chant, to most elaborate chorale and solo, and their gestures from mere stately walking, and more measured marching, through the gliding angel step and the Saracenic wild stamp, to a sort of (forgive the French expression) "pas de bataille," and the Satans' graceful dance? For all was done more or less to time and tune. Each set of characters, and each of the chief characters, had a certain peculiar measure; and, as the characters of the Pastorale outnumbered the actors, the same persons had several different parts to perform, and the necessary change of *personnage* was made known often by merely changing the tune, and sometimes in addition by a slight change of head-dress. These metamorphoses made the plot most difficult to follow, especially by those who had not a quick ear to catch the distinction between strange tunes. For the first half-hour or so of the performance it was exceedingly amusing to watch the gravity with which some damsel or other would step out from the crowd, cross the stage, approach one of the actors, and set right any ribbon, &c. that had got awry during the procession and the subsequent violent equestrian exertions—the person operated upon standing the while as calm and impassive as a tailor's block, and not one syllable spoken or even whispered by either party.

Let us now attempt some description of the piece itself. The *dramatis personæ* were as follows:—

BLUE DIVISION.

RICHARD SANS PEUR, *Duc de Normandie.*
MARCHÉ, *Richard's faithful friend.*
CHARLEMAGNE.
ROLAND, *with his horn.*
OLIVER.
SALOMON, *King of Brittany.*
OGIER, *King of Denmark.*
COMTE DE GALOS.
THIERRY.
DUC DE BOURBON.
ALENÇON.
AMIRAL.
THE ARCHBISHOP.
,, ANGEL.
,, CLERK.
,, HERMIT LABAYE (L'ABBÉ ?).
AMBASSADORS.
SERVANTS, *&c.*
SAILORS.

Ladies.

CLARISSA, *King of England's daughter.*
NURSE, *same as* SEBADINA *in the Interlude.*
BRINDAMOUR, *as Richard's Bride.*

RED DIVISION.

THE SULTAN.
,, MAHOUMÉ.
,, NARTABARROS.
,, SARRASIN. } ? whether { SARACENS.
,, DANOIS. } ? whether { DANES.
,, AUSTRACHÉ. } ? whether { AUSTRIANS.
SOLDIERS.
AMBASSADORS.
A TERRIBLE GIANT IN BLACK.

Dancing Satanic Chorus. {
SATAN.
BULGIFER.
BRINDAMOUR (*afterwards metamorphosed into a lady, and back again to his original shape*).

For the Interlude (in Macaronic verse in Basque and Béarnois Patois).

PETIT JEAN.
RICOLIN.
SEBADINA.

The piece might almost have been entitled, "The Temptations of Richard, Duke of Normandy." For throughout he is being continually assailed, either directly or indirectly, by those Terpsichorean Satans, who seem to be at the bottom of all mischief concocted either on the earth or under the earth; and most terribly they plagued him. He enters upon the stage longing for some one to do battle with, and they immediately appear with their peculiar but most graceful dance, and the struggle commences which ends only with the piece. They not only do open battle with him in their own persons, and seek to entrap him into a false judgment on a most knotty point of spiritual judicature as to the proper possessor of a deceased hermit's soul; they not only rouse up Saracens, English, and a most dreadful giant, against him, and quarrels among his own people, the wrath of Charlemagne, and the terrible might of Roland; these were comparatively easily withstood; but Brindamour most cunningly transformed himself into a frightfully (Basque epithet) beautiful female infant, whom Richard finds in the woods, and puts out to nurse. Richard then starts off to Turkey in search of adventures. In his absence is introduced a broad and not very refined farce, by way of interlude, in mingled Basque and Béarnois *patois*, which is utterly untranslateable; so exceedingly free-spoken[1] is the genius of the Basque tongue. In Turkey Richard meets again with the ubiquitous Satans; and on his return, seven years after a victorious contest with them, he sends for the nurse and baby, and falls madly in love with the extraordinary and precocious beauty of the latter. In vain does Marché, most faithful of friends, and apparently chiefest of bores also, remonstrate. It is to no purpose; Richard will marry her. How the Satanically beautifully bride did torment her devoted husband, and the more she plagued him the more he loved her! Poor Marché, how he got abused and snubbed! At last, when the whole armoury of feminine wiles was exhausted

[1] "Another important observation to be made on the Basque language is, that, like all ancient languages, it expresses with decency, in plain terms, a number of things and ideas which modern delicacy obliges us to express by equivalents or periphrases in our tongues. Thus there exist many expressions in the Basque which will not shock the most chaste and delicate ears, but which, nevertheless, literally translated into French, would be insupportable."—*Michel, Le Pays Basque*, p. 58.

she——died. Richard weeps with inconsolable agony over his bride's corpse, till exhausted nature gives way, and he falls asleep, and only the ever-wakeful Marché is left to watch the dead and the living sleepers. Horror of horrors! up starts the bride (who till then had excellently mimicked a female voice), and, speaking in Satanic tones, hints to poor Marché that now "*she* is going to have some fun;" whereupon Marché, from fright, incontinently falls flat on his back, the noise of which fall wakes up Richard, who is wonderfully astonished to see his wife in such a condition. Now ensues a scene of exquisite blarney, in which again the devil-wife gets the victory; and Richard, like a good, patient husband as he is, is sent off to some distant, sacred spring to fetch some holy water, which is to convert his Satanic into an angelic bride. Poor Marché is thus left alone with the fearsome lady, now a Satan undisguised, and who summons Satan himself and Bulgifer to her aid. In a trice is Marché slain, and shrouded up, and laid upon the stage where the false lady's false body had lain just before. The Satans dance and cut capers, and leap and bound around, across, and over him in most fantastic fashion, till Richard returns with his pot of holy water, when —*exeunt* Satans, and poor Richard finds that he has lost not only his devil-bride, but the most faithful and most tedious of friends as well. Weeping and wailing on Richard's part; exuberant joy on the part of the Satans, who have again turned up. Enter, at this point, Archbishop, Angel, Clerk, &c. who soon put to flight the Satans, but sadly aggravate poor Richard's grief by reading him a most eloquent and proper sermon on the sins, pride and over-confidence, which have brought this infliction upon him. Then the play goes on. Enter Saracens, Danois, Austraché, and all the reds in most pleasant confusion. Then again the interlude is introduced; thence we are introduced to the court of Charlemagne; then follow fights with the Saracens, battles with the English, a long wooing of England's fair daughter, Clarissa, and an eventual abduction of her from the guards; a real marriage-feast of cake and wine upon the stage, in which the Satans, presumed invisible, and dancing all the while, steal their portions over the shoulders of the seated guests. Then follow a succession of single combats with all the knights of Charlemagne's court, over all of whom Richard is of course victorious; and, lastly, with the mighty Emperor himself, whom it is not loyal to pommel, so that Richard goes on one knee, and begs pardon for allowing himself to be beaten. There is then a terrific contest with a giant, and a voyage to England, with a frightful shipwreck, in which Richard is the only person saved, and that on the back of Bulgifer. Then he descends to the other world, to do battle with his rescuer in his own realms, till at last, Richard being confirmed king of England, the story comes to an end, which is no end at all, and leaves one in a maze of doubt as to whether Richard has made friends with the Devil himself, or has thrashed him into submission, or is to be carried off by him as one sold to him for ever.

Such is a general outline of the plot, if plot it may be called, of the whole Pastorale. It may give a better idea of the drama in detail, if we cull one or two specimens from the earlier portion of it, and present the dialogue as best we can in translation.

The Pastorale opens with Richard advancing on horseback to the front of the stage, which is supposed to represent some castle, the unknown inmates of which he challenges to fight. After the challenge given, he dismounts, comes on the stage, and *exit. Enter* Satans dancing; they consult how to oppose Richard; Bulgifer shows the white feather, but Brindamour undertakes to deceive him. *Enter* Richard and his dog; terrific combat, Satans' wands against Richard's sword and walking-stick, to the battle-tune—dog slain in the first round—second round Satans run away; Bulgifer re-enters and suspends a child (afterwards Brindamour himself) on one of the trees of the forest.

Richard. It seemeth that I heard
A very feeble moaning;
Doubtless in this wood
Something is taking place.

I will, therefore, enter
Into the forest;
To see if I can discover
Who is thus complaining.

[RICHARD *goes to the wood, and returns with the child in his arms.*

Good people, I have found
The fairest child e'er seen;
And the best thing I can do
Is to put it out to nurse.

I will at once be off
To seek a nurse,
To entrust to her
The rearing of this child. [*Walks up and down.*

Enter Nurse.

Rich. List here to me,
My worthy woman;
To bring up this child
Perchance, would you be nurse?

Nurse. Yes, my lord, certainly;
I am now nursing;
I will bring up the child,
If that be your good pleasure.

I will take the child
If you entrust it to me;
And I will tend it
With all fidelity.

Rich. (giving the child.)

Take then the child
Tenderly in your arms,
And bestow, I pray you,
On it your tender care.

If the child's disposition
Should unhappily be bad,
To chastise it severely
I give you all authority.

Nurse. Well, beloved lord,
'Tis a fine infant,
And one would say,
'Twere scarce three days old.

Never have I seen
An infant like it;
So very white a skin,
And withal so tender.

I will certainly do
All that is in my power;
And when she is reared
I will restore her to you.

I will restore her to you
When she is weaned;
And at the same time
You will pay me.

Richard then departs for Turkey. The Pastorale, as we have said, follows him thither so far as to give glimpses of his adventures there with the Satans; meanwhile, however, keeping note of the growth of the child whom he has left in the nurse's care, and who, being a devil in disguise, proves a sad torment to the worthy woman in the way of nursing, but, nevertheless, grows up astonishingly. Here also are introduced the interlude in Macaronic Basque and Béarnois *patois*, and a most curious scene, almost wholly unconnected with the main plot, in which the devils and a guardian angel contend for the soul of a hermit, and Richard is appointed arbiter. Of this episode—which was acted with all seriousness and apparent faith—the following is an account:—Labaye, a hermit, appears on the stage. He is bound on a long journey to France, and is thinking of his many misdeeds, and forming good resolutions of penance and amendment. At last he kneels down and prays solemnly that he may be enabled to keep his resolutions. He has hardly risen and begun to walk about the stage when—*enter* Bulgifer.

Bulgifer. Whither away in this fashion?
Tell me, great Abbot.
It seems to me wonderful
That you're abroad so early.

Labaye (continuing to walk). Let me go my own way.
If thou art an evil spirit,
In the name of Jesus, I command thee
Begone from here.

Bulg. I will let thee go,
Since thou speakest thus,
Though great will be my rage
If I've not thy soul.

[LABAYE *walks about;* BULGIFER *places a chair on the stage and exit.* LABAYE *stumbles over the chair and falls dead.*

Enter Angel.

Ang. Art thou happy now,
My beloved Abbot?
Thou may'st well say that in this world
Thou gav'st me grief enough.

I was selected by the Lord
To be thy guardian angel,
And 'twas my task to keep thee
From falling into mortal sin.

But thy passions
Surmounted all;
Nay, even now thou wast
On the path of evil.

Bulg. Begone from here!
Take thyself off!
For at this time
I must have his soul.

He has greatly sinned
To the present moment;
He had only good intentions
When it was too late.

Ang. I cannot believe
That thou shalt have him;
But, on the contrary,
'Tis I that shall obtain him.

He performed on earth
Many devotions;
And, behold! he has died
With his book in his hand.

He prayed to the Virgin Mother
As he went on his way,
And he read his devotions
In the book thou seest.

He was at his devotions
When death came upon him;
And I am determined
To bear his soul to heaven.

Bulg. Once more I tell thee,
And I assure thee of it,
Surely it is not thou
Who will have his soul.

His habitual sin
Was of all the most heinous;
And even now he was
On his way to his love.

Ang. Whatever may have happened,
And whatever you may think,
Whatever belongs to him
Is henceforth my affair.

I see one thing clearly—
That we shall ne'er be able,
Thou and I, unaided,
To come to an understanding.

Wilt thou that we go
At once to Normandy?
There we'll have judged
The whole of our dispute.

There we shall find
A man of probity;
He will pronounce for us
A righteous judgment.

His name is Richard,
Duke of Normandy,
And of all knights
He is the foremost.

They put the soul in a box, and arrive in Normandy. *Enter* Richard and Marché, and take seats. Here are the pleadings of the Angel and Bulgifer on the case which they have agreed to refer to Richard, together with Richard's decision, and the result:—

Ang. Sure it is not long since
The abbot went out of his chamber;
He had a ladye love,
And he went to see her.

The abbot loved
That woman truly,
And to go see her
He left his chamber.

As he was on his way
He stumbled o'er a plank,
Which caused him to fall,
And unhappily he was killed.

But, before he fell,
He had the book in his hand,
And he read the Litanies
Of the Virgin Mother.

'Tis for you, sire,
To judge this soul,
And to tell us truly
Who has right thereto.

Though he went abroad
With that evil purpose,
Perhaps he'd have turned back
From that evil way.

The spirit of inspiration
Came upon him,
And he was returning
To better sentiments.

Though he had the intention,
He did not commit sin;
And death overtook him
Whilst praying to the Virgin Mother.

Sire, I beseech thee,
Give us thy judgment
If the soul of this abbot
Ought to be saved.

Bulg. Sire, turn, I beseech you,
Your attention to me,
For I will to you also
Explain my reasons.

Sire, that abbot went
In search of his ladye-love,
With the intention in his heart
To commit sin.

Such was his intention
When killed by the way;
And I think, sire,
That his soul is mine.

Pronounce a favourable sentence
On this occasion,
Or we shall have no more
Confidence in you.

Rich. This is not my business;
But, since you take me for judge,
You must both of you
Be guided by me.

If it must be, therefore,
I who judge this matter
I will make you both
Of one mind at once.

Replace that soul
  Within its body,
And raise up the corpse
  On the spot it fell.

And, if he go his way
  Towards that woman's house,
The devil may carry him off
  Whenever he please;

But, if he return home,
  Then let him live,
In order to see how
  He'll conduct himself in the world.

If you duly submit
  To what I tell you,
You will be, I am sure,
  At once of the same mind.

Ang. We thank thee, Richard,
  For thy good counsel;
We shall soon be of one mind
  Concerning this soul.

[*Exeunt* RICHARD *and* MARCHÉ. *The* Angel *replaces the soul in the body. The* Abbot *arises and turns to the Christians. Exit* Angel.

Bulg. Accursed monk!
  Thou, at least, art saved!
Ah, scoundrel Richard,
  'Tis thy turn to be deceived. [*Exit.*

The Satans do proceed to deceive Richard accordingly, and the means are ready. Is it not time that Richard should marry? The ever-faithful Marché informs him that he is of that opinion, and that every one else is thinking so. Richard, in short, must have a duchess forthwith! Richard replies that there is none in all the world that he will or can marry but that lovely child he found seven years before. Marché tells him that the young lady has already grown so wonderfully that, though it is but seven years since she was given to the nurse, she looks as if she were twenty years old. Nothing will content Richard on hearing this but that Marché go immediately and bring the nurse and the child. This is done, with the following consequences:—

Rich. Right welcome art thou,
  My well-beloved nurse.
Is it possible that can be
  The child I gave you?

Nurse. Yes, sire, this is, indeed,
  The child you gave me;
She has grown a fair lady,
  As you can plainly see.

A great miracle has been wrought
  In this child, my lord.
For you see how she has grown
  In such a short time.

'Tis now seven years, my lord,
  Since you gave her to me,
And since then I have done
  All that was in my power.

Sire, I shall be much pleased
  If you are satisfied;
And, if it be your good pleasure,
  Give me now my wages.

Rich. I will pay you, nurse,
  Truly and faithfully,
For I am well satisfied
  With that young lady.

Withdraw now both of you;
  Enter in yonder;
Come, come along,
  Both of you together.
    [*Exeunt* Nurse *and* BRINDAMOUR.

Rich. Hearken to me, Marché,—
  Thou must set out at once
For the city of Rome,
  And with all speed.

Thou wilt say to the Archbishop,
  At once from me,
That he must marry me
  To that young lady.

Mar. Sire, thou doest a wrong
  To thy nobility,
In marrying somebody
  Whose origin thou knowest not.

You may have in marriage
  A great princess;
Remove, then, from thy head
  The idea of marrying that child.

Rich. Listen to me, Marché—
  These are my reasons:
I have brought up this child
  For seven long years.

I should be much grieved
  To leave her now:
'Tis lost labour
  To preach unto me.

Mar. I will then depart,
  And bid him come;
But you will repent
  That you e'er wedded her.

Nevertheless, the marriage takes place in great state,—the Archbishop arriving with his Clerk, and proceeding thus with the ceremony:—

Archb. What! you wish to marry
  This child whom you found?
Rich. My lord, I tell the truth;
  Certainly I will marry her.
    [RICHARD and BRINDAMOUR *kneel.*

Archb. Tell me, Richard,
  Dost thou freely take

To be your wedded spouse
The maiden here before us?

Rich. From the bottom of my heart,
My lord, I take her
To be my wife.
Such is my entire wish.

Archb. And thou, young lady,
Tell me truly, now,
Wilt thou take to husband
Richard of Normandy?

Brind. Yes, my lord,
I take him joyfully;
Since I have been called, therefore,
He must truly have me.

Archb. Then, sir and madame,
I give you my blessing;
And may God bestow on you
His holy grace.

The marriage ceremony having been so performed, and the Archbishop having given good advice to the married couple, and the Clerk having sung a hymn of gratulation, *exeunt omnes.* Alas! in a trice what have we but Brindamour lying in a bed that has been prepared for her, and beginning to call out like one dying? Richard and Marché enter, and approach the sick lady.

Brind. Oh! sire, my dear friend,
I am wedded to you;
'Tis why henceforth
I am called your wife.

My body is attacked
With a grievous ill;
'Tis why I would ask
Of you a great favour.

Rich. Speak, madame;
Ask what you will,
And I promise
To grant your request.

Brind. Sire, the favour I have
To ask from you
Is that, when I am dead,
You take my corpse to the hermitage.

Rich. Whatever you ask of me,
I will grant it to you;
And I certainly
Will not quit you, madame.
[Brindamour *dies.*

Oh! my well-beloved,
Dost thou give up the ghost?
Farewell, farewell, for ever.
I, even I myself, will follow thee.

Alas! my well-beloved spouse,
Do I now see thee dead?
Yea, I see death itself
Coming even to me.
[Richard *seats himself by the body.*

Mar. Of what art thou thinking, sire?
Be of good courage.
See, here is the Archbishop
Coming to console thee.

Enter Clerk *and* Archbishop.

Archb. Sire, my beloved friend,
Be comforted, I beseech thee.
We all must die;
Be, therefore, of good courage.

The Clerk sings a hymn, offering the soul of the duchess to heaven; and Richard and Marché are left together, Richard weeping. The funeral is to be on the morrow, and Marché lays the body in a coffin.

Rich. I tell thee, Marché,
My friendly knight,
I am dropping with slumber,
And am forced to succumb to it.

We are to watch the body,
Thou and I between us.
Whilst I am sleeping, therefore,
Do thou be watchful.

Mar. Yes, sire, be sure of it, I will be
As vigilant as may be;
And, should I be alarmed,
I will awake thee.

[Richard *drops to sleep.* Brindamour *lifts up the coffin-lid and speaks.*

Brind. Awake! awake! bold sirs,
The moment is now arrived.

[Marché *falls with fright.* Richard *awakes.* Marché *gets up.* Richard *draws his sword.*

Rich. Oh! Marché, tell me,
What art thou dreaming of?
Who is there come
To do battle with thee?

Brind. (speaking from the coffin.) Ah!
Richard, my good friend,
Duke of Normandy,
I wonder what thou hast done
With thy good courage.

Thou didst tell me,
'Tis now seven years agone,
That thou never feltest fear,
And nothing could alarm thee.

And I see now
That all that was false,
And at this very moment
Thou shakest with dread.

Rich. (sword in hand.) Thou liest most audaciously,
Vile deceiver that thou art!
For I feel no fear—at all events
Up to this time.

Brind. Richard, I plainly see
That thou art afraid,
And that thou hast lost
All thy courage.

I plainly see
 That thou dost tremble;
Nay, I begin to think
 Thou art a great coward,

If the body of a dead woman
 Has thus alarmed thee;
For thou didst lay hold upon
 Thy sword in an instant.

Thou hast been selected
 As the proudest of men;
But of all others thou wilt be
 This day the most confused.

Rich. Thou art greatly mistaken,
 If this thou thinkest;
For the present, at least,
 I fear no man.

I have had fierce combats,
 And no small troubles;
But I have never been held back
 By fear of any man.

Brind. Wherefore then didst thou
 Draw thy sword
Out from its sheath,
 And hast it still in hand?

Rich. (*sadly.*) I now perceive
 That thou art the devil.
To make me wretched
 Wast thou sent here.

Since from out that coffin
 Thou thus speakest,
I tell thee plainly,
 Thou art a spirit of evil.

Brind. What thou sayest, Richard,
 Is not the truth.
I would beg one thing of thee,
 If thou wilt listen.

I am tormented
 With a great trouble;
For with great regret
 Did I leave the world.

Rich. Tell me, madam,
 I beseech thee,
What is that regret
 You have at heart?

Brind. Well, then, Richard,
 My beloved husband,
I will make known to thee
 My grievous torment.

For three long hours
 I have been in a swoon,
And I am plagued
 With a burning thirst.

To become a saint,
 One thing is wanting to me,
That you should grant me,
 Now, one desire.

My beloved husband,
 In a desert
You must go,
 To give me pleasure.

You will there find,
 Beneath a tree,
A cool fountain.
 Bring me to drink of that water.

Depart, then, my lord,
 I pray you, instantly,
So that thenceforth
 I may enjoy repose.

If thou wilt grant me
 This favour, my lord,
I shall become a saint
 From this time for evermore.

Certainly, my beloved spouse,
 I tell thee the truth:
If thou giv'st me that pleasure,
 I shall become a saint.

Rich. I will be off, then,
 To go to that fountain;
And do thou, Marché,
 Keep good watch.

No sooner has Richard, simple fellow, gone for the holy water than Brindamour comes bodily out of the coffin and tells Marché she is going to kill him on the spot. Marché naturally objects—reasons with her, and, when that will not do, draws his sword. But, with the assistance of Bulgifer, who enters at the proper moment and fights Marché to appropriate music, Marché is killed in spite of himself. He is then put into the coffin, and the Satans *exeunt.* Richard, coming back with his pot of holy water, sees no one. He looks round on all sides, and at last into the coffin. On beholding his faithful Marché there, he throws down the pot of holy water, and bursts into lamentations, and, after kneeling and praying, *exit* sobbing. It is time now for the Clerk and the Archbishop to return, as they had promised, for the interment of the duchess. They do so.

Archb. See, we here return
 Unto this hermitage,
That we may pray
 For the soul of the duchess.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. I beseech you, gentlemen,
 Sing no more,
Nor any longer pray
 For my departed wife.

This day, sir, have come forth
 All the devils of hell;
They have come to this place
 For to torment me.

Give heed, my lord,
  Unto my sad position—
How I have been wedded
  Unto a she-devil.

In malice she sent me
  To a certain fountain,
And meantime she killed
  My faithful knight.

And I am thus
  In sore affliction.
And truly I know not
  What will become of me.
[All *walk up and down.*

Archb. Come then, sire, console thyself,
  And be virtuous;
All that thou now sayest
  Are not the words of a brave man.

God has permitted
  All these things;
He has permitted the devil
  To come and tempt you,

To the end that He may know
  Who are the virtuous,
And discover who deserveth
  His holy grace.

Those evil spirits
  Are all our tempters;
And they tempt
  Those who are afflicted.

Rich. But I am truly grieved
  To have slept these seven years;
And, if I change not my humour,
  I shall never wed anybody.

Archb. Richard, my friend,
  Be not so simple;
Take good courage,
  And rouse up thy spirits.

No, no, the evil one has not
  Any power over thee.
And in no wise doubt
  That thou art in God's grace.

My lord, *I* have not
  Any doubt thereof.
And, as Marché is here,
  We had better bury him.

Accordingly they do bury poor Marché; then *exeunt omnes;* then *enter* Satans and dance.

Here we must stop our extract-specimens, although we have as yet reached only stanza 324 of the text of the Pastorale. In the original there are upwards of 1,200 *verses* (not lines), besides the long prologue and the epilogue. The metre seems to be nearly that of some of our English ballads; the lines of equal length, and with the third and fourth very frequently, but not invariably, rhyming. The reader may have noticed too that there are traces of what appears to be a kind of parallelism, perhaps the remnants of an older stage of the Basque poetry—the idea expressed in the last two lines of one verse being often repeated in balanced cadence in the first two lines of the succeeding verse. This is far more apparent in the original than in our translation, which merely aims at giving the meaning, as near as may be, line by line. But besides this, our MS. of the piece is very corruptly written. The Basque is more of a spoken than of a written language; few, even of the Basques themselves, are initiated into the mysteries of its orthography, fixed rules for which, indeed, do not even exist. French or Spanish being the language of commercial and of official life, even where Basque is still the organ of daily life, there is comparatively small occasion for writing the native idiom. Hence, when the Basque has to be written, it is too often, as in this case, spelt phonetically, and as the syllables would sound if the language were French; and thus there is going on a progressive debasement of the language. Few tasks would be more difficult and ungrateful than that of editing a pure text of a Basque Pastorale. Not only the incidents and arrangements, but even the language varies in different copies, and almost each time a Pastorale is acted it is re-edited and remodelled according to the taste of the director for the time being. Thus we found at once two texts (and how many more there may be we have no notion) of "Richard, Duc de Normandie." The one, of which we have the prologue, is comparatively pure Basque; the other, which is nearly that which we actually heard at Larran, and from which the above translation has been made, is much more corrupt.

That which would most strike the spectator in witnessing these Pastorales is the wondrous activity and powers of endurance in these Basque peasants. The three Satans were not, I think, off the stage more than a quarter of an hour at any one time, and, when on it, were almost continually dancing their Satanic

dance, filling up every pause caused by change of actors, or otherwise, in the performance. And this dance is not of the quiet, stately, walking kind—not a bit like the languid lounge of a used-up swell in a London ball-room; but it is one of leaps, and bounds, and whirls, and of rapid and complicated steps, such as must try the wind and muscle and sinew of the performers to the utmost. No shirking is allowed or even thought of; in fact, it is a severe gymnastic exercise. Now the dance was kept up by these lads, with little intermission, not only through these nine hours of the actual play, but for many others of the previous night, of the same evening, and of the succeeding day. When on the stage and not actually dancing, the Satans were rushing about in a wild but not ungraceful way, yet still sufficiently trying to wind and limb. For it is curious to observe how the Basque idea of virtue and heroism seems to be associated with quietness of demeanour and gesture. The Angel glided along most gently with noiseless steps; the Archbishop paced slowly and solemnly across the stage; Richard and Charlemagne, even when in most terrible wrath, never went beyond their stately march; their inferior followers sometimes shook their fists at their enemies, and occasionally stamped at them: but the English were always rushing along at the double-quick, and the Saracens stamped and raved about as if in frenzied rage, and the Satans were never still. Endless, aimless, restless motion seemed to be the devils' peculiar attribute.

As has been said above, the female parts were acted by boys; and excellently well they were played too. Many a young lady who thinks herself not ill-looking might be jealous of the beauty of Clarissa and the false Brindamour at Larran; and not of their appearance only, for their whole bearing was most ladylike. Indeed, a lady quietly remarked to the writer, with that exquisite sweet malice wherewith French ladies so much delight to acu-punctuate their English sisters, "I have never seen any English lady handle her fan nearly so gracefully as that Basque boy does; *they* ALWAYS make themselves in a heat by blowing so hard, but look at *him*." The voice, too, was admirably managed, and the feminine tones imitated to perfection. Altogether, the boy-lady proved a far better substitute for the real lady than any of us could have imagined beforehand.

As to the origin and history of these Pastorales:—No definite traces of them are to be found beyond the twelfth or thirteenth century, after the very late establishment of Christianity among these remote valleys. The music and dances are undoubtedly ancient, and appear to have a distinct national character; but the Saracens introduced are all (except in some Pastorales of recent origin) from the Holy Land; the anachronisms of the plays make Clovis and Charlemagne coeval with the Crusaders; and, as far as we are aware, none touch on the earlier and neighbouring struggle with the Moors in Spain. The names of the devils, too, are distinctly those of the romances of chivalry,—Satan, and Brindamour, and Bulgifer; there is not a trace, as far as we can discover, of the names of the heathen Basque deities, as given in the list compiled by Cénac-Moncaut. The stories seem mainly to be derived from the Lives of the Saints, the Mysteries, and especially from the "Chansons de Geste" of the Middle Ages, the Arthurian and Carolingian Epics. But how came these poems, which breathe the very spirit of feudalism, to be adopted among the Basques, so many of whose traditions and instincts are so antagonistic to feudality, and among whom the traces of feudalism are comparatively so few? How comes it that the victors of Charlemagne and the slayers of Roland should be those who alone now celebrate their fame? There can be little doubt, we think, that the Tragédie of "Richard, Duc de Normandie" is derived from some lost epic of Northern France (it is full of that insatiable lust of fighting for fighting's sake, which made the Scandinavian Paradise an ever-renewed battle-field, and which does not exist at all in the Basque character); and the outline of many another old "Chanson de Geste"

might doubtless be recovered from these Basque Pastorales, if the study were worth the while. These might have been introduced through the close intercourse between Basque and Norman sailors in the thirteenth century, when they were respectively the hardiest seamen in the world; but, considering that La Soule, where alone these Pastorales are acted, and where, as far as is known, they have almost exclusively been composed,—considering that this is the most remote of the Basque provinces from the sea—the fact would seem to point rather to the influence of the neighbouring petty feudal and chivalrous courts of Armagnac, Béarn, Bigorre, Foix, and Navarre, as the media whence the subjects of these dramas may have been derived in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. But then, if these pastorales are of so comparatively late a date, how is it that we have no account of their introduction? The obstacle of language does not seem wholly to account for this. Were they intended to supplant some former heathen festivals, to be a concession to tastes already established among the Basques; or were they introduced originally as a means of instructing the people in Christianity? In this very district of La Soule there is a curiosity of church architecture, which is explained, rightly or wrongly, after a somewhat analogous fashion. Many of the churches are observed to be crowned with three small triangular towers of equal size, and which look as if they were an after-thought to the plan of the main building; and these are said to have been constructed in order to impress on the Basques the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, which they had great difficulty in comprehending by mere verbal instruction, till it was thus substantially brought before their eyes. Whatever their origin and history, these Pastorales we believe to be unique in Europe.[1] At one time they must have played a very prominent part in the education of the people—in fact, have been their chief literary culture; embracing as they do almost all things in earth and heaven in their encyclopædic length. But they are disappearing even in La Soule. At Mauléon, we found the whole affair rapidly degenerating into the common buffoonery of a village theatre; the Basque music exchanged for the operatic and waltz airs of the day; the actors old, and half ashamed of their parts, and seeking to raise a laugh by farce and gross buffoonery and indecent gesture; and the dresses hired from the theatre at Bayonne.

In conclusion, if this description should have roused in the minds of any of our readers a desire to witness one of these Pastorales, we must remark that we believe a few years will see the last of these performances, at least in any of their seriousness and simplicity, without which they will be no more worth seeing than any other village stage. The whistle of the steam-engine can now be heard almost in the heart of La Soule; and the tourist can easily reach it from any of the central stations of the Pau and Bayonne railway. But it is more difficult, when in the valley, to discover when and where a Pastorale is to be acted. There are no flaming hand-bills pasted on walls and market-places. The traveller must inquire of mine host, of his driver, and of other worthies whose acquaintances he may make. Almost for a certainty there will be more than one Pastorale about the time of the great summer festivals, St. Peter's or St. John's day; and, if the tourist can choose which of two Pastorales to witness, let him select the most inaccessible—by all means one higher up the valley than Mauléon. Tardets, Licq, and Larran are the villages which bear away the bell in these representations. May he have as fine weather, as fair and amiable an interpretess, and as good-natured a reception as had the present writer in June, 1864!

[1] In Brittany rhymed mysteries seem to have been acted till very lately; but the representation of them, we know not for what reason, was prohibited by the police. A translation of one of these, "Sainte Tryphine et le Roi Arthur," by M. F. M. Luzel, was published last year in Paris, by Aubry. We regret that we have not seen it.

THE FINANCES OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

BY LORD HOBART.

A RECENT article in the *Revue des deux Mondes* draws an interesting comparison between the financial condition of France and that of England.

The English balance-sheet for 1863-4 shows, the writer says, a surplus of 3,152,000*l.*; while in that of France for the same period there is a probable deficit of 1,720,000*l.* The expenditure of England, which in 1860-61 was 72,500,000*l.* was reduced to 70,808,000*l.* in 1861-2; to 69,302,000*l.* in 1862-3; and to 67,186,000*l.* in 1863-4; while the estimate for the current year is less by 166,000*l.* than the last-named amount. Moreover, during these five years taxes have been removed or reduced to the extent of 9,415,000*l.* On the other hand, the expenditure of France was, in 1860, 83,360,000*l.*; in 1861, 86,840,000*l.*; in 1862, 90,000,000*l.*; in 1863, 92,000,000*l.*; her probable expenditure for 1864 is 94,200,000*l.*; and for 1865, 94,880,000*l.*; while in each of these years there has been a deficit, and on the whole period additional taxation to the extent of 2,960,000*l.* Again, the expenditure of England in 1852-3 was 50,291,000*l.*; it is now 67,000,000*l.*; showing (when allowance has been made for a sum of 4,692,000*l.* on account of "expenses of collection," which appeared in the budget for the first time in 1857) an increase of 12,000,000*l.* On the other hand, the expenditure of France was, in 1852, 57,680,000*l.*; and in 1863, 92,000,000*l.*; showing an increase of 34,000,000*l.* With respect to the debts of the two countries—that of England was, in 1815, 861,000,000*l.* on which the annual charge was 31,646,000*l.* By the year 1853 it had been reduced to the extent of 92,000,000*l.*; but it was again increased by the Crimean War to 805,000,000*l.*; since which it has been diminished by 16,800,000*l.*; being now, in round numbers, 790,000,000*l.* The ordinary funded debt of France was, in 1814, 52,000,000*l.*; it is now more than 440,000,000*l.* and the charge upon it 13,600,000*l.* The total nominal capital of the French debt, funded and unfunded, M. Bonnet states at 560,000,000*l.* and the annual charge upon it (in which he includes the sinking fund and the charge for "*dotations*") at 27,934,948*l.*; while the total charge upon the English debt for the year 1863 was (he says) 28,115,667*l.*

These figures are, in some respects, less favourable to England than the writer supposes. The fact that Mr. Gladstone's actual surplus for 1863-4 was only 2,352,000*l.* instead of 3,152,000*l.* as M. Bonnet states, may, perhaps, be hardly worth mentioning. But it is important to notice that the expenditure of either country, as given by M. Bonnet, does not include "departmental and communal" expenses; and there can be no doubt that the expenditure of England under this head (including, as it does, a single item of some 8,000,000*l.* for Poor Rates, which are unknown in France) is so much larger than that of France as to place the real outlay of the two countries much more nearly upon a level than appears. In the next place, though it is true that since the year 1860-61 there has been an annual reduction of our expenditure, it is also true that our expenditure is at the present moment greater by 4,000,000*l.* than it was in 1858, a year in which the Budget had very imperfectly recovered from the inflammatory attack brought on by the Crimean war. With respect to the French debt, M. Bonnet himself states that a great part of the increase which has taken place since 1814 was incurred immediately after that year for the purpose of "repairing the disasters" consequent on the revolutionary war. It would have been fairer, therefore, to

date the comparison from a later year. M. Bonnet contrives to run up the charge upon the French debt to within a short distance of our own; but there is this important difference in favour of France, that no inconsiderable part of the annual charge upon her debt consists of a sinking fund, by means of which the debt itself is in course of gradual extinction. There remains the unpleasant but inevitable reflection that our own debt is still, in actual solid bulk, greater, even on M. Bonnet's showing, by nearly one-third than that of France.

There is, however, a subject of more importance than our financial position considered in relation to that of France; and that is, our financial position considered in itself. In a free country, where the hands that hold the purse-strings are subject to the incessant, vigilant, and inevitable control of Parliament and the public; in an eminently commercial country, where wealth advances with a steadiness and swiftness elsewhere unknown, and the productiveness of fiscal imports increases with corresponding rapidity; in a singularly practical country, where the shrewd conduct by individuals of their own business is reflected in the administration of public affairs,—it would be strange if the balance-sheet did not compare advantageously with that of any other nation. Viewed not relatively but absolutely, the picture is by no means so gratifying. In the year 1842-3 our expenditure was 51,167,236*l.*; and it remained for the following ten years at nearly the same figure, the amount for 1852-3 having been 50,782,476*l.* Our expenditure for 1864-5 is estimated in round numbers at 67,000,000*l.*, showing an increase upon that for 1852-3 ostensibly of about sixteen millions, but actually (when the account is rectified for the purposes of comparison) of about fourteen and a half millions. This is surely a condition of affairs which is very far from being a subject for self-gratulation. That at a time when (exception being made of those petty hostilities in remote parts of the world, which are of comparatively small financial importance, and which, moreover, are little to the purpose, since they may be said to have long ago assumed a chronic character) we are neither at war, nor, to all appearance, in the remotest danger of being so, having adopted a non-intervening and strictly defensive policy, our expenditure should be greater by some 28 per cent. than it was twelve years ago, is a fact to be viewed, if with patience, certainly not with complacency. It is no answer to urge, though the statement is undoubtedly true, that the wealth of the country has increased by at least as large a per-centage as its expenditure, and therefore that though there is additional expenditure there is no real addition to taxation. The taxation of the country is heavier by 28 per cent., not than it was in 1852-3, but than it would have been at the present time but for the increase in the national outlay. And that it should be thus heavier is anything but satisfactory. A nation which has made regular annual progress in commercial prosperity, and may fairly calculate upon its continuance in future years, has a right to expect, in the absence of disturbing causes, not that the burden of taxation will remain stationary, but that it will become progressively lighter. Every increase in the national wealth implies a proportionate increase in the productiveness of existing taxes, or, in other words, an increase of revenue. But as, by the supposition, nothing has occurred to occasion an increase in the cost of government, the increase of revenue is not required, and a reduction of taxes ensues. Stationary commerce with increasing expenditure means increased taxation; progressive commerce with stationary expenditure means diminished taxation. And if, while its wealth increases, the per-centage of its contributions to the treasury remains the same, a nation is deprived of one of the legitimate advantages of commercial improvement, and has certainly no reason to look with unmixed complacency on the state of its affairs. Still less has it reason to do so when no exceptional cause is at work sufficient to

account for the abnormal scale of expenditure which is the source of the evil. If such a cause exists, the evil, however much it may be regretted, should be cheerfully endured; if not, it is one which calls not only for regret, but for remedy. The idea that a nation, like an individual, should increase its expenditure as its wealth increases, and that therefore any addition to the national expenditure affords no ground for dissatisfaction provided that there is a corresponding addition to the national wealth, is based upon a false analogy. The parallel case is rather that of an individual who, because his income had improved, should authorise his agent to manage his affairs in a more expensive manner, though nothing whatever had occurred to necessitate their more expensive management. Undoubtedly, as a nation advances in wealth and population, the cost of an administration of its affairs proportionate to their extent and importance tends also to advance; but, speaking generally, it is only after a period of time much longer than that to which the present comparison applies that any marked difference in this respect can have taken place. In the present instance it is obvious that no such explanation can be given of apparently plethoric Budgets.

If we now inquire as to the particular direction which the public extravagance has taken, we find (as was to be expected) that it is that of naval and military armaments. The expenditure on the army and navy (including ordnance) in 1841-2 was 14,882,190*l.*; in 1852-3, 15,768,417*l.*; and the estimate for them in the current financial year is 25,276,000*l.* (exclusive of the cost of "fortifications"), showing an increase of nearly ten millions. Thus of the fourteen and a half millions which we have found to be the total increase of expenditure in the present year, as compared with the year 1852-3, no less than ten millions are consumed by the army and navy alone.

The simple truth is (and it seems to be gradually gaining recognition) that, owing to various causes by which the public has of late years been more or less consciously influenced, we have adopted a scale of expenditure only to be justified by the necessity of preparation for imminent war. If, for instance, we had consented, in conjunction with France, and for the sake of Poland, to try another fall with the colossal power of Russia; and if, by some chance, the Russian answer to the "*ultimatum*" had been delayed or doubtful for a year, our present outlay would have been no unreasonable one during that year. As it is, we submit to the charge, without having incurred the necessity. We protest loudly against intervention, but not against its cost. We decline to indulge in the luxury, but not to pay for it. We refuse to fire a shot for suffering humanity, but not to incur the expense which was the chief reason for our refusal; and the only incident of a "meddling" policy which we bear with equanimity is that which we look upon as its principal disadvantage.

If an opponent of reduced estimates be asked what are the grounds of his opposition, there are only two upon which he will insist with any tenacity:—"reconstruction of the navy," and "our powerful neighbour." With respect to the first, he will forget that he has to account for an extraordinary expenditure, on the army and navy alone, of some ten millions; that at a cost of one million annually six iron-vessels of the most powerful and expensive kind could be annually constructed; and that we have now been "reconstructing" for several successive years. With regard to the second, there are persons who begin to doubt whether—"our powerful neighbour" having neglected one or two signal opportunities, not likely ever to return, of inflicting upon us the mischief which he is supposed secretly to intend, and it being his interest, as well as apparently his earnest desire, to keep the peace with this country—this ground for "bloated armaments" is any longer tenable. But, even supposing that it actually exists, the firmest believer in designs of invasion masked under the garb of friend-

ship must admit that there is no such immediate or pressing danger as to require an extraordinary outlay of anything like the present amount. And he should be reminded that, when at length the traitor is unmasked, the quarrel picked, the sword drawn, and the vital force of each combatant about to be tested to the uttermost, it will not be without notice and time for preparation given to this country; and that she will be all the better fitted to engage in that or any other such desperate struggle for having husbanded her resources, and lived with some regard to a reasonable economy. In this point of view, not only those who are anxious for a pacific policy, but those who are urgent with the Government to be "prepared for war," should advocate a judicious but vigorous retrenchment.

There is yet another aspect of recent "financial statements" which is calculated to excite emotions other than those of unmingled gratification, and upon which we are to be condoled with not only absolutely, but in relation to most other civilized countries. We are not only spending a very large amount beyond that which we ought to be spending, but we are raising seven or eight millions annually by means of an income tax. Now there is undoubtedly much to be said on either side of the abstract question as to the comparative advantages of direct and indirect taxation. But there are two practical objections to the income tax as a permanent impost, the first of which is singularly cogent, the second still more so, and which taken together would appear to be conclusive. The first is the extreme discontent and impatience with which the tax is borne, owing chiefly to the inequality of its operation—an inequality of which the removal has been repeatedly pronounced by competent authorities to be impossible;—the second is, that to treat it as a permanent tax is to lose or greatly impair it as a reserve. That a sound system of finance implies the existence of some highly productive and readily accessible fiscal instrument to which a nation may resort in times of great and costly national emergency, and that in the fulfilment of these conditions the tax upon income is immeasurably superior to any others, will scarcely be disputed. Thus, by using the income tax when there is no pressing necessity for it and when it is oppressive, we diminish our power of using it when it is urgently required and cheerfully borne; by employing it in time of peace we are blunting the edge of our most efficient weapon in time of war. There can be no doubt that the maintenance of this impost is the dark stain upon the bright result of the policy which Sir Robert Peel "inaugurated," as it is termed, in 1842. Sir Robert Peel's object—the removal or reduction of certain taxes which hung like a millstone round the neck of industry—was of such extreme and exceptional importance as to justify a temporary use of the national reserve. All that he predicted, and more, was accomplished by its means; but one essential feature of his programme, the abolition of the income tax after it had served its turn, remained unrealized. The disease was cured some fifteen years ago; but the patient is still swallowing annually the nauseous draught which effected the cure. There is, no doubt, force in the argument that where there is extravagant expenditure it is well that the "governing classes" should be those upon whom the pressure in the first instance falls. But to use this argument is not to deny that the income tax is an evil of which it is desirable to get rid, but to maintain that it should be got rid of only upon a reduction of the excessive expenditure.

There appears to be some ground for hope that an attempt will shortly be made to remove or mitigate these serious defects of a fiscal condition in many respects extremely enviable; and, when that is done, but not till then, we shall be able to read with a less qualified sympathy the panegyrics of French writers upon our own financial prosperity.

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THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER LXIX.

SAMUEL BURTON MAKES HIS LAST VISIT TO STANLAKE.

"A CURSED climate," said Samuel Burton, between his set teeth; "a God-forgotten climate. If I can get my boy away out of this, *I'll* never set foot in it again. *He* may come home here and live like a gentleman, when I have made his fortune, and am—"

He could not say the word "dead." He could not face it. He cursed himself for having approached so near the subject. If any one had been watching his face, he would have seen a look of wild ghastly terror in it.

The time and place, when and where, we pick him up again, were not by any means cheerful or inspiriting. He was toiling, in pitch darkness, through wild November sleet, over one of the high downs near Croydon, towards Stanlake.

"I wouldn't care for anything," he went on musing, "if it wasn't for that. If I wasn't afraid of dying, I could be happy. And it ain't what is to come after that frightens me, neither; there is uncertainty enough about *that*. But it is the act of dying which frightens me so. It must be so very, very horrid. Bah! I have lived a coward, and, oh Lord, I must die a coward. Why, the distinct dread of the terror I shall feel in dying nearly maddens me. What will the terror itself be like, when I feel it coming on?"

Although the bitter sleet was driving in his face, and racking his sun-warmed muscles with twinges of rheumatism, yet he found that he was in a sweat—in the sweat of hopeless terror.

"And yet the main of men ain't afraid of it. There was that young keeper at Stanlake in old times—what was his name again?—ah! Bill Harker, that was the man—that was shot. He died hard enough, but he wasn't afraid of it; and I wasn't afraid of seeing a fellow die neither in those times, as I am now. He wasn't afraid of it for *himself;* he kept on, when the very death-agony was on him, 'Oh, my poor wife! Oh, what will become of my poor little wife!' What the devil made him think of *her*, I wonder, at such a time as that, with an ounce of small shot in his stomach?"

That was very puzzling indeed; but he did not let it puzzle him long. He came back to the great point at issue: How this terror of the act of dying—which was undoubtedly a nuisance so great that at times it made life not worth having—was to be abated or abolished. Nuisances not half so great had been often denounced by the public press as being inconsistent with progress. And yet here was a great standing public nuisance, with no remedy suggested.

He was obliged to bring his train of thought to a standstill, and curse the climate "*pour s'amuser.*"

"I wish I knew where my boy was living," he began thinking again. "I shall have to make to Morton's lodge; and there are certain risks about that. He might give me up; and, before Sir George could be communicated with, I should be tight in for ten years over the Lawrence Street business. It's a terrible risk my being here. Why, Sir George couldn't save me, if I was seen by the traps. However, I'll have my boy out of this if I die for it."

As he walked he got drenched to the skin in the icy shower; and his courage cooled. "I hardly dare go near him; I think I must be mad; but he is never the man to give up an old fellow-servant who knows so much. No."

Scrambling down the steep chalk wall of Whitley Hill, he came to the long grass ride through Whitley Copse which led to Morton's lodge. The moon, fighting with the north-easterly scud, shone out sometimes and showed him his way; so, during a longer gleam than any which had gone before, he found himself close to the lodge, which was perfectly dark and silent in the moonlight; though he could see that another great bank of rack was driving up, and that night would soon be black once more.

He hesitated, and then whistled. As he had expected, Rory and Tory (Irish), Lad and Ony (Ladoga and Onega, Russian), Don and Sancho (Spanish), Lady and Lovely (Clumber), not to mention Vic, Jip, Jack, Nip, Ven, Dick, and Snap (English terriers), took up the question all at once: declared that they had never closed an eye; that they had heard him a mile off, but had deep political reasons for not barking before; and generally behaved with that mixture of humbug and overstrained conscientiousness which dogs assume when they are taken by surprise.

Samuel had lived so long in a country where hydrophobia is unknown that he had almost forgotten the existence of that horrible disease, and would far sooner have faced a dangerous dog than an innocent slow-worm. He merely scolded them away, right and left, and, going up to the door, knocked loudly.

A voice, evidently from bed, said, "Father, is that you?"

He said, "Yes, Reuben. Get up, and let me in."

The owner of the voice was heard instantly to get out of bed. In a few moments a young man had opened the door, and was standing before Samuel in his shirt and breeches, looking at him with eager curiosity. But it was not Reuben; it was a taller young man than he, with a very square face, and keen blue eyes. Though he had nothing on but his breeches and shirt, he stood there with his bare legs in the cold night air for more than half a minute, staring at Samuel.

Samuel saw the father's face at once. "You are young Morton," he said.

"Yes," said the young man; "and, from what you said just now, you must be Reuben's father, Sam Burton. I have heard a deal of you, but I never thought to have seen you. Come in."

Young Morton dressed himself, and took another long look at Samuel. "So you are come after Reuben?"

"No," said Samuel, lying because it was easiest. "I have come after your father; but where is Reuben?"

"He is with father."

"Can you tell me where your father is? I want to see him on a matter of life and death."

The young man turned his face to the fire, and remained silent a long time. At last he said,—

"I hope I am not doing wrong in telling you, Mr. Burton. I was told to tell no one. We are in terrible trouble and confusion here, and I hope I shall not increase it. But I will sleep over it. You must stay here to-night, and to-morrow morning, unless I alter my mind, I will tell you."

Young Morton did not alter his mind in the morning; just before they parted he said—

"You know the Black Lion, Church Street, Chelsea?"

Samuel rather thought he did. He, however, expressed to young Morton that he had some vague recollection of a licensed victualler's establishment, not a hundred miles from that spot, with a somewhat similar sign.

Young Morton laughed. "Well, my father and Reuben are to be heard of there," he said.

"But, my dear young man," said Samuel, "I put it to you whether I dare go near the place. Come."

"I don't know anything about that, Mr. Burton. There they are; and, if you want to see them, there you must go. Good morning."

CHAPTER LXX.

SIR GEORGE AND SAMUEL CLOSE THEIR ACCOUNTS, AND DISSOLVE PARTNERSHIP.

SNEAKING from pillar to post, sauntering into doorways and waiting till suspicious persons had passed, sometimes again walking briskly, as though with a purpose before him, and sometimes turning his back on the place for which he was bound, Samuel Burton at length reached the narrow passage which leads into Garden Grove, and set himself to watch the Black Lion.

It was eight o'clock, and a bitterly bleak night. The keen east wind, after roaming through the dust heaps in Garden Grove, concentrated itself, and rushed through this passage, as through a large organ pipe, of which Samuel formed the reed. His whole body began to give forth a dull, monotonous wail from every projection, which increased in violence with the strength of the agonizing wind, but never altered one single note. When he *did* get to bed after this eventful night he instantly dreamt that he was an Æolian harp, and that Sir George Hillyar the elder came and tuned him.

The dry, searching wind, intensely cold, pinched up his already pinched-up face, until it looked more like that of a weasel than of a man; and his long, thin nose, red and blue, peered querulously out into the darkness, as though he were looking with that, and not with the beady eyes above it, deep sunk under his heavy eyebrows. There came two impudent and low-lived boys into the passage, the one of whom formally introduced him to the other. "This, Ben," said the young ruffian, "is my uncle, the undertaker's man. He's a-waiting for a ride home in the hearse, and is going inside, as his lungs is delicate."

He really did look like something of that kind; for, when he had taken to pietism, to see what that would do for him, he had, as being the first and easiest step in that direction, taken to dress himself in black clothes with a white necktie; and, although he had given up religion as a bad job, finding that even the lowest and most superstitious form of it demanded inexorably a moral practice which to him seemed a ghastly impossibility, yet he stuck, at all events, to what he considered one of the outward symbols of godliness, and always appeared in public in so scrupulously correct a costume that it would have stricken one of our advanced young parsons dumb with a mingled feeling of wonder and contempt.

So he stood for a long time, shivering with cold, and thinking whether he dared show himself in the bar of the Black Lion, and concluding most unhesitatingly that he dared not. But, if Reuben and Morton were to be heard of there, there was every chance of his seeing one or another of them coming in or out; so he waited. I suspect it is easier for an old convict to wait than for you or me. When one has got accustomed to wait in the blank horrid darkness of a prison cell for the warder to bring one one's food, waiting becomes easy, although patience may be a virtue which has taken wings long ago.

So he waited impatiently, cursing time, for one knows not how long. But after a while he cursed no more, and was impatient no more. Every other feeling was absorbed in one—intense eager curiosity.

The shrill driving easterly wind had brought the London smoke with it,

mixed with fog; it had been barely possible to see across the street. Samuel had tried, three or four times, to make out the vast looming mass of Church Place, the old home of the Burtons, in the darkness, and had not succeeded. But by one of those laws which guide the great river fogs, some side puff of wind, some sudden change in the weight of the atmosphere, the river fog was lifted, and the whole of the great house stood out before him. It was all dark below, but aloft the great dormer window —the window of Reuben's old room— was blazing with light.

He watched now with bated breath. He could see the old palings which surrounded the house, and saw that the gate in them was open. He had not long found out this when he saw Reuben and Morton together come out from that gate, cross the street, and go into the "Black Lion."

Like a cat, like a weasel, like a slinking leopard—like a young member, with no faith save the rules of debate, whatever they may be, who sits with hungry eyes to catch a poor old man, old enough to be his grandfather, tripping—Samuel Burton slid across the street, and passed unobserved and wondering into the old house.

His first idea had been to wait about in the vast rooms, which he saw were lightless and deserted, until he found out how the land lay; and with this view he slipped into the great room on the first floor, and waited there in the dark. But not for long. There were too many ghosts there; and ghosts, as every one knows, have no manners—they have never yet been made to take any hint, however strongly given, that their company is unacceptable: they will not behave even like the most tiresome of morning visitors, and go when the lady of the house sees something remarkable out of window. The behaviour of the ghosts in this empty old room was exceedingly rude toward the miserable, godless, superstitious old convict. One gentleman, indeed, an ex-warder, whose brains Samuel had seen knocked out with a shovel, in a stringy-bark forest, some fifteen years before, was so offensively assiduous in his attentions that he found it necessary to go out on to the stairs, and, when there, to go up them towards what might be capture and ruin, sooner than have any further *tête-à-tête* with the Sintram companions, whose acquaintance he had made in a life of selfish rascality.

But he really was not much alarmed; he saw there was some hole-and-corner work going on, and that gave him confidence. People who took possession of the garrets of deserted houses must be doing something secret, something in his way. The risk was certainly great, but he determined to face it. Sneaking curiosity had become a second nature to him; and, besides, it was not a much greater danger than he had run in approaching the place at all.

So he gained the door of Reuben's room, and looked in, and then drew back amazed. It was comfortably furnished, and full of light, not only from a blazing fire, but from two or three candles dispersed about it. Everything was still, except a heavy breathing of some sleepers; and after a momentary hesitation he looked in again.

On a sofa opposite to him was stretched a large man, sleeping heavily. In a bed close to the fire lay another man, with his face turned from him, and both were apparently asleep. The man on the sofa had his face turned towards him, and he could see every feature plainly. And, after the first glance at that face, curiosity mastered every other feeling, and he went softly in and gazed on him.

A big, red-faced, handsome giant, whose chest went gently up and down in the deep breathing of sleep, and whose innocent, silly mouth was wreathed into a smile at some foolish dream! Samuel thrust his long thin nose close to him, and his little eyes dilated with a maddened curiosity. He knew him, and he didn't know him. Who on earth *was* it? As he stood there watching, risk, time, place, everything was forgotten. Where *had* he seen this man before? He sent his memory ranging back to the very beginning of his life,

and could not remember. Had he gone mad?—or had he slept for twenty years, and had Erne Hillyar grown into this?

And who could that be in bed? A sick man, for the evidences of sickness were there in plenty. Curiosity and awe had overmastered fear now; he stole to the bed, sat down in a chair beside it, and watched, wondering, till the sick man should turn his face towards him, feeling that when he did so this wonderful riddle would be read.

He did not wait many minutes. Sir George Hillyar turned uneasily towards him, and recognised him, and Samuel saw the word "death" written on his face.

We are strange, contradictory creatures!—the highest and the lowest of us: David—David, King of Israel, I mean, not the painter—and Marat. Call it a truism; it is none the less true. When this wretched scoundrel saw his old master dying here miserably, before his years were ripe, a purer and nobler sentiment warmed his rotten old heart, and showed itself in those darkened little windows of his eyes, than had place in him since he had knelt at his mother's knee. Deep, deep pity. It bore no lasting fruit; the man died as he had lived—for amendment seems to become an impossibility after a certain point, at least in this world. But, though the spring got choked up once more, still it *had* welled up, and shown that there was water beneath the soil.

The history of the soul of a thorough-going rascal like Samuel Burton "remains to be written." *We* can't do it; we can only describe the outside of such, and say what we saw them do under such and such circumstances, as we have done with Samuel Burton. As for what they think, feel, and believe, they lie so horribly and habitually that the chances are ten to one that every other word they speak is false. Samuel Burton's character has been sketched after long and intimate confidences with many convicts. I used at one time to make after a new convict as I would after a new butterfly, and try—hopeless task!—to find out when he was lying and when he was telling the truth. The result has been Samuel Burton. But I have, at all events, found out two things. The first is that a man who has just told you with infinite glee about the share he had in robbing a church, will invariably deny, with virtuous indignation, that he had any share whatever in the crime for which he was transported. His brother always did *that;* and his wife, in a moment of misplaced confidence, received the stolen property into the house in a basket of greens, which was found standing on the sink when the "traps" came. And the second is that, until we can catch a thorough-bred scoundrel, with high literary ability, and strict regard to truth, we had better not talk too fast about the reformation of criminals.

But I can only say that the case of Samuel Burton was just as I have stated it. Sir George and he recognised one another at once, but Sir George spoke first.

"Is it you in the flesh, or are you but another dream?"

"It is I, Sir George, and I am deeply grieved to find you here, and so ill. But cheer up, sir, we will set you right in no time, sir. You must come over to Stanlake, and get about, sir. You will soon be well."

"I am dying, Samuel. I have been going too hard, harder than ever; and you know how hard *that* is! Whence have you come?"

"From Australia, Sir George."

"So you were there all the time," said Sir George, evincing a feeble interest. "Well, all that is over; I forgive, and hope to be forgiven. When you know what I have to tell you, you will use your power mercifully."

"I have reason to believe that my power is gone, sir."

"How so?"

"Your brother Erne is dead."

"Poor Erne! Tell me how."

"He died gold-hunting, sir."

"Poor fellow! poor fellow! I wonder if he forgave me?"

"He loved you, Sir George."

"I dare say. I can see many things

now. I would put much to rights if I lived. I dare say he is better off where he is. When I see him I shall tell him the whole business."

"But you are not going to die, Sir George; there are years of life in you yet. Come, sir, you must get well, and we will put things on another footing."

Sir George Hillyar actually laughed. "Why do you go on lying to a dying man, Samuel; you saw death in my face, or you would never have told me that Erne was dead. Morton and Reuben are on the stairs now—I hear them. If Erne is dead, I have strength left to tell them to hand you over to the next policeman for the Stanlake robberies—I holding your circumstantial confession of them."

"You wouldn't do it, Sir George. Come, I know you won't do it. See, time is short; they are coming. I wish I may be struck dead if this ain't the real truth. Mr. Erne is not *known* to be dead, but he is missing. He may have got to some station on the Ovens, or Mitta, or King, hard up, and be staying there. You won't go and beggar your own child, and ruin me at this time of day. The wrong is done, and can't be mended now. Die silent, sir, like a fox. Think of your son, sir."

"How can I die silent, you villain," said poor Sir George, raising himself in bed, "with you here persuading me to leave this miserable world with an act of rascality? I could have done it, I was going to do it, for I don't fear death like you, you hound; but the devil, nay, it may be God, has sent you here to put the whole villany of the matter before me once more, and force me either to ruin my heir Reuben, or to die like a scoundrel, with a crime against poor innocent Erne on my soul. Is he dead or alive? You will soon be either one or the other if you tempt me to rise from this bed and fall upon you."

"I don't know rightly, sir," said Samuel, rising as pale as a sheet. "Strike me blind if I know. I was only begging you to let things go on as they were, and not say anything about the will in my possession, partly because I am an old man, a poor feeble old man, sir, and partly because I should not like to see your beautiful little angel of a son—I should not like to see that dear child—coming into my hut two months ago, when her ladyship lost herself in the bush, and he came into my poor little place like a praying seraph—because I should not like to see him left with only Stanlake, mortgaged over head and ears—"

Sir George laughed again. "Magnificent bathos," he said. "So you have seen my wife and child, hey? But, oh, most strangely complicated liar, I was not thinking of that poor little brat, but of my dear devoted son and heir, Reuben."

"Reuben?"

"Yes, Reuben. That poor fool deceived us all. Curse you, I am not going into all that horrible business again on my death-bed. Have some decency. You did not know that I was married in Scotland."

"I did not accompany you to Scotland, sir."

"No. Even in my wickedness I had grace enough left to leave you behind. The new atmosphere was at all events purer than the old. But who did?"

"Young Ben, the keeper's son from the Wiltshire farms, went with you, sir—her ladyship's brother."

"And do you know who is lying on that sofa?—Ben, old fellow, get up; I want some lemonade."

The giant rose up, and Samuel was puzzled no more. He knew him now, poor drunken Uncle Ben. "I will get you your drink, Sir George, if you will allow me," he said. And Sir George said, "Never mind, Ben; lie down again." —which Uncle Ben did.

"He was so awfully like Mr. Erne when he was asleep that I was puzzled," said Samuel. "Now, Sir George, let us have a little quiet talk about this delusion of yours."

"Delusion! It is shared among others by Compton, who considers the legal evidence quite sufficient. I married her in Scotland. I never told you that—Reuben is my legitimate son— She

concealed the fact from Morton— She never believed herself really married, and I hardly thought that such a farce could be binding in law. But she many times voluntarily told Ben the whole truth, and left a witnessed statement. It is no use to fight against facts, you know. You may fight, but in six hours Reuben will be in possession of Stanlake. And, if Erne is dead, of the rest."

It seemed so very consistent and so very like truth that Samuel felt it must be true. The best cards were all in his adversary's hand, and his adversary had shown him his cards, careless whether he won or lost. Poor Samuel had but three ways of playing — threatening, lying, and whining; and now he tried the last, not because he dreamt of its succeeding—for so stony-hearted is the world that he had never found it do any good whatever—but because—because— Well I do not know why; they always do it. Detect a liar for yourself; wait till the impudent defiant fit is over, and he begins to whine, and then ask him what he expects to gain by it. If he cannot tell you, I am sure I cannot.

"Are you going to have no mercy on a poor broken old man, Sir George? Are you going to take my boy from me, and leave me no one to comfort and console me on the way to my miserable grave?"

"Yes," said Sir George, angrily. "I wish to be at peace."

Samuel rose, for Morton and Reuben were in the room. He went and talked to them while Sir George Hillyar was sleeping; and after a time Mr. Compton came in, and the whole miserable business was talked through between him, Uncle Ben, Mr. Compton, and Morton. He saw that the proofs were overwhelming, and after a time went and sat by himself, feeling, poor dog, more unutterably lonely, deserted, and miserable than he had ever felt in his life.

He sat awake all night. Towards morning, when Mr. Compton had gone, and the other three were asleep, he heard Sir George move, and instantly went towards him. Sir George's face was calmer now, and even kind: he stretched out his hand to Samuel, and said,

"Let us forgive one another. We have both to receive punishment, but my mind is not such a shifting quicksand as yours, and I think I see that I am the most to blame. We have both fallen, I cannot quite see why or how, into a horrible pitfull of moral evil; or, to put it more truly, I, with the strongest nature, fell, and dragged you with me. You, my poor Samuel, don't know truth from falsehood, or right from wrong; I doubt if you ever did. I have always seen the difference, and in consequence have made such a hell of this world that I have some idea—some notion— But I have nothing to go upon, except my own possibly distorted notions of justice. What matters it my speculating? I shall soon be in possession of facts. I see—I mean, I feel—one thing: that I wish to forgive and be forgiven; and so I tell you that I have been seeking your life these two years. Can you forgive that?"

"Yes! yes! But you are not going to die! You could not be dying, and speak so calm as this!"

"My throat is even now choking. The effort of breathing in my next sleep will wake me, and you will hear me rattling, and I shall die — probably without speaking. Say all you have to say now."

"But are you not afraid, sir? Is it not terrible to die?"

"What on earth can there be to be *afraid* of? The future is doubtful, certainly—the sooner over the better. But it *must* come sooner or later.

"Certainly, sir; but the act of dying—I beg pardon. I have to say to you, sir, that whatever I have to forgive is freely forgiven. And," continued Samuel, in a burst of emotion, really at the moment heartfelt, though possibly somewhat out of place, "you have much to forgive also. But tell me, sir, what I am to do about this will?"

"*I* don't know," said Sir George Hillyar; "*I* can't decide a question between morality and sentiment on my

deathbed. It depends on whether Erne is dead or no. I don't know what it depends on. I thought you were very fond of Reuben."

"So I was, sir. But what is Reuben to me now?"

"Then you never loved him for his own sake. There is no doubt of his paternity. I did."

He was silent after this for some time, and Samuel thought he was asleep. But after a few minutes he roused up, and said again, "Is all forgiven?" And Samuel said, "All, sir." And then he fell asleep.

Samuel sat watching him till near six, and then he roused the others. Sir George was right as to the result, though wrong as to the cause. There was no rattling in his throat. The cold morning air found its way to his drink-rotted lungs, and they ceased to crepitate. He woke, sighed, and died.

CHAPTER LXXI.

REUBEN'S TEMPTATION.

Sir Reuben Hillyar and old Morton made much of Samuel, and explained to him the circumstance of his being there. After some time Morton and Uncle Ben left, and Reuben and Samuel were alone together.

"Can we go anywhere and have some conversation together, Sir Reuben?" said Samuel.

It was the first time he had been called by his title, and he started. He proposed that they should go to a room over the way, and so they went.

It was an exceedingly awkward interview. Samuel sat with his head buried in his hands, and did not speak. Reuben had to begin.

"I am afraid you feel this very keenly. I was shocked at first at our change of relationship, for you were very kind to me. I thank you for all your kindness to me, and shall always remain fond of you."

Still no answer. Reuben saw that the old man was crying, and spoke to him still more gently.

"I am very sorry that we should have to separate, but I fear that it would not be safe for you to remain in England. Your company was always pleasant to me, even when it involved danger."

"We never had one word together, Reuben—had we?" said Samuel, who had now found his voice.

"Never one," said Reuben. "I fear you must have thought me unkind in not communicating with you lately, but he had persuaded me of all this long before Uncle Ben came to Sir George to unbosom himself about what my mother had told him, and to ask his advice. That was the reason of my silence. I could not write to you, 'my dear father,' could I?"

"I was right, then, in thinking that it was his doing," said Samuel. "It is lucky for all of us that he did not provoke me to do something which I had it in my power to do—very lucky. If I had been aggravated into putting Erne on the throne, I should have been sorry for it now."

Reuben, not understanding what he meant, and hearing Erne's name, said,

"And so poor Erne is dead?"

"Don't you be so sure of that, my—Sir Reuben. Don't be too sure of that. You may find yourself a beggar yet."

"How so?"

"Like this, my dear sir. The late Sir George Hillyar—your grandfather I am alluding to—made a will, by which he left 8,000*l.* a year to Mr. Erne, and only Stanlake and 2,000*l.* to your father. If Mr. Erne were not dead,—and, if you press me hard, I don't think he is,—the production of that will would ruin you, would it not?"

"I suppose it would. Well?"

"That will is in my possession," whispered Samuel eagerly. "I stole it. Ha! ha! What do you think of that? Stole it."

"I hope you will give it up."

"It ruins you. Do you see? Silence! Was that any one coming? Here it is. Take it; there is the fire, do you see? blazing high. Be quick; it will soon be over."

The old man actually drew the will

from his breast pocket, and put it—with his long thin fingers trembling while he grudgingly relinquished the terrible power which he had held so long—into Reuben's hand. Reuben took it and looked at it, saying,

"Well, this beats everything. This is actually the will, is it? Well, it's a nuisance, but it can't be helped. I must drop my title and emigrate, I suppose." So saying, he put the will in his breast and buttoned his coat over it.

"Put it in the fire, you fool," said old Samuel, clutching Reuben's arm with his long fingers; "put it in the fire, or I'll tear it away from you again. If you were to meet with an accident and that was found on you, you'd be transported."

"It shan't be on me long," said Reuben. "It shall be in Mr. Compton's hands in an hour."

"I'll tear it from you!" said Samuel. "You daren't—you won't—hit an old man like me. And I'll tear it out of your heart if you don't give it to me. Damn you, do you think I am going to sit by and see my game thrown to the four winds like this? I gave it to you from pure love, and now you are going to do justice with it! Do you think I perilled my life and my immortal soul to have justice done? Confound you, I'll have it back again. I'll tear it out of your heart, you false, ungrateful lad. Give it up!"

The old man threw himself on to Sir Reuben, and plucked at the breast of his coat. But Reuben laid his strong hand quietly on the old man's breast, and merely said, "Steady; steady, dad. Remember, for God's sake what the effect of a row would be here, and now!"

Samuel was quiet in an instant. He sat down and began another line of action, far more dangerous to Reuben than any amount of violence would have been.

He waited a little before he began. At last he said,—

"It's a fine thing to be a baronet."

"I suppose so," said Reuben; "but I haven't thought about it yet. I haven't realized my position."

"I'd sooner," said Samuel, with a thoughtful expression, "for my part, be a sweep, or what is worse, a cooper—nay a nightman, than be a Bart. without property."

Reuben said, "Ah!"

"You have no prestige. Nobody cares for a Bart. If you were a lord, with a seat in the Upper House, that's another thing. Your order would take care of you. I believe there's a fund for poor Lords. But a Bart.! Lord! the things I've seen poor Barts. drove to. Some of them goes on the stage for a time, till the public are sick of 'em. Some of them billiard-marks; all of them trades on their title, and takes to drink. There is no place for a broken-down Bart. under heaven; and that's what you are unless you put that paper in the fire."

No particular effect on Reuben; at least, no answer.

"Ah, how bitterly you'll find *that* out in a year's time, with nothing but Stanlake, and Erne's claims upon it! Why, if he presses his claim, you are a ruined and miserable man: and it is not too late to alter it, even yet."

Poor Reuben began to look haggard and thoughtful. Who can blame him that in the first flush of his new fortunes he had looked forward with delighted anticipation to the splendid future? He had built already a grand edifice of fancy for himself; and here sat old Samuel, with his cowering face half turned upwards towards him, inexorably, with infinite dexterity, pulling it down about his ears; and yet reminding him that he still held in his hand the power of rebuilding it in one instant. He began to get very unhappy. Samuel saw that he was producing an effect, and changed his tune with infinite knowledge of his man.

"But don't let us talk any more of this. There's a bright future before you; and, if Mr. Erne is alive, you may make it up to him."

"Is he alive, or is he not?" said Reuben impatiently. "One time you say one thing, and at another time another."

"He is alive sure enough," said

Samuel. "But listen to me. Do you know all the pleasures of ten thousand a year, lad? Have you ever thought of them? Have you ever thought of what you are giving up? Why, your position, in case of your not making a fool of yourself, will be one of the most enviable in the whole world. Think of what it is to be a country gentleman, and how well you are suited for it. There's your horses and dogs now; and what's to prevent your taking the Vine hounds into your own hands, declining subscriptions, and making a king of yourself? Or your horses, once more! Is there anything against Sir Reuben Hillyar owning a Dutchman or a Voltigeur, having his share in the maddest five minutes of the year—ay, and coming out the envied of England? Boy, boy! you have heard them coming over the grass, four or five of them together, so close that you might lay a tablecloth over them. You know that maddening music, do you? Why, I am an old man, but it sends the blood buzzing and tingling into my ears even now when I think of it. Don't say I haven't hit you there; for I saw your eye kindle; you are a born sportsman. And Morton says you are shooting beautifully. Ah, dear! those woodcocks in the hollies: it takes a man for them."

Reuben said, "Well; have you done?"

"The girls, the lasses, the ladies, hey," continued old Samuel, as though he hadn't heard him. "The real ladies. The carefully educated women, ugly or pretty—the women formed by the traditions of a dozen generations of refinement. You fool; do you know what you are throwing away by cutting yourself off from all hopes of coming near *them?* I do. I was brought up among them, and used to watch their ways; and the recollection of them used to make the hulks, and the prison, and the wretched pothouse life into which I was driven, a hell to me; for *I* was born for a gentleman. Haven't I waited on them; and don't I know how the very plainest of them gets, from the very air in which she lives, a grace and a refinement—a power of fascination which no girl in our rank of life can even understand? I know this; and you——"

Reuben rose. "How many of them are like Emma Burton?" he said. "How many of them would have followed me to the den to which you led me, and have saved me at the risk of her life? *She* is my model of a woman, and I want none better. She always led me from evil, and showed me good. If Erne is dead, my life and fortune shall be devoted to taking his place, so help me God. She may forget him in time; and I may grow worthy of her in time. It is that glorious girl's influence," continued he, snarling in his speech, as his cockney, *poco curante* etiquette broke down under stress of circumstances, "that enables me to tell you that what you wish me to do is impossible, for that, if I did it, I should never dare to look upon her face again."

They spoke no more together. Before the silence had become awkward, Mr. Compton's voice was heard outside, inquiring for Sir Reuben Hillyar. Reuben went out to him, and taking the will from his breast pocket, held it out to him, smiling.

"Do you know this paper?" he said.

"Good God!" said Compton. "It is your grandfather's will. *I* know it well enough, for I drew it up. It is the will that couldn't be found. How on earth did *you* come by it? You must have stronger faith in Erne's death than I have, from that miserable old liar's account, or you would have put it in the fire. Where on earth has it been?"

"It has been on its travels," said Sir Reuben, pointing over his shoulder towards the room where Samuel Burton still sat. "Lady Hillyar's liver and tan spaniel found it on the floor, and seeing it smelt meaty, being parchment, began gnawing it; when in came her ladyship's white Persian cat, with her three white kittens, wanting some of it, considering as a mother of three that the assertion of her rights was a sacred

duty. And the dog, conceiving them, from their colour and from the solemnity of their demeanour, to be avenging angels, hooked it up the chimney, and shut the register after him, having forgotten in his guilty terror to let go of the will."

"My dear Sir Reuben!" put in Mr. Compton.

"And," continued Reuben, determined to atone for his late exhibition of earnestness by going into higher flights of nonsense than he had ever attempted heretofore, and rising to the circumstances, "that dog remained in that chimney for four days, sometimes trying to get out at the top, from which he was prevented by the cowl; sometimes attempting, with a perseverance and an intelligence to which the attention of writers on the natural history of the friend of man cannot be called too soon, to raise the register with his fore feet. During all this time the dog, whether terrified by his position, or (as seems more probable) beginning to feel a natural remorse at having abstracted——"

"Now steady, my dear Sir Reuben," put in Mr. Compton. "Never mind where this will has been. We have got it now. That is all."

"Say no more about it," said Reuben. "I will tell you, when it is safe to do so, the story about it. Meanwhile, if it is good in law, let it take effect. If Erne is dead, I will devote half my life to win Emma Burton."

CHAPTER LXXII.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY.

And so poor Erne was dead! Noble, affectionate Erne Hillyar, who had lit down among all the commonplace squalor of Chelsea, and had made friends with me above all other lads, and had taught me to love him also—he was dead. The fate which seemed to hang over the two houses whenever they were brought together had stooped down once more. He had fallen in love with my sister; and she, refusing him through a foolish overstrained sense of duty, had made him desperate, and he had gone south and was dead.

I was not angry with her about it. I thank God now that I never blamed her; I loved her too well for that, and I felt, I think, in a less degree every arrow of grief which went through her heart. When, after the third day, she fled to me—to me of all others—for comfort, I took her to my heart and felt something like a gleam of sunshine. Though I had persuaded her, almost bullied her to forego her silly resolution, yet she loved me above all others yet. I knew that she did not fly to me because I had loved him who was dead best of living men, and was the more likely to talk of him. I was quite sure of that, and I think I am so now. No: on consideration I am certain she came to me, because she loved me for my own sake, better than all the world, now that he was gone.

In the old days when I used to go courting Martha by Clerkenwell Prison, where we used to get the omnibus and go out to Hampstead Heath and wander all day, hand-in-hand, among the furze-bushes, until the time came for her to go back to her hideous drudgery, we two intensely-happy fools used to talk about this Erne Hillyar, until Martha believed in him like a god. She believed in me to an immense extent, and does so still, I think. I think that at this very time she has a lurking belief that I not only found the copper-mine, but made the copper and put it there ready to be found, and that consequently she looks on the copper-works as a triumph of sagacity on her part, in having selected me to keep company with in the old times when I was only a blacksmith's apprentice. She believed in Erne, from my account of him, as some one who moved in a higher sphere than ours, possessed of qualities to which we could never attain. Her mother had taught her, either before her Catechism, or else with such remarkable emphasis, that the Catechism sank into insignificance, that gentlemen were wolves and scoundrels, and that she was never to

say anything more to a gentleman than yes or no. But she had never considered Erne to be a gentleman. She went about with me during our courtship on that very question. "You profess to love him," she said, "and call him *that*." I was obliged to keep the fact of Saint Erne being a gentleman in the background.

When that pretty cracked little Lady Hillyar came wandering to our house, asking to be taken care of, Emma brightened up a little, and accepted her work cheerfully; she went south again and left me alone in my grief. I say comparatively alone, for I think that my wife's grief was mainly for me; and I tried to hide it from her as much as possible. I could not bear the anxious look that came in that dear face when she saw me moping and brooding, or those pitiful offerings up of the baby, to be kissed, at the shrine of her love. Dear soul, she did not know what to say to comfort me; but she had found the baby a sovereign remedy for every small vexation in her own case, and so she used to administer it to me whenever my head went down upon my hands, and my face grew vacant as my mind wandered off after what might have been. Baby was very well for a few minutes; but it was too young to talk, and was generally given back to its mother, who stood with anxious eyes watching the father's face. God bless thee, wife! Summer and winter come and go; the storm rattles over head, and goes crashing and booming away towards the mountains, and leaves a sky of cloudless blue behind it from horizon to zenith; but thy love has never waxed or waned, neither in gingham and woollen, nor, as we are now, in brocade and diamonds.

I suspect that, if I hadn't been brought up a blacksmith, I should have been something else, provided I had brains enough; on which last point I am not sure, but on which my family seemed to have satisfied themselves in the negative; though why they always come to me about all questions, which any brains of better quality than those of a —— well —— could have settled in a moment, I am at a loss to conceive. I suspect also that there is some of the poetical faculty about me (hitherto strictly latent), because I am accustomed to walk out of nights, when anything goes wrong.

I took to doing this now, because I was in really deep distress about Erne, and because I found that these long night-walks made me sleep soundly, until the time came for me to get up and go to the mine. Men at twenty-one can do with wonderfully little sleep, and an amazing deal of work. You see there is so much more phosphorus in the brain then, or something of that kind.

And again, although I had intended these night-walks of mine to be solitary walks in which I might think over the memory of him who was gone, yet it was perhaps fortunate for me that my humour was not allowed to have its course. I soon had a companion.

Trevittick was a man who scorned to do anything like any one else, and he kept up his character on this occasion. Knowing what an affectionate nature he really had beneath his quaint shell, and knowing how deeply he had attached himself to poor Tom Williams, I dreaded the burst of grief which would ensue when he heard of his death, not only on account of his loss here, but because I felt sure that Trevittick would, like a thorough Heautontimoroumenos, torture himself with some insane speculation on the probable destiny of poor Tom's soul. What was my astonishment at his receiving the news with a burst of thanksgiving, and at his going about his work that day with an air of pious cheerfulness. I really did not know whether to laugh, or to be provoked at, this new vagary of his. But, in the evening, my curiosity to know in what way he would account for his conduct, in what light he would put the matter before his strangely-distorted mind, overcame my manners, and I asked him to explain.

He scornfully doubted if a person so dead to higher religious life as I was capable of understanding his explanation.

I simply said I would try.

He then said that he had every reason to believe that Tom, though unawakened, was elect; that the elect who died before their awakening, entered into glory, into a higher destiny than was possible for us; for they were awakened in bliss unutterable, whereas we must wait and wander, and fall and rise, and only afar off——

Here the poor fellow completely broke down. The outward exhibition of his grief was as wild and fierce as his self-command had been wonderful. It was a long time before that powerful mouth could set itself once more, still longer before I ceased to detect a fluttering of the lip when he spoke.

He was very angry with himself and with me about this outbreak. On the very next occasion, which occurred immediately, he "gave it to me" in right good earnest. I, speaking from my heart, and thinking in some way to comfort him, said,—

"Poor Tom Williams!—poor dear Tom!"

He fired up immediately. He said I was blaspheming, to apply the epithet "poor" to a saint in glory. He said I was as bad as a miserable idiot of an old woman at a funeral, who in one breath would speak of the deceased as being happy in heaven, and in the next would "poor dear" him and begin howling. I took his rebuke in my usual ox-like manner, and, moreover, did not laugh—which I somehow felt inclined to do—at the quaint mixture of sentimentality, shame of that sentimentality, fanaticism, and logical thought which he showed; and which, combined with extravagance and avarice in about equal portions, and a "clannishness"—a belief in Cornwall and things Cornish—before which the Scotticism of Professor Blackie shows like a feeble, half-developed instinct, make up the character of that strange race who live beyond the Tamar, and many of whom are about as much like Englishmen as the Samoeydes.

I only went for one walk alone, and then he found me out. The next time I started he was waiting for me, and I was glad of his company, for the weather was deadly still, dull, and sultry, and there was no movement in the forest; except sometimes the distant crack and crash of a falling bough; and now and then, while the blood-red moon hung overhead, the wild wail of a native dog, like the feeble cry of a dying child; which faded away into silence, and left the hot oppressiveness of the forest more unbearable than before. It was not well to walk alone in the forest at midnight that summer.

We never made any arrangement as to where we should walk; but our feet, by some tacit, unexpressed instinct, always carried us the same way, almost to the same spot—southward, to the summit of the Cape Wilberforce Mountain, where we could look over the sleeping forest, stretched out beneath the lurid moon, towards Victoria, the land where our unburied loved ones lay dead.

I used to talk but little. I was unable, either by education or intellect, to hold my own with Trevittick in argument. He alone talked. He talked to me a great deal, but I soon found that he was talking to himself—was using me as a "Speaker," as a man set there for him to put his cases to, like the personages in Plato's dialogues, put up to be demolished; as a man to whom he might without personality vent his strange theories about God's dealings with man—theories got principally from the Old Testament, which he had, as it were, eaten raw, without any salt of scholastic divinity whatever, and which had consequently disagreed with him terribly, and sometimes nearly driven him mad. In some of his moods he would claim that there was a higher law, which we were incapable of understanding—a law which set aside our notions of human morality; in another, that the deepest and most subtle lesson which the Old Testament taught was that morality was unnecessary to understanding God, which was the only object of life: nay, more, that it was a stumbling-block set before our feet by the fiend. This he would illustrate by such

questions as that of the assassination of tyrants; in such a temper, too, as made me feel certain that, if Cardinal Wiseman ever did preach in Westminster Abbey, and Trevittick happened to be among the congregation, his Eminence would meet with an accident, and one of the best preachers in England would preach no more. At another time maintaining, and uncommonly well, that the right of taking human life was taken from man the morning when Christ was born. Such a mass of rambling, confused thought was never yet put before a half-educated man as Trevittick put before me during these midnight walks; and the man was so clever, and so amazingly eloquent too, that he dragged me triumphantly at the wheels of his chariot, and fully persuaded me of each of his theories in succession; until, sometimes, coming home in the morning, as the ghastly red sun had risen, and left the moon hanging overhead with a sickly, pale face, as of an obstinate ghost who had refused to depart at cockcrow, I used to deliberate whether or no Baby himself, lying with his tender fingers tangled in my wife's hair, was not an invention of the fiend, sent to lure me to my destruction.

Heaven defend me from having that Weather and that Man sent to me at the same time again! I should go mad. I could possibly, having the constitution of an ox, pull through either separately; but both together. Bah! I can make no more fun for you, reader. If you want any more of that, shut up the book here, and say good bye. But these midnight walks with him had a strange, unhealthy fascination for me in my present state of mind; and I continued them.

One night we sat together on the summit of the mountain. The stillness had grown stiller, and the heat had got more intense; the blessed sea itself, the fresh restless changing sea, was now merely a dull gleaming sheet of copper beneath the blurred and ragged moon; there was no sound in the long-spread forest, for the rivers were silent in the horrible unnatural heat, and the native dogs were crouched in their lair, urged by an instinct of fear more delicate than our own.

We sat on the grass with our hats off, and our throats bare, for some time without speaking; at last I said,

"After all you have said on both sides, Trevittick, you have left me with a confused idea that there is some injustice in the death of Erne and Tom Williams. They were so good and so innocent. What had they done to deserve such a horrible fate?"

We sat without speaking for some time after this. I knew I had offended Trevittick. For him to find all his high-wrought teaching traversed by a commonplace remark of this kind would, I knew, make him angry. But, God forgive me, I felt what I said. It did seem to me so very, very hard.

I cannot say how long the silence lasted, but suddenly we moved closer together, and tried to seize one another's hands in the dark. For down in the south, among the dim, still forest ranges, we heard the first low muttering of an approaching earthquake.

The sound of it changed from a dull muttering into an angry snarl, and then into a confused jarring roar; but, before it reached us, it had passed into silence, and had only left strange humming echoes in the hot heavy air. The vast mass of trap rock on which we sat, crossing the crack in the earth at right angles had stopped it. We looked hurriedly towards Port Romilly; the ramparts of Cape Wilberforce had saved the town. The few lights burning burnt as steadily as ever.

After a time Trevittick spoke. "The heathenish nonsense you were talking," he said, "before the Lord rebuked you by shaking the solid earth under your feet, arises from this error,—that the world is the place of rewards and punishments. That is a lie of the devil's. If you believe that, you cannot at the same time believe in the justice of God. You have seen one instance in proof of it, and have rebelled against that. Mind lest God send you another and more terrible one."

I remembered his words afterwards.

"The best man ever I knew was burnt to death, and died in horrible agonies, trying to save a widow's house. You lay *that* to your *heart;* else when the time comes you will most bitterly repent it."

CHAPTER LXXIII.

THE OMEO DISASTER.

Poor Erne! His troubles had very quickly begun. By the time he reached the lake, he was quite blind with sand-blight, and unable to do anything. It was only by degrees that the light broke in upon him, and then the blazing of the great sheets of snow which hung in horizontal lines, or rolled up into gentle curves, round three quarters of the horizon, made him fain to shut them again.

He found that busy Tom Williams had pitched their tent in the deep shade of a group of lightwood trees, on a rising ground overlooking the lake, which began about a hundred and fifty yards from them, and stretched away for five-and twenty miles through the beautiful broken country of intermingled forest and lawn, hill and valley which surrounded it. Around on all sides were dark forest-clad mountain ramparts, and above it all the aërial snow downs, traversed continually with purple shadows of flying summer clouds.

Here they stayed and worked pleasantly enough for a long while. There was gold about in all directions, very fine, but tolerably abundant. They put up troughs on a little stream of water and washed the earth; it was pleasant cool work, by no means laborious.

There were but few incidents. It got to be a habit with them to watch the snow. To Tom Williams it would have been snow only; nay, less than snow, only white hills, had he not been with Erne. To the last, I believe, his London *nil admirari* mind hardly appreciated the fact of its really being real cold snow. But there were white hills, and Erne said they were snow, and showed him the beauty of them. Tom noticed that at evening, when the glaring white had turned to a blazing crimson which Mr. Sidney Percy himself could scarcely paint, the light of it was reflected in Erne's face, as he sat in the door of the tent, and gave it an artificial flush. And Tom noticed too that, when some travelling thunderstorm would rise up, like the eruption of a volcano, violet-black, out of Gippsland, enfold the side of one of the snow downs, and begin tearing at it with continuous snatching claws of lightning, then Erne's face would light up once more, his big eyes would stare, and his handsome mouth would open—only for a time though, Tom was sorry to see. When the thunder-storm had gone rattling away southward, or when the south wind had come rushing up in his strength, and after a few feeble thunder crackles had dissolved the whole terrible and dangerous combination into thin air, till only one pinnacle of the great ruin hung floating in the sky, disappearing while you looked on it—then Tom Williams noticed that the old weary look came back into Erne's face, and the eyelids would half close over the eyes, and the mouth would shut once more.

Of course Erne was not long before he made a confidant of Tom Williams. It might be indiscreet; but then Tom Williams knew the whole business from beginning to end, and had known it a long time before Erne ever opened his mouth. It is very quaint, the way "the principal party" comes and solemnly tells you in a whisper, with suspicious glances at the door, what one heard a moiety of the assembled county discuss and shelve, at the Pacha's dinner-table, a week agone last Friday. However, Tom Williams heard the story all over again very many times with the most extreme complacency. "*Toujours perdrix*" is no motto for children or sailors, or the majority of the labouring class. "Let us have 'Little Red Ridinghood' to-night, Miss Piminy," or "Pitch us that yarn about the young man as cut the young woman's throat

and buried her in the sawpit," is the sort of demand generally made on the story-teller of the evening in the nursery, the forecastle, or the public-house. New stories require frequent repetition to give them the stamp of authenticity. And the "child-mind" is eminently Tory, and suspicious of all fiddle-faddle not believed in by their grandmothers, unless, as in a few instances, it runs into a kind of rampant fiendish whiggery, and asks questions, in which case it must be slapped and put to bed, or the very thunders of Convocation themselves will pass overhead as idle words. Tom Williams was not in the least bored by hearing what he had heard fifty times before. I remember that, as children, we used to demand every night for a long period, at Dieppe, the history of the young lady who used to lose her temper at dominos.

Erne was passionately fond of shooting, and with a view to sport had brought up a large store of gunpowder. All the week they would work, and on Sunday would be away in the forest, or round the lake, shooting,[1] getting quantities of wild duck, snipe, quail, and plover. And so the time passed away pleasantly enough, and they got no richer and no poorer, and they were never much too cold or much too hot; and the sun rose and set, and northed in the winter, and came south again in summer, and all things went so smooth and easy that months seemed like years, and Erne began to feel as though there were no real world beyond those snow-downs. There had been once, but there was none now. His reason told him that all his old friends were alive and well; yet in his memory the image of James Burton was scarcely more distinct than that of his father. Emma stood by herself still. His intellect would have gone nearly to sleep had it not been for occasional fierce fits of furious jealousy against some unknown man or another, who might be in her company at Palmerston.

Nearly everybody left the place once, to go to Reid's Creek, some 160 miles off, where gold was being found in amazing abundance. There were hardly a hundred people left, and they had such a queer, quiet time of it. Mails were few and far between, and newspapers consequently irregular. The little colony was thrown upon its own resources, and managed wonderfully well. Every one knew every one else, and all called one another by their Christian names. The ladies had their little tiffs. Somes's wife fell out with Homes's wife about Erne's washing, for instance; for after their dissolution of partnership, Erne being unable, like St. What's-his-name, to divide his one shirt a week between them, tossed up a shilling and gave it to Mrs. Somes; whereupon Mrs. Homes accused her of soda, and even their husbands did not speak for a fortnight. And sometimes, too, a couple of dogs would fall out; but the general unanimity was wonderful.

This agreeable state of things was rudely disturbed by Tom Williams and Erne. They moved a small granite boulder in the channel of the stream where they were working, and found in a crevice below about three handfuls of black sand, out of which they washed a pound weight of gold. The news reached Beechworth, of course, in an exaggerated form, and the consequence was that diggers came flocking over in hundreds.

The approaches to Lake Omeo are of fearful difficulty. The men came on foot or horseback, but the approach with drays in this burning summer time was exceedingly difficult; the men were there before the provisions, and the consequence was a disastrous retreat, in which the loss of life must have been very great. How great it was we shall never know, but it must have been very great. A man who came into Beechworth on Christmas eve informed me that he himself had found eight young men dead by the Mitta Mitta.

Just as the panic began Erne fell ill. They had no immediate cause for alarm

[1] What an extraordinary fiction it is, that there is no sporting in Australia! The sport there is far better than any which was obtained by Mr. Grantley Berkeley in America, if you leave out his buffalo-shooting.

at first, having a considerable quantity of stores by them; but Erne's illness grew so obstinate that Tom Williams began to get anxious. He never thought of himself. If any one had spoken to him about deserting Erne, Tom would have "pitched into him." He was perfectly willing to stay there and die with Erne, but he was getting anxious, more for Erne's sake than his own. What strange tales one reads of the devotion of men towards one another at such times as these. Read the history of Burke and Wills's expedition. When you read of Wills (last and not least of Devon's worthies) dismissing Burke and King, lest they should lose their lives in seeing him die—when you find that Wills sent these two men from him, and chose a hideous, lonely death, sooner than keep them by him till their last hope of safety was cut off—then you get into a clear high atmosphere of tragedy.

Tom Williams stayed by Erne, patient, gentle, and careful to the last—believing that in doing so he was cutting off his only hope of safety. He saw their provisions dwindling day by day; he saw Erne getting weaker day by day; but he sat on and talked cheerfully about old times and people, and he talked the more about them because he began to be fully persuaded that he should never see them again. Erne's beautiful temper made it easier for him; but to sit all day in a scorching tent, as the summer settled down over the land like a furnace, watching starvation stalking on towards you,—this was a hard fate for one who was only there by an act of unselfish devotion.

One afternoon Tom, who had not left Erne before that day, went out to talk to one of the few neighbours who were left. Their tents were mostly standing, and he looked into one after another. There was nobody in any one of them. The place was quite silent. He began to feel like a child in a dark room—he began to feel the awful terror of solitude, the terror which expresses itself by hurried glances over the shoulder. He shouted aloud, but the echo of his voice came rattling back to him from among the tree stems. There was no other answer, not even the bark of a dog. The last of the men had gone, and the dogs had followed them; and poor dying Erne and he were left alone together by the solitary lake, three thousand feet above the sea, and one hundred and sixty miles from the voices of their fellow-men.

Erne had one priceless treasure. He had his "In Memoriam." And, although he knew most of it by heart, yet he loved to see the glorious words on the page, for old fellowship's sake; for they were dear to him. One night he fell asleep while he was reading it, and, when Tom awoke, he saw that Erne was awake too, and reading again.

"Tom," he said; "I dreamt of my mother last night."

Tom bowed his face in his hands.

"You know what that means?"

Tom knew too well, but said nothing.

"I must die, you see. There is no doubt about it. Now you must make me one solemn promise."

Tom promised him.

"You must take the gun and powder and shot, and try to make Snake Valley. You must leave me."

Tom swore a great oath, which he had no business to do; but then he was a low born, ignorant fellow.

"You promised," said Erne.

"And I'm going to break my promise. Let's hear no more about it. You are insulting me."

That weary day passed on, and Erne seemed no worse. Just at sunset there came towards the tent, a very wan, lean, wizened little old man, all alone.

"Why, daddy," exclaimed Tom Williams, "we thought you was gone! Where have you been this week?"

"I've been down with the old complaint, and, Lord bless you, I was all alone, and near dying, for I couldn't find my remedy.[1] And I lay a week, and was just giving up yesterday when I bethought me it might have dropped behind the bed. And, praise God, there it was, and I am all right this morning, but dreadful weak. Where's the young gentleman?"

[1] Probably opium and catechu.

"The young gentleman's down with the same complaint. And, God help me," said Tom, with the first burst of tears he had hitherto indulged in, "he's dying!"

"What have you give him?"

"I haven't had anything to give him. Nothing's any good now."

The old man made a gesture of impatience. "Cut away to my tent," he said, "for your legs are nimbler than mine; and look under the head of my bed-place, and you will find an old galvanized iron bucket. And at the top of the bucket you will find a lot of *Melbourne Arguses*, and a pair of gold scales; and take them out careful. And below that you will find a parcel done up in a Sacramento paper; you needn't open that, there's naught in it but a quartz specimen and a Arrapahoe scalp, as I give six dollars for to one of the pony express; but take it out careful. And then you'll come to a old Bible, and leave that out, young man, for I want it again: I mind of it's being uncommon useful twenty-two year agone. And below the Bible you'll find a cigar-box; and open that and you'll find a lock of woman's hair done up in a blue riband, and a lock of boy's hair done up in brown riband. The woman's hair is black, and the boy's hair is brown, though that ain't no odds to you, by the bye. But in that same box you will find a paper parcel, and bring it here. The reason I put it there was that I couldn't die without looking into that box, and so the remedy was better there than elsewhere. Bring it here, but don't go no deeper into that bucket. There's nothing but a lot of ballads and love-letters below that."

How quaint that Australian life is—a life's history in an old iron bucket! Not always, however, with another life at the bottom of the bucket, as there was in this case.

The good old man, having ascertained that the worst symptoms had not made their appearance, "exhibited" his remedy, and the symptoms ceased in five hours. There were sufficient provisions left to put Erne on his legs again, and Tom Williams one morning found that an angel, named Hope, had lit down out of the blazing, brazen sky, and was standing before him with sheeny wings, beckoning westward.

There was something utterly unspeakable in the joy that this young workhouse-bred nobleman felt, when he saw Erne take his gun out and shoot a wood-duck. Hope dawned upon him once more. His self-sacrifice had not been in vain. Here in this scorching, beautiful paradise was death. Beyond, lay sweetheart, friends, and life. Only a hundred and sixty miles between them and Beechworth. Even if he had to carry Erne on his back they *might* do it. They had twelve pounds of flour, some tea, and heaps of powder and shot. Oh for Reuben Burton now! or one of the Shepherds, or one of the Homeses!

As they crossed the great wooded ridge which divided them from the watershed of the Mitta Mitta, they turned and had a last look at the place where they had suffered so much, and which they were never to see again. The lake lay sleeping in the inexorable heat, sometimes dreaming in a fantastic mirage like a nightmare, in which the trees and mountains were horribly inverted. All around, the great snow hills folded in vast ridges; and there was but one living thing in sight. The old man, a mere speck in the vast scenery which seemed rolling in on all sides in towering white waves to overwhelm him—he stood there, poor, weak, feeble, alone; with all the powers of untamed Nature banded against him, solitary among the dreadful mountains.

That was the last of Lake Omeo. That scene photographed itself upon their brains indelibly.

At first, while the new effect of effort and freedom was upon them, they never doubted of the result: they imagined themselves saved. They shot parrots and cooked them, and fared very well. But the ridges were steep to climb, and Erne began to flag; and, when they got into the magnesian limestone country, which lies on the left bank of the Mitta Mitta, the water, drawn away underground into infinite crannies and clefts

of the rock, begun to fail them; and they were forced, will they nill they, to struggle down over the cliffs to the river itself, and fight with the tangled jungle on its brink for very life's sake, sooner than keep the high open leading ranges where walking was so much easier, and where the blessed cool south wind from the pole could fan their foreheads, and tell them that the whole of God's earth was not like this blazing, beautiful, cruel, forest land through which they fought their way.

Similar causes will produce similar effects; and they, starting with just the same knowledge or ignorance of the route to Beechworth as those who had preceded them, found after a little time that they, driven by the same necessities, had too surely followed on their track.

> "The bodies and the bones of those
> That strove in other days to pass,
> Are withered in the thorny close
> Or scattered blanching on the grass.
> He gazes on the silent dead——"

Those who try to prove that Shakespeare was an attorney, had better try to prove that Mr. Tennyson brought up the rear of the great Omeo retreat. There is more evidence for Tennyson than for Shakespeare.

One day—who can say which out of so many weary days?—they came upon the bodies of two young men, brothers, whom they had known on the Omeo, lying locked in one another's arms, on a shelf of limestone by the river. They could not go near them, but they recognised them by their clothes. Erne spoke very little after this, and soon after went mad.

He was not morose or troublesome in his madness. He got first incoherent in his talk, and was apt to astonish Tom Williams by tacking one sentence on to another without the slightest notion of cause and effect. But after this his madness began to get really pretty. He began to be really delirious—that is to say, he began to dream without going to sleep, and to tell his dreams as fast as they came—a very great advantage; for we sane idiots forget half ours as soon as we wake. In short, Erne was talking his dreams as quick as they appeared, and, had there only been a shorthand writer present, we might have had the most wonderful results.

In spite of his madness, though, he walked stoutly onwards. The country through which they walked was one of the richest and most beautiful in the world, but it was not ready for human habitation. It was still in its cruel, pitiless phase. It was only in the state of preparation—a state which it requires generally a great sacrifice of human life to alter into a state of readiness for what we choose to call a state of civilization. It was exceedingly rich, and it looked wonderfully beautiful. Every morning, great inexorable Mother Nature looked over the eastern hill tops, passing through phases of crimson glory into orange glory, until she had done her day's work, and laid all the magnificent landscape to sleep, under a haze of crystalline blue. And then she would sleep herself; and say dreamily, "Children! children! here is room for millions of you. Come." And then in the evening she would wake up once more, into new glories of crimson and purple, and once more fall asleep into dark night, sighing sometimes, in dry wandering winds, which rustled through the grass upon the thirsty wolds, "Children! children! you have come too soon, and you must die."

The owner of a solitary tent, in one of the furthest and loneliest gulleys at Snake Valley, was lying reading in bed, when he was startled by a shout, to which he answered by another, and an invitation to enter. In a moment a young man stood in the doorway, looking so wan and so wild that the man was startled, and cried out, "Good God, mate, what's the matter?"

"Omeo! water!" was all that Tom Williams could get out. The man was out of bed in a moment, and instantly was making towards the water bucket with a pannikin; but, as Tom's wolfish eyes followed him, and saw where the water was, he dashed past him, and,

with his head in the bucket, drank with long draughts like a horse.

After a fit of giddiness and sickness, he found his voice. "My mate is not three hundred yards back on the track, and I am not sure that he is dead. I carried him the last mile, and laid him down when I saw your light; come, and ——" But the man was gone, and, when Tom came up, he found him trying to pour water between the lips of the unfortunate Erne, who lay beneath the tree where Tom had left him—to all appearance dead.

Dead he was not, though, thanks to Tom Williams. Some may say that death is better than life, on the terms on which Erne enjoyed it for a long time after. But life is life, with all its troubles, and death is practically considered by all parties, creeds, and ages, to be a change for the worse; so I suppose that, "humanly speaking," we ought to congratulate ourselves on the fact that Erne Hillyar wasn't dead, and is not dead yet. He had only succeeded in utterly destroying his constitution.

To be continued.

A FEW WORDS ON THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

BY F. D. MAURICE.

Much has been said about the impotence of the Pope's Encyclical Letter. No doubt it is the defiance of forces which have proved themselves mightier than the Papal force when it was mightiest; no doubt it is like the nightmare cry of a worn-out giant, dreaming of the serpents which he strangled in his cradle. But we may repeat these obvious remarks till we lose sight of the immense significance of this document; we may despise what is one of the most striking and critical facts in modern history.

There is apt to be a hard and cruel feeling in the minds of most of us who have been bred in a stern Protestantism, and in whom each year's experience has strengthened and deepened it, towards those who exalt obedience to the Holy See above all the convictions of their reason. It seems to us a form of atheism—a denial that there is an eternal truth before which all creatures must bow. Yet if we examine any special instances of this devotion—such, to take the one nearest our own time, as that of Lacordaire, in surrendering all his strongest political and moral persuasions to the decrees of Gregory XVI.—it is impossible not to recognise a beauty and a grandeur in the submission. However incomprehensible it may seem to us, we are obliged to ask ourselves what it meant, and how it was compatible with a disposition, in many aspects of it so heroic, as that of the French Dominican. The still more recent utterances of a countryman of Lacordaire, but a statesman and a Protestant, unlike him in all his traditions and all the habits of his intellect, threw a light upon this question which we cannot afford to lose. M. Guizot, the Genevan, sees in the Pope the bond who holds together the fragments of Christendom, who prevents the loose elements of which its faith is composed from absolutely starting asunder. Such a theory from such a man looks like the *reductio ad absurdum* of the *doctrinaire* philosophy. A fiction—to him nothing more—is necessary to keep God's universe from falling to pieces. But it must be accepted also as a confession from a Protestant of what he has seen to be the feebleness and incoherency of Protestant sects. And it may surely offer the best possible apology for a man educated from infancy to consider the Papacy as the centre of unity to the moral and spiritual universe, if he re-

garded all his own most cherished beliefs, though imparted, as he felt and knew, by God Himself, as nothing in comparison with the acknowledgment of this centre, the assertion of this unity. In this case it was no *doctrinaire* theory; no conception, *ab extra*, of a convenient scheme for making society consist; no patronage of the divine faith and divine order. It was an act of terrible—what would have been to any of us most immoral—sacrifice. But those who at all put themselves into Lacordaire's position, who can look at the world as it appeared to him, though they may tremble even to meditate the contradiction, may reverence him, and wish that in better circumstances they were as truthful as he was.

How deep, how all-possessing, the desire for unity is in our days; how it lies beneath all hearts in all lands; how it manifests itself in all ways—in the best and strongest as well as in the worst and feeblest characters; what bloody offerings it sometimes demands; what torments it inflicts and endures; how it wrestles with the critical spirit in an embrace which may be of love or of hatred, of life or of death—this will be told some day if an historian of our time ever arises who can look through its superficial signs, its apparent discords, to its inmost meaning. He will show how the most opposite sects, associations for the most destructive purposes, betrayed this same instinct; how the most sceptical and scoffing men exhibited the scars of this conflict—their baffled hopes of unity. And therefore any who strove against the Papal hierarchy—so long as it represented the most partial fulfilment of this craving, the mere image of what a centre of unity might be—any who merely complained of it as stifling the demands of the individual conscience, or as an usurpation upon the rights of particular nations—might carry on a moderately prosperous battle against it in the sixteenth century, even when the odds in its favour seemed overwhelming, but have been liable to unaccountable discomfitures even, to defeats, in the nineteenth century, when it has seemed to be weakest in its leaders, poorest in its allies.

But what no opponents could do, the Pope has done for himself. That which no Protestants, no unbelievers have succeeded in demonstrating, that the Pope is not the Uniter of Christendom—that he is emphatically its DIVIDER; this he has undertaken himself to demonstrate. Herein lies the unspeakable worth of the late letter. Two reputations had co-existed in the same person. He was accounted the dogmatist of the Christian Church. He was accounted the head and centre of its fellowship. Hitherto the balance between them had been tolerably preserved. Popes had often disturbed it under one impulse or another. But they had seen that, to maintain their last character, the ambition to assert the first needed to be kept in check. Dr. Newman could boast very recently that the decrees and condemnations which have gone forth through a succession of ages had been reluctantly given, and had borne no proportion to the number of questions which had been agitated in Christendom. It seems a frightful irony that the good old man who now fills the chair of St. Peter—the man whose early official years were associated with the ideas of ecclesiastical reformation and Italian unity—should be the Pope who declares, "Henceforth I accept the position of the dogmatist and the denouncer; the other I confess to be absolutely incompatible with it." But this he has done in the series of propositions and denunciations which raise him, the Ultramontane papers affirm, to the level of Hildebrand. They forget their own great claim on behalf of Hildebrand, that, though he set his foot on the neck of kings, he did not care to crush Berengarius. The utmost Pius IX. can do is to ask the Kings for the privilege of cursing some of the strongest convictions of those who are most willing to submit to his authority. The eldest son of the Church refuses that humble petition. He will not give his obolus to Belisarius. Heretical England is not so cruel. If he knows,

being infallible, that he can only curse, she lets him curse over the length and breadth of the land.

It is not, therefore, only with the science, or civilization, or toleration, of this age that the Pope has proclaimed war. He has proclaimed a more deadly war with its longings for unity—that sense of an actual, eternal unity, holding us together in spite of our differences and our hatreds, which has been the great support of his throne when it has been most tottering. It is with the hope of this time, with the deepest, firmest belief, of this time—with the hope and belief of the Roman Catholic, even in one sense more characteristically than of the Protestant countries—that the Pope is at strife. The fiction of M. Guizot is scattered to the winds—that is a reason for almost unmixed joy. The ground for the obedience of such men as Lacordaire was is cut from under them; that change one cannot think of without a mixture of dread. But the true unity will be revealed to these men as the false disappears: it is only a natural cowardice that makes one shrink from the thought of the anguish which they must suffer in the process.

And we should turn from any lessons which the letter has for them—lessons that we cannot bring home to them, that we may only weaken by enforcing — to those very pregnant ones which it contains for ourselves. One is surely this:—We have talked of the Pope's temporal, or rather local, sovereignty as if that were the great calamity under which Italy, and the nations of Christendom, were groaning. It may be a contradiction, but it is a contradiction which has done, and is doing, more to expose the pretence of ecclesiastics to govern the world—the blasphemy which confounds their kingdom with God's kingdom—than any other. We cannot wish it to disappear till the doctrine which it teaches has been thoroughly laid to heart by every Church in every land. But in this letter it is not the local sovereign who speaks, it is the spiritual dogmatist; it is the man who identifies his decrees, which he considers to be the decrees of all ages, with the truth. It is this identification—this confusion of that which is thought or decreed by any man or any body of men, with that which is—that makes the letter so fierce an attack upon the faith and unity of Christendom, as well as upon science. If its creeds set forth Him who is, and was, and is to come—as we suppose they do—any attempt to put decrees and dogmas for truth must be a subversion of them. If the Sacraments of the Church assert the unity of man in a living and immortal Head, they must be the great antagonists of him who wishes to cut men off for not accepting his opinions. But that assertion is two-edged. It strikes as sharply against all Protestant, all English dogmatism, as against all Romish. The Pope's Encyclical Letter should be framed and glazed, and hung up in the house of every English clergyman, that he may understand what *he* is aiming at. If it is to do on a small scale what is here done on the largest scale, in the greatest perfection—let him read his sentence in this document. We can but play with tools that have been sharpened to the utmost, and have proved ineffectual. Success would be our greatest calamity; for is it not a calamity to prevail for a little while in fighting against the unity of Christendom, against humanity, against God?

GEORGE BOOLE, F.R.S.

Queen's College, Cork, has lost a most distinguished professor, at a time when his genius was in its highest development. Of his early life we know nothing, except that he was not educated at a university, and that, about thirty years ago, a schoolmaster at Lincoln attracted the attention of the mathematical world by some mathematical speculations of unusual originality. By the year 1849 he had gained a name which procured him the professorship of mathematics at Cork, where he died on the 9th of December last, at some age, we suppose, between fifty and sixty. Of the private life of a person in his pursuits there is usually little to say: of Dr. Boole's the most important circumstance is that for thirteen years out of fifteen he worked at a very small salary, and, owing to the circumstances of the Queen's College, with a small number of pupils. Two years ago the proper feeling of the Government augmented the first source of income, and the growth of the College improved the second. But death has prevented his availing himself of the sunshine; and he leaves a widow and five children unprovided for.

Dr. Boole obtained some share of the honorary rewards which fall to men of science. He received a gold medal from the Royal Society, of which body he was afterwards a Fellow. He had a doctor's diploma from Oxford, and another from Dublin, and he had a prospect, cut short by his death, of admission to the French Institute. The character of his researches was beginning to be widely known.

There is a story which we believe to be perfectly true, and which shows that fortune has something to do in science as well as in war. The mathematical sciences are now distributed into so many branches that there is not perhaps a man alive who is a competent judge of combined merit and originality in all. Dr. Boole's first communication to the Royal Society was submitted to a gentleman whose eminence lay in quite another line: he could see nothing in it worthy of note, and recommended its rejection. Casualty threw it under the eye of another person, who was better able to judge; it was accordingly printed, and it was the paper for which the gold medal was given. There is nothing in human affairs, we fully believe, more confidently to be expected than that a true and honest judgment will be formed and acted on as to all communications which get into the right hands. But there is a point which seems to bring the matter to a dead lock: before it can be known who is competent to examine a paper, the paper itself must be examined by a competent person! As to a well-known author there is no difficulty: his line is notorious, and his colleagues in that line. But a new man is liable to such a mischance as had nearly extinguished Dr. Boole, so far as the Royal Society is concerned. The story became public property at the time, and excited some remark: the warning which it gives is wanted, and should be occasionally revived.

This is not the place for a detailed account of Dr. Boole's scientific merits. The point which is most prominent is his power of development of algebraic language. The higher parts of the differential calculus—a name which now includes a great part of the higher mathematics — have of late years received accessions of power of quite a new kind; one of them has gained a distinctive name, the *calculus of operations.* Dr. Boole was one of the first and foremost among the labourers in this field. Of

equal note are his views on the higher part of the theory of probabilities and on formal logic.

In logic Dr. Boole has started one of the most remarkable developments of our day: in originality and suggestiveness *the* most remarkable, though far out of the common track. He has turned the whole of pure logic into pure algebra, so far as its language and transformations are concerned. He had done this without any intention of publication, and his mind was recalled to the subject by the discussion between Sir William Hamilton and Professor De Morgan. He accordingly published his first work on logic, which appeared, as it chanced, on the same day as Mr. De Morgan's "Formal Logic." It would take many pages to compare the two systems, which are very different, though there is much resemblance to those who only know that symbols are symbols. Hebrew and Sanscrit have a certain likeness in the eyes of those who know not a word of either: the chief difference being that Sanscrit letters seem strung on a clothes-line, while Hebrew letters look as if little chips had been knocked off and were lying about. The corresponding distinction between Dr. Boole and Mr. De Morgan is, that the first seems to deal in + and −, the second in accents and parentheses. The true distinction is that Mr. De Morgan, having some fundamental points closely in accordance with Dr. Boole, brings these points in aid of his developments of the common system; while Dr. Boole, removing himself altogether from common thought, finds in the language of algebra, as it stands, and in the rules of algebra, as they stand, the expression of all the laws of thought. Anybody can understand that, if "everything be either X or Y," we may therefore say, "that which is neither X nor Y does not exist." The reader of Dr. Boole's system sees the first in

$$X + Y - XY = 1,$$

and the second in

$$(1 - X)(1 - Y) = 0;$$

and a school-boy passes from one to the other, under very different meanings, by the rules of algebra.

Mr. Mansel objected to Mr. De Morgan that he made thought a branch of algebra instead of algebra a branch of thought. Mr. De Morgan replied by declaring that he did no more than show laws which work under cover in thought, the genus, but which work by daylight in algebra, the species. The objection, if valid, would apply still more strongly to Dr. Boole; and the answer would be still more to the point. When the approximation which is beginning, after long separation, to take place between the two great branches of exact science, logic and mathematics, shall have created a school of combined logicians and mathematicians, Dr. Boole will be not merely admired by logicians and mathematicians both, but appreciated.

His private character will be remembered with high regard by all who were acquainted with him. There are men benevolent as he was, as amiable, as charitable, as upright as he was. But there are very few who can uphold a strong opinion as firmly as he did, without rubbing an opponent the wrong way of the hair. He managed to show the other party a most dogmatical certainty that he himself was wholly right, without making prominent his sense of the necessary consequence that the other party was wholly wrong. And thus we end the few words we can give to the latest instance of combined genius and goodness, cut off in the midst of a great career.

SAFI.

BY SEBASTIAN EVANS.

SAFI knelt by the spring with her wonted pitcher at even,
Safi, slender of limb and small as the deer of the Desert,
Safi, daughter of Am, White Rose of the Desert Oasis.
Safi espied far away in the yellow mist of the Desert
Shimmering into a shape, how One rode, thirstily hasting
Tall on a camel aloft to the welcome fountain of blessing.
Taller he rode than men, though wayworn, wearily stooping,
Nigher and nigher amain as Safi hid from his presence
Trembling under the palm, as he dropped from his camel to drink there.
Still she stood in the sun, that among the stems of the palm-trees
Westering flooded with flame the sands and the blessed Oasis.
Still she stood while he drank, stood still as a hyacinth gathered,
Dreading almost to breathe lest the eye of the Stranger espy her.
Still she stood while they drank, that strange tall man and his camel,
Drank and drank yet again of the bubbling fountain of blessing,
Leaping alive from the rock, the life of the palms of the valley.

"Praise be to Allah!" he cried, "and thou, O Spring of the Desert,
"Blessed be thou among springs evermore!" and straight from his finger
Loosing an emerald ring, a talisman flashing with cipher,
Dropped it into the fount: "Be this the thanks of the Pilgrim!
"So never more, O Spring, shall thy waters fail to the stranger,
"So never more shall drought or the sudden rains defile thee!
"Blessed be thou as the streams of Hiddekel, blessed for ever!"—

Safi heard where she stood in her hiding under the palm-tree,
Safi saw as she turned how her shadow fell from her hiding
Full on the tell-tale sward to the dusty foot of the Stranger.
"Beautiful art thou, O shadow!" he murmured, "beautiful also
"She who under the palm hath heard the prayer of the Stranger!—
"Beautiful, slender of limb, lithe, light as the lissom acacia,
"Beautiful, mild as the olive, hereafter haply as fruitful!
"Such an one would I wed,—will wed, by Allah, if only
"Stately she be as the palm,—bride meet for a Son of the Giants;
"Be she as tall as my ear, she shall wed the Son of the Giants!"

— Safi heard where she stood in her hiding under the palm-tree;
Safi blushed from her foot to the folds of her maidenly turban;
Safi's blood beat fast with sudden joy and amazement;
Safi's love as a rose to the sunshine opens its petals,
Blossomed glowing and sweet to the sunny word of the Stranger:
— Safi blanched from her foot to the folds of her maidenly turban;
Safi's blood stood still with sudden fear and amazement;
Safi's love, as a rose that feels the simoom of the Desert,
Drooped in her tremulous heart at the parching word of the Stranger,
Tingling hot in her ear,—"if stately, tall as a palm-tree"—

"I, what am I?—but a rose, little Rose of the Desert Oasis!"

— Tall he strode where she stood in her hiding under the palm-tree,
Shamefast, eyeing the spring, little Rose of the Desert Oasis.
" Peace, O maiden, be with thee !" and "Peace," she answered, "and blessing !"
" Who, then, art thou, and whence, O maiden, Rose of the Desert ?"—
" Safi, daughter of Am, men call me, O Son of the Giants !"

" Safi, daughter of Am, thou art lithe as the lissom acacia,
" Beautiful, mild as the olive, hereafter haply as fruitful,—
" Would thou wert tall as the shadow that pointed thee out in thy hiding,
" Stately and tall as a palm,—bride meet for a Son of the Giants !—
" Peace be with thee, my child !"—and straightway turned he and left her !—

Safi stood by the spring and wept there,—desolate Safi !
Never Safi had loved till she loved that Son of the Giants :—
Never Safi had loved till she loved and lost him together !—
Weeping she stood by the spring : " O Spring, he hath blest thee for ever !
" Me hath he cursed though I love, though I love him only and ever !"
Then in the spring she beheld an unwonted trouble of waters
Bubble and boil as she gazed, and a Voice spake out of the fountain :
" Peace be upon thee, O daughter of Am, little Rose of the Desert !
" Safi, thee have I loved since first with thy pitcher at even
" Hither thou camest, and oft have I prayed for a mate for my Safi,—
" Oft have I prayed for my Safi a mate of the Sons of the Giants !
" Lo, he hath left me a pledge, thou saw'st, of grateful remembrance,
" Take thou, Safi, his ring—I am paid by gratitude only ;
" Mine are the gems of the Deep, and the secret ores of the Desert,
" Mine is the diamond's frost and the costly blaze of the ruby,—
" Mine is the Pilgrim's prayer,—be thine the pledge of his blessing !—
" Take it,—lo, where it lies !—He loves whoe'er may possess it !
" Take it, and sprinkle anon thy head seven times with my water !
" Ask me no more, but trust !—and peace be upon thee and blessing !"

Safi knelt by the Spring : "Allah bless thee, fountain of blessing !"
Safi slipped on her thumb the talisman flashing with cipher :
Safi sprinkled her head seven times with the water of blessing :
Safi slept by the spring the sleep of holy enchantment.

" Where is my Safi, my rose,—my Safi, light of my household ?
" Never to linger so long she wont by the fountain at even :
" Why doth she linger so long, my Safi, Rose of the Desert ?"
Thus mused Am the Sheikh, as he marked a Stranger approaching,
Stranger and camel that paced by the path that leads from the fountain ;
" Peace be with thee, O Stranger !" and "Peace," he answered, "and blessing ;"
" Enter thy servant's dwelling, and rest thyself and thy camel !"
" Peace to thy house," he answered, "O Sheikh, and the blessing of Allah !"
Thus they entered and sat. The bubbling cloud of the hookah
Gratefully fragrant spread with the grateful fragrance of berries.
Mutely they rested awhile, till the old man spoke to the Stranger :
" Saw'st thou a damsel, O Stranger, by yonder wells with a pitcher ?"
" Father," he said, "by the spring did I leave one fair as the morning,
" Beautiful, slender of limb, and lithe as the lissom acacia :
" Is she thy daughter, O Sheikh ? Thrice blessed art thou, O father !
" Were she but tall as fair, she were bride for a Son of the Giants !"—
" Peace from Allah be on thee, my son !" Then again they were silent,
Silent till holy sleep sealed fast the eyes of the Stranger.
" Peace be upon thee, my son ! I go to seek for my Safi."

Safi he found by the well,—his Safi, Rose of the Desert,
Safi, Rose of the Desert, but Safi, tall as a palm-tree :—
Safi, no more, as of old, little Rose of the Desert Oasis,
Safi asleep by the well, but grown by a cubit in sleeping.—
"Allah be praised, O my child!—my child, His hand is upon thee!
"Beautiful ever thou wert, and lithe as the slender acacia,
"Stately and tall as a palm art thou now,—a bride for the Giants!"
—Safi woke from her sleep, the sleep of blessed enchantment;
Safi's eyes as she woke met those of her sire's amazement;
Safi's heart stood still, and the life-blood failed within her.
"Is it a dream?—Allah's will be done.—Never dreamed I aforetime
"Dream such as this,—so sweet, so strange!—Nay! Allah forgive me!
"Peace be upon thee, my father!—so strange I forgot to salute thee!"

Kneeling, she kissed his hand.—"What is this?—What ails thee, my father?
"How is thy shadow grown less! thyself so dwindled before me!—
"Sorcery is it?—Behold, I stoop, yet still thou art smaller!
"Even thy mookleh's crown scarce reaches up to my eyebrow,
"Mine, whom thou wont to call little Rose of the Desert Oasis!
"Am I awake?—Is it thou?—I dreamed of the Sons of the Giants,
"Lo, I awake, and thyself dost seem a child of the Pigmies!
"Praised be Allah!—Ah when will He deign restore thee thy stature?"
—"Daughter," said Am the Sheikh, "my Safi's father hath changed not.
"I have not dwindled a hair, thyself hast grown by a cubit!—
"Allah hath wrought this change, though as yet its meaning I know not!"
—Safi was mute, for she felt in her heart her destiny certain.—

Homeward they wended together, perplexed both sire and daughter;
"Whence, my Safi, is this? this amulet flashing with cipher?
"Speak, for haply therein may the mystery's drift be imprisoned!"
"Allah is great!" said Safi; "I stood by the spring with my pitcher:
"Lo, there rode to the spring on his camel a Son of the Giants,
"Drank and drank yet again of the bubbling fountain of blessing;
"Dropped this ring by the brim; lo, I seek him now to return it."
Doubtfully on paced Am the Sheikh: "Not far shalt thou seek him;
"Even now in my dwelling he sleeps, this Son of the Giants!"
Safi again was mute, for she felt her destiny certain.

Homeward they wended together, both silent, sire and daughter.
Little to Safi—no more little Rose of the Desert Oasis—
Seemed the familiar stones, the palms and slender acacias;
Little the roofs and the gates, and little the home of her fathers,
Little the old dear door, where the Pilgrim stood by the threshold,
Cross-armed, bowed in salute: "Peace, peace be upon ye, and blessing;
"Allah forgive me my sleep! Thy guest was weary and wayworn—
"This thy daughter, O Sheikh? Thrice blessed art thou, O Father!
"Beautiful art thou, O maiden, and lithe as the slender acacia,
"Beautiful, mild as the olive, hereafter haply as fruitful!
"Stately and tall as the palm, bride meet for the Son of the Giants;
"Tall thou art as my ear; thou shalt wed the Son of the Giants!"

Safi heard where she stood by the little door of her fathers:—
Safi's love, as a rose to the sunshine opens its petals,
Blossomed glowing and sweet to the sunny word of the Pilgrim.
Safi held forth a hand with the amulet flashing with cipher:
"Lo, is the talisman thine? O Pilgrim, read me the cipher!"—

Humbly the tall man knelt and kissed the hand of the maiden.
"Allah is great! Be the talisman thine! The fountain of blessing
"Gave thee the ring for thyself: thyself shalt read me the cipher!
"Allah is great, O Sheikh! Wilt give thy daughter in marriage?
"Safi, no more, as of old, little Rose of the Desert Oasis,—
"Safi, Rose of the Desert, but Safi, tall as a palm-tree,—
"Safi, slender of limb, but Safi, grown by a cubit,—
"Allah hath sealed her Himself, bride meet for a Son of the Giants!"

"Allah is great," said the Sheikh, "His ways are marvellous ever!
"Allah hath chosen Himself a bridegroom meet for my Safi!
"Be thou the son of my age,—thy household blessed for ever!"

A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART XV.

CHAPTER XLIII.

It is unnecessary to say that Colin won the prize on which he had set his heart. The record is extant in the University, to save his historian trouble; and, to be sure, nobody can be supposed to be ignorant on so important a point—at least nobody who is anybody and has a character to support. He took a double first-class—as he had set his heart on doing—and thereby obtained, as some great man once said in a speech, an equal standing to that of a duke in English society. It is to be feared that Colin did not experience the full benefits of his elevation; for, to be sure, such a dukedom is of a temporary character, and was scarcely likely to survive beyond his year. But the prize when it was won, and all the long details of the process of winning it, were not without their effect upon him. Colin, being still young and inexperienced, had, indeed, the idea that the possessor of such a distinction needed but to signify his august will, and straightway every possible avenue of advancement would open before him. But for that idea, the pride of carrying home his honours, and laying them at the feet of his native church and country, would have been much lessened; and, to tell the truth, when the moment of triumph came, Colin yielded a little to the intoxication, and lent his thoughts, in spite of himself, to those charmed voices of ambition which, in every allegory that ever was invented, exercise their siren influence on the young man at the beginning of his career. He waited to be wooed at that eventful moment. He had a vague idea at the bottom of his heart that the State and the Church, and the Bar and the Press, would all come forward open-armed to tempt the hero of the year; and he had nobly determined to turn a deaf ear to all their temptations, and cling to his natural vocation, the profession to which he had been trained, with a constancy to which the world could not fail to do honour. Colin accordingly took possession of his honours with a little expectation, and waited for these siren-voices. When they did not come, the young man was a little astonished, a little mortified and cast down for the moment. But after that, happily, the absurdity of the position struck him. He burst into sudden laughter in his rooms, where he sat in all the new gloss of his fame and dignity, with much congratulation from his friends, but no particular excitement on the part of the world. Great Britain, as it appeared for the moment, was not so urgently in want of a new Secretary of State as to contest the matter with the parish of Glentummel, which had a claim upon the young man as its minister; and neither

the *Times* nor the *Quarterly Review* put then forth any pretensions to him. And University life, to which he might have had a successful *entrée*, did not exercise any charm upon Colin. A tutorship, though with unlimited prospect of pupils, and hopes of reaching soon the august elevation of Master, was not the vocation on which he had set his heart. The consequence was, as we have said, that the new Fellow of Balliol remained expectant for some time, then began to feel mortified and disappointed, and finally arose, with a storm of half-indignant laughter, to find that, after all, his position was not vitally changed by his successes. This was a strange, and perhaps in some respects a painful, discovery for a young man to make. He had distinguished himself among his fellows as much as a young soldier who had made himself the hero of a campaign would have distinguished himself among his; but this fact had very little effect upon his entry into the world. If he had been the Duke's son, his first-class glories would have been a graceful addition to the natural honours of his name, and perhaps might have turned towards him with favour the eyes of some of those great persons who hold the keys of office in their hands. But Colin was only the farmer of Ramore's son, and his prize did him no more good than any other useless laurel—except indeed that it might have helped him to advancement in the way of pupils, had that been Colin's *rôle*. But, considering how honourable a task it is to rear the new generation, it is astonishing how little enthusiasm generally exists among young men for that fine and worthy office. Colin had not the least desire to devote himself henceforward to the production of other first-class men—though, doubtless, that would have been a very laudable object of ambition; and, notwithstanding his known devotion to the "Kirk," as his Oxford friends liked to call it, the young man was, no doubt, a little disappointed to find himself entirely at liberty to pursue his vocation. To be sure, Colin's "set" still remonstrated against his self-immolation, and assured him that with his advantages fabulous things might be done. But the young Scotsman was too clear-sighted not to see that a great many of his congratulating friends had a very faint idea what to do with themselves, though some of them were but a step or two beneath him in honours. And, in the meantime, Colin felt quite conscious that the world gave no sign of wanting him, nor even availed itself of the commonest opportunities of seeking his invaluable services. A man who takes such a discovery in good part, and can turn back without bitterness upon his original intentions, is generally a man good for something; and this is precisely what, with much less flourish of trumpets than at the beginning, Colin found it necessary to do.

But he was not sorry to pay a visit to Wodensbourne, where he was invited after his victory, and to take a little time to think it all over. Wodensbourne had always been a kind of half-way house. It stood between him and his youthful life, with its limited external circumstances and unlimited expectations—and that other *real* life—the life of the man, wonderfully enlarged in outward detail, and miraculously shrunk and confined in expectation—which, by the force of the contrast, young as he was, seemed to make two men of Colin. It was there first that he had learned to distinguish between the brilliant peasant-firmament of Ramore, full of indistinct mists of glory, underneath which everything was possible—an atmosphere in which poor men rose to the steps of the throne, and princesses married pages, and the world was still young and fresh and primitive; and that more real sky in which the planets shone fixed and unapproachable, and where everything was bound by bonds of law and order, forbidding miracle. The more Colin had advanced, the more had he found advancement impossible according to the ideas entertained of it in his original sphere; and it was at Wodensbourne that he had first made this grand discovery. It was there he had learned the impossibility of the fundamental romance which at the

bottom of their hearts most people like to believe in—of that love which can leap over half a world to unite two people and to make them happy ever after, in spite not only of differences of fortune but of the far larger and greater differences by which society is regulated. Colin was on perfectly pleasant terms with Miss Matty by this time, and did not hide from himself how much he owed her,—though perhaps she, who owed him a momentary perception of the possibility which she had proved to his heart and understanding to be impossible, would have been but little grateful had she been made aware of the nature of his indebtedness. And now, having made still another discovery in his life, the young man was pleased to come to Wodensbourne to think over it, and make out what it meant. And the Franklands were, as always, very kind to Colin. Miss Matty, who had had a great many nibbles in the interval, was at length on the eve of being married. And Harry, who had nothing particular to do, and who found Wodensbourne stupid now that he was not to marry his cousin, was abroad, nobody seemed exactly to know where; and various things, not altogether joyful, had happened in the family, since the far-distant age when Colin was the tutor, and had been willing for Miss Matty's sake to resign everything, if it should even be his life.

"It will be a very nice marriage," said Lady Frankland. "I will not conceal from you, Mr. Campbell, that Matty has been very thoughtless, and given us a great deal of anxiety. It is always so much more difficult, you know, when you have the charge of a girl who is not your own child. One can say anything to one's own child; but your niece, you know—and, indeed, not even your own, but your husband's niece——"

"But I am sure Miss Frankland is as much attached to you," said Colin, who did not like to hear Matty blamed, "as if——"

"Oh yes," said Lady Frankland; "but still it is different. You must not think I am the least vexed about Harry. I never thought her the proper person for Harry. He has so much feeling, though strangers do not see it; and, if he had been disappointed in his wife after they were married, fancy what my feelings would have been, Mr. Campbell. I was always sure they never would have got on together; and you know, when that is the case, it is so much better to break off at once."

"What is that you are saying about breaking off at once?" said Miss Matty, who came into the room at that moment. "It must be Mr. Campbell who is consulting you, aunt. I thought he would have asked *my* advice in such a case. I do believe my lady has forgotten that there ever was a time when she was not married and settled, and that is why she gives you such cruel advice. Mr. Campbell, I am much the best counsellor, and I beg of you, don't break it off at once!" said Miss Matty, looking up in his face with eyes that were half mocking and half pathetic. She knew very well it was herself whom my lady had been talking of—which made her the more disposed to send back the arrow upon Colin. But Matty, after all, was a good deal disconcerted—more disconcerted than he was, when she saw the sudden flush that came to Colin's face. Naturally, no woman likes to make the discovery that a man who has once been her worshipper has learned to transfer his affections to somebody else. When she saw that this chance shaft had touched him, she herself was conscious of a sudden flush—a flush which had nothing whatever to do with love, but proceeded from the indescribable momentary vexation and irritation with which she regarded Colin's desertion. That he was her adorer no longer was a fact which she had consented to; but Miss Matty experienced a natural movement of indignation when she perceived that he had elevated some one else to the vacant place. "Oh, if you look like that, I shall think it quite unnecessary to advise," she said, with a little spitefulness, lowering her voice.

"What do I look like?" said Colin with a smile; for Lady Frankland had

withdrawn to the other end of the room, and the young man was perfectly disposed to enter upon one of the half-mocking, half-tender conversations which had given a charm to his life of old.

"What do you look like?" said Miss Matty. "Well, I think you look a great deal more like other people than you used to do; and I hate men who look like everybody else. One can generally tell a woman by her dress," said the young lady pensively; "but most men that one meets in society want to have little labels with their names on them. I never can tell any difference between one and another for my part."

"Then perhaps it would clear the haze a little if I were to name myself," said Colin. "I am Colin Campbell of Ramore, at your ladyship's service—once tutor to the learned and witty Charley, that hope of the house of Wodensbourne—and once also your ladyship's humble boatman and attendant on the Holy Loch."

"Fellow of Balliol, double-first—Coming man, and reformer of Scotland," said Miss Matty with a laugh. "Yes, I recognise you; but I am not my ladyship just yet. I am only Matty Frankland for the moment, Sir Thomas's niece, who has given my lady a great deal of trouble. Oh, yes; I know what she was saying to you. Girls who live in other people's houses know by instinct what is being said about them. Oh, to be sure, it is quite true; they have been very, very kind to me; but, don't you know, it is dreadful always to feel that people are kind. Ah! how sweet it used to be on the Holy Loch. But you have forgotten one of your qualifications, Mr. Campbell; you used to be poet as well as tutor. I think, so far as I was concerned, it was the former capacity which you exercised with most applause. I have a drawer in my desk full of certain effusions; but, I suppose, now you are a Fellow of Balliol you are too dignified for that."

"I don't see any reason why I should be," said Colin; "I was a great deal more dignified, for that matter, when I was eighteen, and a student at Glasgow College, and had very much more lofty expectations then than now."

"Oh, you always were devoted to the Kirk," said Miss Matty; "which was a thing I never could understand—and now less than ever, when everybody knows that a man who has taken such honours as you have, has everything open to him."

"Yes," said Colin; "but then what everybody knows is a little vague. I should like to know of any one thing that really is open to me except taking pupils. Of course," said the young man, with dignity, "my mind is made up long ago, and my profession fixed; but for the good of other people in my position—and for my own good as well," Colin added with a laugh—"for you know it is pleasant to feel one's-self a martyr, rejecting every sort of advantage for duty's sake."

"Oh, but of course it is quite true," said Matty; "you *are* giving up everything—of course it is true. You know you might go into Parliament, or you might go into the Church, or you might—I wish you would speak to my uncle about it; I suppose he knows. For my part, I think you should go into Parliament; I should read all your speeches faithfully, and always be on your side."

"That is a great inducement," said Colin. "With that certainty one could face a great many obstacles. But, on the other hand, when I have settled down somewhere in my own profession, you can come and hear me preach."

"That will not be half so interesting," said Miss Matty, making a little *moue* of disdain; "but, now, tell me," she continued, sinking her voice to its most confidential tone, "what it was that made you look so?—you know we are *very* old friends," said Miss Matty, with the least little tender touch of pathos; "we have done such quantities of things together—rowed on the Holy Loch, and walked in the woods, and discussed Tennyson, and amused Sir Thomas—you *ought* to tell me your secrets; you don't know what a good *confidante* I

should be, and if I know the lady—— But, at all events, you must tell me what made you look so?" said, with her sweetest tone of inquisitive sympathy, the siren of Colin's youth.

"Perhaps—when you have explained to me what it means to look *so*," said Colin; "after being buried for three years one forgets that little language. And then I am disposed to deny ever having looked *so*," he went on, laughing; but, notwithstanding his laugh, Colin was much more annoyed than became his reasonable years and new dignities to feel once more that absurd crimson rising to his hair. The more he laughed the higher rose that guilty and conscious colour; and, as for Miss Matty, she pointed her little pink finger at him with an air of triumph.

"There!" she said, "and you dare to pretend that you never looked *so!* I shall be quite vexed now if you don't tell me. If it was not something very serious," said Miss Matty, "you would not change like *that*."

"Here is Sir Thomas; he will never accuse me of looking *so*, or changing like *that*—and it is a guest's first duty to make himself agreeable to his host, is it not?" said Colin, who was rather glad of Sir Thomas's arrival. As for Matty, she was conscious that Lady Frankland had given her what she would have called "a look" before leaving the room, and that her uncle regarded her with a little anxiety as he approached. Decidedly, though she liked talking to Colin, it was necessary to be less confidential. "I won't say *au revoir*," she said, shrugging her pretty shoulders; "you know what you said about that once upon a time, when you were a poet." And then Matty felt a little sorry for herself as she went away. "They might know, if they had any sense, that it does not matter in the least what I say to *him*," the young lady said to herself; but then she was only suffering the natural penalty of a long course of conquest, and several good matches sacrificed, and matters were serious this time, and not to be trifled with. Miss Matty accordingly gave up her researches into Colin's secret; but not the less regarded with a certain degree of lively despite, the revelation out of the clouds of that unknown woman at thought of whom Colin blushed. "I daresay it is somebody quite stupid, who does not understand him a bit," she said to herself, taking a little comfort from the thought—for Matty Frankland was not a model woman, desiring only the hero's happiness; and a man who is sufficiently insensible to console himself under such circumstances with another attachment deserves to have his inconstancy punished, as anybody will allow.

To tell the truth, Colin, though guiltless of any breach of allegiance towards Matty, was punished sufficiently for his second attempt at love. He had heard nothing of Alice all these three years, but, notwithstanding, had never ceased to feel upon his neck that invisible bridle which restrained him against his will. Perhaps, if the woman of his imagination had ever fairly revealed herself, the sight would have given him courage to break for ever such a visionary bond, and to take possession of his natural liberty; but she contented herself with waving to him those airy salutations out of the clouds, and with now and then throwing a glance at him out of the eyes of some passer-by, who either disappeared at once from his sight, or turned out upon examination to be utterly unlike that not impossible She; and Colin had two sentinels to keep watch upon his honour in the forms of his mother and Lauderdale, both of whom believed in Love, and did not know what inconstancy meant. He said to himself often enough that the struggle in his heart was not inconstancy; but then he was not a man who would admit to them, or even to himself, that the bond between him and Alice was a great and tender pity, and not love. She had been on the eve of becoming his wife—she might be his wife still for anything he knew to the contrary—and Colin, who in this respect was spotless as any Bayard, would not, even to his dearest friends, humiliate by such a confession the woman he had once sought

to marry. But now the time was almost come when he could in reality "settle in life." His Scotch parish came nearer and nearer, in the natural course of affairs, without any dazzling obstacles and temptations between it and himself, as he had once hoped; and Alice was of age by this time; and honour seemed to demand that, now when his proposal really meant something, he should offer to her the possibility of confirming her early choice. But somehow Colin was not at all anxious to take this step; he hung back, and nursed the liberty which still remained to him, and longed, in spite of himself, towards the visionary creature of his dreams, who was not Alice. Accordingly, he had two rather troublesome matters to think over at Wodensbourne, and occupied a position which was made all the more vexatious because it was at the same time amusing and ridiculous. His mind had been made up from the beginning as to his future life, as he truly said; but then he had quite intended it to be a sacrifice which he made out of his supreme love for his Church and his country. He meant to have fought his way back to the venerable mother through every sort of brilliant temptation; and to carry his honours to her with a disinterested love which he should prove by leaving behind him still higher honours and ambitions; whereas, in reality, the world was permitting him to return very quietly to his native country as if it was the most natural thing in the world. The disappointment was perhaps harsher in its way than if Colin had meant to avail himself of those splendid imaginary chances; and it did not make it any the less hard to bear that he himself saw the humour of the situation, and could not but laugh grimly at himself. Perhaps Colin will suffer in the opinion of the readers of this history when we add that, notwithstanding the perplexing and critical character of the conjuncture, and notwithstanding the other complication in his history in regard of Alice, he employed his leisure at Wodensbourne, after the interview we have recorded, in writing[1] verses for Miss Matty. It was true she had challenged him to some such task, but still it was undoubtedly a weakness on the part of a man with so much to think of. Truth, however, compels his historian to confess to this frivolity. As he strayed about the flat country, and through the park, the leisure in which he had intended to think over his position only betrayed him to this preposterous idleness—for, to be sure, life generally arranges itself its own way without much help from thinking; but one cannot succeed in writing a farewell to a first love, for whom one retains a certain kindness, without a due attention to one's rhymes:

[1] Underneath we give the last copy of nonsense-verses which Colin was seduced into writing, though the chief interest they possess is chronological, as marking the end of the period of life in which a man can express himself in this medium. As for Miss Matty, to tell the truth, she received them with less of her usual good grace than might have been desired; for, though in her own person she was perfectly reconciled to the loss of his devotion, and quite safe in entertaining the mildest sentiments of friendship, still she was naturally vexed a little to see how he had got over it—which was a thing not to be expected, nor perhaps desired. This however, was the calm and self-controlled tone of Colin's farewell:—

"Be it softly, slowly said,
With a smile and with a sigh,
As life's noiseless hands untie
Links that youth has made—
Not with sorrow or with tears:
With a sigh for those sweet years,
Drawing slow apart the while;
For those sweetest years a smile.

Thus farewell! The sound is sweet
Parting leaves no sting behind:
One bright chamber of the mind
Closing gracious and complete,
Softly shut the silent door;
Never shade can enter more—
Safe, for what is o'er can last;
Somewhat sad, for it is past.

So farewell! The accents blend
With sweet sounds of life to be;
Never could there dawn for me
Hope of any dearer end.
Dear it is afar to greet
The bright path before thy feet,
Thoughts that do thy joy no wrong
Chiming soft the even-song,
Till morn wakes the bridal bell
Fair and sweet, farewell! farewell!"

and this was the sole result, as far as anybody was aware, of Colin's brief but pleasant holiday at Wodensbourne.

CHAPTER XLIV.

It is so difficult a matter to tell the story of a man's life without wearying the audience that we will make a leap over all the circumstances of Colin's probation in Scotland, though they were sufficiently amusing. For, naturally, the presbytery of Glen-Diarmid—in which district the Holy Loch, Colin's native parish, is situated—were a little at a loss what to make of a Fellow of Balliol when he offered himself for licence. To be sure, they made a long pause over the fact of his Fellowship, which implied that he was a member of the Church of England; but the presbytery permitted Colin to be heard in defence, and he had friends among them, and had sufficient skill with his weapons to perplex and defeat any rising antagonist. Besides, it was not in the nature of a country presbytery in this tolerant age to be otherwise than a little proud of the academical honours which the young neophyte bore. "If we accept any lout who comes up for licence, and refuse a lad of his attainments, what do you suppose the world will think of us?" said one of the more enlightened members of the clerical court, forgetting, as was natural, that the world concerned itself very little with the doings of the presbytery of Glen-Diarmid. "It's safe to leave all that to the objectors when he comes to be placed," said another of Colin's judges, more wary than his brother; "if he's not sound, you may trust it to them to find that out,"—and the young man was accordingly endued with the preliminary privileges of preacher, and licensed to exercise his gift. Colin had made friends all along the road of his life, as some men are happy enough to do, and had many who would have been pleased to do him a service, and one, as it happened, who at this juncture could; and so it befell that, a very short time after, the second and more serious trial to which the prudent presbyter had referred, came into the life of the young preacher. He was presented, as people say in Scotland, to the parish of Lafton, in the county, or, as the natives prefer to call it, the kingdom of Fife. It was a good living enough, making up, when the harvest was of average productiveness, and wheat steady, rather more than three hundred pounds a year—and more than that when the harvest was bad and the price of corn high;—and there was an excellent manse, not much inferior to an English parsonage, and a compact little comfortable glebe, of which a minister of agricultural tastes might make something if he chose; and, above all, there were "heritors" of good conditions, and a university town, of small dimensions but wealthy in point of society, within reach—all of which points seemed to Colin's English friends a fabulous combination of advantages to be found in a Scotch parish. Colin, however, did not fully describe the horrible gulf which lay between him and his benefice to anybody out of Scotland; for he was not the man to betray the imperfections of his beloved country, even while he suffered from them. His historian, however, does not require to exercise so much delicacy; and, as Colin's case was exactly the same as that of any other young clergyman in the Church of Scotland, there is no betrayal of confidence involved. Between him and that haven there was a channel to cross before which the boldest might have quailed. The parish of Lafton was a large parish, and there were seven hundred and fifty people in it who had a right to "object" to Colin. They had a right to object, if they liked, to his looks, or his manners, or his doctrines, or the colour of his hair; they had a right to investigate all his life, and make a complaint at "the bar of the presbytery"—which meant, at the same time, in all the local newspapers, eager for any kind of gossip—that he had once been guilty of bird's-nesting, or had heard the midnight chimes at some unguarded moment of his youth. When Colin entered the

pulpit for the first time in the parish to which he was presented, he made his appearance there not to instruct the congregation, but to be inspected, watched, judged, and finally objected to—and all the process was vigorously enforced in his case. For, to be sure, there were several things to be remarked in this young man—or, as the people of Lafton expressed it, "this new laud"—which were out of the way, and unlike other people. He was a lad that had not found Scotch education good enough for him, but had gone to England for at least part of his training. To be sure, he had partly made up for this by taking the highest honours possible, and coming out of the contest in a manner creditable to Scotland—which was a point in his favour. And then his prayers (which was odd, as Colin was decidedly a liturgist) were wanting in those stock expressions which, more pertinacious than any liturgy, haunt the public prayers of the ordinary ministers of the Church of Scotland; and his sermons were short and innocent of divisions, and of a tenor totally unlike what the respectable parishioners had been used to hear. Some of the shrewder elders were of opinion that this or that expression "might mean onything"—a conclusion in which there was a certain truth, for Colin, as we have said, was not perfectly clear on all points as to what he believed. If he was not altogether heterodox on the subject of eternal punishment, for example, he was, to say the least, extremely vague, and, indeed, deserted doctrinal ground altogether as often as he could, and took refuge in life and its necessities in a way which, doubtless, had its effect on the uninstructed multitude, but was felt to be meagre and unsatisfactory to the theologians of the parish. Two or three public meetings were held on the subject before it was time to lodge the final objections against the "presentee;" and Colin himself, who was living at St. Rule's, within a few miles of the theatre of war, naturally found those meetings, and the speeches thereat, which appeared in the *Fife Argus*, much less amusing than an impartial spectator might have done. And then the same enlightened journal contained all sorts of letters on the subject—letters in which "An Onlooker" asked whether the Rev. Mr. Campbell, who was presentee to the parish of Lafton, was the same Mr. Campbell who had passed a spring at Rome three or four years before, and had been noted for his leaning to the Papacy and its superstitious observances; while, on the other hand, "A Fife Elder" implored the parishioners to take notice that the man whom an Erastian patron—not himself a member of the Church, and perhaps unaware how dearly the spiritual privileges purchased by the blood of their martyred forefathers are regarded by Scotsmen—thus endeavoured to force upon them, was notoriously a disciple of Jowett, and belonged to the most insidious school of modern infidelity. It was the main body of the opposing army which made such attacks; but there was no lack of skirmishers, who treated the subject in a lighter manner, and addressed the obliging editor in a familiar and playful fashion:—"Sir,—Having nothing better to do last Sunday morning, I strayed into the parish church of Lafton, with the intention of worshipping with the congregation; but you may judge of my surprise when I observed ascending the pulpit-stairs a young gentleman presenting all the appearance of a London swell or a cavalry officer, with a beard upon which it was evident he had spent more time than on his sermon"—wrote a witty correspondent; while another indignant Scot demanded solemnly, "Is it to be tolerated that our very pulpits should be invaded by the scum of the English Universities, inexperienced lads that make a hash of the Prayer-book, and preach sermons that may do very well on the other side of the Tweed, but won't go down here?"

Such were the pleasant effusions with which Colin's friend at St. Rule's amused his guest at breakfast. They were very amusing to a spectator safely established in the Elysian fields of a Scotch professorship, and beyond the reach of objections; but they were not amusing, to

speak of, to Colin; and the effect they produced upon the household at Ramore may be faintly imagined by the general public, as it will be vividly realized by such Scotch families as have sons in the Church. The Mistress had said to herself, with a certain placid thankfulness, "It's little they can have to say about my Colin, that has been aye the best and the kindest." But when she saw how much could be made of nothing, the indignation of Colin's mother did not prevent her from being wounded to the heart. "I will never mair believe either in justice or charity," she said, with a thrill of wrath in her voice which had never before been heard at Ramore; "him that was aye so true and faithful—him that has aye served his Master first, and made no account of this world!" And, indeed, though his mother's estimate of him might be a little too favourable, it is certain that few men more entirely devoted to his work than Colin had ever taken upon them the cure of souls. That, however, was a matter beyond the ken of the congregation and parish of Lafton. There were seven hundred and fifty communicants, and they had been well trained in doctrine under their late minister, and had a high character for intelligence; and, when an opportunity thus happily arrived for distinguishing themselves, it was not in human nature to neglect it. Had not West Port worried to the point of extinction three unhappy men whom the Crown itself had successively elevated to the unenviable distinction of presentee? The Lafton case now occupied the newspapers as the West Port case had once occupied them. It combined all the attractions of a theological controversy and a personal investigation; and, indeed, there could have been few better points of view for observing the humours of Scotch character and the peculiarities of rural Scotch society of the humbler levels; only that, as we have before said, the process was not so amusing as it might have been to Colin and his friends.

"Me ken Mr. Jowett?" said the leading weaver of Lafton; "no, I ken nothing about him. I'm no prepared to say what he believes. For that matter (but this was drawn out by cross-examination), I'm no just prepared to say at a moment's notice what I believe myself. I believe in the Confession of Faith and the Shorter Catechism. No, I cannot just say that I've ever read the Confession of Faith—but eh, man, you ken little about parish schools if you think I dinna ken the Catechism. Can I say 'What is Effectual Calling'? I would like to know what right you have to ask me. I'll say it at a proper time, to them that have a title to ask. I'm here to put in my objections against the presentee. I'm no here to say my questions. If I was, may be I would ken them better than you."

"Very well; but I want to understand what you know about Mr. Jowett," said the counsel for the defence.

"I've said already I ken naething about Mr. Jowett. Lord bless me! it's no a man, it's a principle we're thinking of. No, I deny that; it's no an oath. 'Lord bless me!' is a prayer, if you will be at the bottom o't. We've a' muckle need to say that. I say the presentee is of the Jowett school of infidelity; that's the objection I'm here to support."

"But, my friend," said a member of the presbytery, "it is necessary that you should be more precise. It is necessary to say, you know, that Mr. Jowett rejects revelation; that he——"

"Moderator, I call my reverend brother to order," said another minister; "the witness is here to give evidence about Mr. Campbell. No doubt he is prepared to show us how the presentee has proved himself to belong to the Jowett school."

"Oh ay," said the witness; "there's plenty evidence of that. I took notes mysel' of a' the sermons. Here's one of them. It's maybe a wee in my ain words, but there's nae change in the sense,—'My freends, it's aye best to look after your ain business: it's awfu' easy to condemn others. We're all the children of the Heavenly Father. I have seen devotion among a wheen poor uninstructed Papists that would put the best of you to shame'—No, that's no what I

was looking for; that's the latitudinarian bit."

"I think it has been said, among other things," said another member of the presbytery, "that Mr. Campbell had a leaning towards papal error; it appears to me that the witness's note is almost a proof of that."

"Moderator," said Colin's counsel, "I beg to call your attention to the fact that we are not discussing the presentee's leaning towards papal error, but his adherence to the Jowett school of infidelity, whatever that may be. If the witness will inform us, or if any of the members of the court will inform us, what Mr. Jowett believes, we will then be able to make some reply to this part of the case."

"I dinna ken naething about Mr. Jowett," said the cautious witness. "I'm no prepared to enter into ony personal question. It's no the man but the principle that we're heeding, the rest of the objectors and me."

"The witness is perfectly right," said a conscientious presbyter; "if we were tempted to enter into personal questions there would be no end to the process. My friend, the thing for you to do in this delicate matter is to lead proof. No doubt the presentee has made some statement which has led you to identify him with Mr. Jowett. He has expressed some doubts, for example, about the origin of Christianity or the truth of revelation—"

"Order, order," cried the enlightened member; "I protest against such leading questions. Indeed, it appears to me, Moderator, that it is impossible to proceed with this part of the case unless it has been made clearly apparent to the court what Mr. Jowett believes."

Upon which there naturally ensued a lively discussion in the presbytery, in which the witness was with difficulty prevented from joining. The subject was without doubt sufficiently unfathomable to keep half-a-dozen presbyteries occupied; and there were at that period in the kingdom of Fife, men of sufficient temerity to pronounce authoritatively even upon a matter so mysterious and indefinite. The court, however, adjourned that day without coming to any decision; and even the Edinburgh papers published a report of the Lafton case, which involved so many important interests. However, an accident, quite unforeseen, occurred in Colin's favour before the next meeting of his reverend judges. It happened to one of these gentlemen to meet the great heresiarch himself, who has been known to visit Scotland. This respectable presbyter did not ask—for to be sure it was at dinner—what the stranger believed; but he asked him instead if he knew Mr. Campbell, the presentee to Lafton, who had taken a first class at Oxford. If the answer had been too favourable, Colin's fate might have been considered as sealed. "Campbell of Balliol—oh, yes; a very interesting young man; strange compound of prejudice and enlightenment. He interested me very much," said the heresiarch: and, on that ground of objection at least, Colin was saved.

He was saved on the others also, as it happened, but more by accident than by any effect which he produced on his reluctant parishioners. By dint of repeated examinations on the model of that which we have quoted above, the presbytery came to the decision that the presentee's leaning to papal error was, like his adherence to the Jowett school of theology, not proven; and they even—for presbyteries also march to a certain extent with the age—declined to consider the milder accusation brought against him, of favouring the errors of his namesake, Mr. Campbell of Row. By this time, it is true, Colin was on the point of abandoning for ever the Church to which at a distance he had been willing to give up all his ambitions, and the Mistress was wound up to such a pitch of indignant excitement as to threaten a serious illness, and Lauderdale had publicly demonstrated his wrath by attending "the English chapel," as he said, "two Sundays running." As for Colin, in the quiet of St. Rule's, feeling like a culprit on his trial, and relishing not at all the notion of being taken to pieces by the papers, even though they were merely

papers of Fife, he had begun to regard with some relief the idea of going back to Balliol and reposing on his Fellowship, and even taking pupils, if nothing better came in his way. If he could have gone into Parliament, as Matty Frankland suggested, the indignant young man would have seized violently on that means of exposing to the House and the world the miseries of a Scotch presentee and the horrors of Lord Aberdeen's Act. But, fortunately, he had no means of getting into Parliament, and a certain sense at the bottom of his heart that this priesthood which had to be entered by a channel so painful and humiliating was in reality his true vocation retained him as by a silken thread. If he had been less convinced on this point, no doubt he would have abandoned the mortifying struggle, and the parish of Lafton, having whetted its appetite upon him, would have gone freshly to work upon another unhappy young preacher, and crunched his bones with equal satisfaction; and, what is still more important to us, this history would have broken off abruptly short of its fit and necessary period. None of these misfortunes happened, because Colin had at heart a determination to make himself heard, and enter upon his natural vocation, and because, in the second place, he was independent, and did not at the present moment concern himself in the smallest degree about the stipend of the parish, whether corn was at five pounds the chaldron or five shillings. To be sure, it is contrary to the ordinary habit of biography to represent a young clergyman as entering a parish against the will or with the dislike of the inhabitants; as a general rule it is at worst; an interested curiosity, if not a lively enthusiasm, which the young parish priests of literature find in their village churches; but then it is not England or Arcadia of which we are writing, nor of an ideal curate or spotless primitive vicar, but only of Colin Campbell and the parish of Lafton, in the kingdom of Fife, in the country of Scotland, under the beneficent operation of Lord Aberdeen's Act.

However, at last the undignified combat terminated. After the objections were all disposed of, the seven hundred and fifty communicants received their minister, it is to be hoped, with the respect due to a victor. Perhaps it was a touch of disdain on Colin's part—proving how faulty the young man remained, notwithstanding, as the Mistress said, "all he had come through"—that prompted him to ascend the pulpit, after the struggle was over, with his scarlet hood glaring on his black gown to the consternation of his parishioners. It cannot be denied that this little movement of despite was an action somewhat unworthy of Colin at such a moment and in such a place; but then he was young, and it is difficult for a young man to do under all circumstances exactly what he ought. When he had got there and opened his mouth, Colin forgot all about his scarlet hood—he forgot they had all objected to him and put him in the papers. He saw only before him a certain corner of the world in which he had to perform the highest office that is confided to man. He preached without thinking he was preaching, forgetting all about doctrines, and only remembering the wonderful bewildering life in which every soul before him had its share, the human mysteries and agonies, the heaven, so vague and distant, the need so urgent and so near. In sight of these, which had nothing to do with Lord Aberdeen's Act, Colin forgot that he had been put innocently on his trial and taken to pieces; and, what was still more strange, when two or three harmless weeks had passed, the seven hundred and fifty communicants had clean forgotten it too.

CHAPTER XLV.

But, after all, there are few trials to which a man of lofty intentions and an elevated ideal, can be exposed, more severe than the entirely unexpected one which comes upon him when he has had his way, and finds himself for the first time in the much-desired position in which he can carry out all the plans

of his youth. Perhaps few people arrive so completely at this point as to acknowledge it distinctly to themselves; for, to be sure, human projects and devices have a knack of expanding and undergoing a gradual change from moment to moment. Something of the kind, however, must accompany, for example, every happy marriage; though perhaps it is the woman more than the man who comes under its influence. The beautiful new world of love and goodness into which the happy bride supposes herself to be entering comes to bear after a while so extraordinary a resemblance to the ordinary mediocre world which she has quitted that the young woman stands aghast and bewildered. The happiness which has come has withdrawn a more subtle happiness, that ideal perfection of being to which she has been more or less looking forward all her life. Colin, when he had gone through all his trials, and had fairly reached the point at which the heroic and magnificent existence which he meant to live should commence, found himself very much in the same position. The young man was still in the fantastic age. To preach his sermons every Sunday, and do his necessary duty, and take advantage of the good society at St. Rule's, did not seem a life sufficient for the new minister. What he had thought of was something impossible, a work for his country, an elevation of the national firmament, an influence which should mellow the rude goodness of Scotland, and link her again to all the solemn past, to all the good and gracious present, to all the tender lights and dawns of hope. Colin had derived from all the religious influences with which he had been brought in contact a character which was perhaps only possible to a young Scotchman and Presbyterian strongly anchored to his hereditary creed, and yet feeling all its practical deficiencies. He was High Church, though he smiled at Apostolic succession; he was Catholic, though the most gorgeous High Mass that ever was celebrated would have moved him no more than one of Verdi's operas. When other enlightened British spectators regarded with lofty superiority the poor papist people coming and going into all the tawdry little churches, and singing vespers horribly out of tune, Colin for his part looked at them with a sigh for his own country, which had ceased to recognise any good in such devotion. And all through his education, from the moment when he smiled at the prayer-book under the curate's arm at Wodensbourne, and wondered what a Scotch peasant would think of it, to the time when he studied in the same light the prelections of the University preacher in St. Mary's, Colin's thought had been, "Would I were in the field." It appeared to him that if he were but there, in all his profusion of strength and youth, he could breathe a new breath into the country he loved. What he meant to do was to untie the horrible bands of logic and knit fair links of devotion around that corner of the universe which it has always seemed possible to Scotsmen to make into a Utopia; to persuade his nation to join hands again with Christendom, to take back again the festivals and memories of Christianity, to rejoice in Christmas and sing lauds at Easter, and say common prayers with a universal voice. These were to be the outward signs; but the fact was that it was a religious revolution in Scotland at which Colin aimed. He meant to dethrone the pragmatic and arrogant preacher, whose reign has lasted so long. He meant to introduce a more humble self-estimate, and a more gracious temper into the world he swayed in imagination. From this dream Colin woke up, after the rude experience of the objectors, to find himself at the head of his seven hundred and fifty communicants, with authority to say anything he liked to them (always limited by the knowledge that they might at any time "libel" him before the presbytery, and that the presbytery might at any time prosecute, judge, and condemn him), and to a certain extent spiritual ruler of the parish, with a right to do anything he liked in it, always subject to the approval of the Session, which could contravent him in many ingenious ways. The young man was

at last in the position to which he had looked forward for years—at last his career was begun, and the course of his ambition lay clear before him. Nothing now remained but to realize all these magnificent projects, and carry out his dreams.

But the fact is that Colin, instead of plunging into his great work, stood on the threshold struck dumb and bewildered, much as a bride might do on the threshold of the new home which she had looked forward to as something superior to Paradise. The position of his dreams was obtained, but these dreams had never till now seemed actually hopeless and preposterous. When he took his place up aloft in his high pulpit, from which he regarded his people much as a man at a first-floor window might regard the passers-by below, and watched the ruddy countrymen pouring in with their hats on their heads and a noise like thunder, the first terrible blow was struck at his palace of fancy. They were different altogether from the gaping rustics at Wodensbourne, to whom that good little curate preached harmless sermons out of his low desk, about the twenty-first Sunday after Trinity, and the admirable arrangements of the Church. Colin upstairs at his first-floor window was in no harmless position. He was put up there for a certain business, which the audience down below understood as well as he did. As for prayers and psalm-singing, they were necessary preliminaries to be got over as quickly as possible. The congregation listened and made internal criticisms as the young minister said his prayers. "He's awfu' limited in his confessions," one of the elders whispered to another. "I canna think he's fathomed the nature o' sin, for my part;" and Colin was conscious by something in the atmosphere, by a certain hum and stir, that, though his people were a little grateful to find his first attempt at devotion shorter than usual, a second call upon them was regarded with a certain displeased surprise; for, to be sure, the late minister of Lafton had been of the old school. And then, this inevitable preface having been disposed of, the congregation settled down quietly to the business of the day. Colin was young, and had kept his youthful awe of the great mysteries of faith, though he was a minister. It struck him with a sort of panic—when he looked down upon all those attentive faces, and recalled to himself the idea that he was expected to teach them, to throw new light upon all manner of doctrines, and open up the Bible, and add additional surety to the assurance already possessed by the audience—that it was a very well-instructed congregation and knew all about the system of Christian theology. It gleamed upon Colin in that terrible moment that, instead of being a predestined reformer, he was a very poor pretender indeed, and totally inadequate to the duties of the post which he had taken upon him thus rashly; for, indeed, he was not by any means so clear as most of his hearers were about the system of theology. This sudden sense of incapacity, which came upon him at the very moment when he ought to have been strongest, was a terrible waking up for Colin. He preached his sermon afterwards, but with pale lips and a heart out of which all the courage seemed to have died for the moment; and betook himself to his manse afterwards to think it all over, with a horrible sense overpowering all his faculties that, after all, he was a sham and impostor, and utterly unworthy of exercising influence upon any reasonable creature. For, to be sure, though a lofty ideal is the best thing in the world, according to its elevation is the pain and misery of the fall.

The consequence was that Colin stopped short in a kind of fright after he had made this first discovery, and that, after all his great projects, nothing in the world was heard all that winter of the young reformer. To return to our metaphor, he was silent as a young wife sometimes finds herself among the relics of her absurd youthful fancies, contemplating the ruin ruefully, and not yet fully awakened to the real possibilities of the position. During this

little interval he came gradually down out of his too lofty ideas to consider the actual circumstances. When Lauderdale came to see him, which he did on the occasion of the national new-year holiday, Colin took his friend to see his church with a certain comic despair. "I have a finer chancel than that at Wodensbourne, which was the curate's object in life," said Colin; "but, if I made any fuss about it, I should be set down as an idiot; and, if any man has an imagination sufficiently lively to conceive of your ploughmen entering my church as our poor friends went into the Pantheon——"

"Dinna be unreasonable," said Lauderdale. "You were aye awfu' fantastic in your notions; what should the honest men ken about a chancel? I wouldna say that I'm just clear on the subject mysel'. As for the Pantheon, that was aye an awfu' delusion on your part. Our cathedral at Glasgow is an awfu' deal mair Christian-like than the Pantheon, as far as I can judge; but I wouldna say that it's an idea that ever enters my head to go there for my ain hand to say my prayers; and, as for a country kirk with naked pews and cauld stone——"

"Look at it," said Colin with an air of disgust which was comprehensible enough in a Fellow of Balliol. The church of Lafton was worth looking at. It illustrated with the most wonderful, almost comic, exactness two distinct historic periods. At one end of it was a wonderful Norman chancel, gloomy but magnificent, with its heavy and solemn arches almost as perfect as when they were completed. This chancel had been united to a church of later date (long since demolished) by a lighter and loftier pointed arch, which however, under Colin's incumbency, was filled up with a partition of wood, in which there was a little door giving admission to the church proper, the native and modern expression of ecclesiastical necessities in Scotland. This edifice was like nothing so much as a square box, encircled by a level row of windows high up in the wall, so many on each side; and there it was that Colin's lofty pulpit, up two pairs of stairs, rigidly and nakedly surveyed the rigorous lines of naked pews which traversed the unlovely area. Colin regarded this scene of his labours with a disgust so melancholy, yet so comical, that his companion, though not much given to mirth, gave forth a laugh which rang into the amazed and sombre echoes. "Yes, it is easy enough to laugh," said Colin, who was not without a sense of the comic side of his position; "but, if it was your own church——"

"Whisht, callant," said Lauderdale, whose amusement was momentary; "if I had ever come to onything in this world, and had a kirk, I wouldna have been so fanciful. It's well for you to get your lesson written out so plain. There's nae place to speak of here for the prayers and the thanksgivings. I'm no saying but what they are the best, but that's no our manner of regarding things in Scotland. Even the man that has maist set his heart on a revolution must aye begin with things as they are. This is no a place open at a' times to every man that has a word to say to God in quietness, like yon Catholic chapels. It's a place for preaching; and you maun preach."

"Preach!" said Colin; "what am I to preach? What I have learned here and there, in Dichopftenburg for example, or in the Divinity Hall? and much the better they would all be for that. Besides, I don't believe in preaching, Lauderdale. Preaching never did me the least service. As for that beastly pulpit perched up there, all wood and noise as it is——" but here Colin paused, overcome by the weight of his discontent, and the giddiness natural to his terrible fall.

"Well," said Lauderdale, after a pause, "I'm no saying but what there's some justice in what you say; but I would like to hear, with your ideas, what you're meaning to do."

To which Colin answered with a groan. "Preach," he said gloomily; "there is nothing else I can do: preach them to death, I suppose: preach about everything in heaven and earth; it is all a priest is good for here."

"Ay," said Lauderdale; "and then the worst o't is that you're no a priest, but only a minister. I wouldna say, however, but what you might pluck up a heart and go into the singing business, and maybe have a process in the presbytery about an organ; that's the form that reformation takes in our kirk, especially with young ministers that have travelled and cultivated their minds, like you. But, Colin," said the philosopher, "you've been in more places than the Divinity Hall. There was once a time when you were awfu' near dying, if a man daur say the truth now it's a' past; and there was once a bit little cham'er out yonder, between heaven and earth."

Out yonder. Lauderdale gave a little jerk with his hand, as he stood at the open door, across the grey, level country which lay between the parish church of Lafton and the sea; and the words and the gesture conveyed Colin suddenly to the lighted window that shone feebly over the Campagna, and to the talk within over Meredith's deathbed. The recollection brought a wonderful change over his thoughts. He took his friend's arm in silence, when he had locked the door. "I wonder what *he* is doing," said Colin. "I wonder whether the reality has fallen short of the expectation there. If there should be no golden gates or shining streets as yet, but only another kind of life with other hopes and trials! If one could but know!"

"Ay," said Lauderdale, in the tone that Colin knew so well; and then there was a long pause. "I'm no saying but what it's natural," said the philosopher. "It's aye awfu' hard upon a man to get his ain way; but once in a while there's one arises that can take the good out of all that. You'll no make Scotland of your way of thinking, Colin; but you'll make it worth her while to have brought ye forth for a' that. As for Arthur, poor callant, I wouldna say but his ideal may have changed a wee on the road there. I'm awfu' indifferent to the shining streets for my part; but I'm no indifferent to them that bide yonder in the silence," said Lauderdale, and then he made another pause. "There was one now that wasna in your case," he went on; "*he* was aye pleased to teach in season and out of season. For the sake of the like of him, I'm whiles moved to hope that a's no so awfu' perfect in the other world as we think. I canna see ony ground for it in the Bible. Naething ever comes to an end in this world, callant;—and that was just what I was meaning to ask in respect to other things."

"I don't know what you mean by other things," said Colin; "that is, if you mean Miss Meredith, Lauderdale, I have heard nothing of her for years. That must be concluded to have come to an end if anything ever did. It is not for me to subject myself to rejection any more."

Upon which Lauderdale breathed out a long breath which sounded like a sigh, and was visible as well as audible in the frosty air. "It's aye weel to have your lesson written so plain," he said after a minute, with that want of apparent sequence which was sometimes amusing and sometimes irritating to Colin; "it's nae disgrace to a man to do his work under strange conditions. When a lad like you has no place to work in but a pulpit, it's clear to me that God intends him to preach whether he likes it or no."

And this was all the comfort Colin received, in the midst of his disenchantment and discouragement, from his dearest friend.

But before the winter was over life had naturally asserted its rights in the mind of the young minister. He had begun to stretch out his hands for his tools almost without knowing it, and to find that after all a man in a pulpit, although he has two flights of stairs to ascend to it, has a certain power in his hand. Colin found eventually, when he opened his eyes, that he had after all a great deal to say, and that even in one hour in a week it was possible to convey sundry new ideas into the rude, but not stupid, minds of his parishioners. A great many of them had that im-

practicable and hopeless amount of intelligence natural to a well brought-up Scotch peasant, with opinions upon theological matters and a lofty estimate of his own powers; but withal there were many minds open and thoughtful as silence, and the fields, and much observation of the operations of nature could make them. True, there were all the disadvantages to be encountered in Lafton which usually exist in Scotch parishes of the present generation. There was a Free church at the other end of the parish very well filled, and served by a minister who was much more clear in a doctrinal point of view than Colin; and the heritors, for the most part—that is to say, the landowners of the parish—though they were pleased to ask a Fellow of Balliol to dinner, and to show him a great deal of attention, yet drove placidly past his church every Sunday to the English chapel in St. Rule's; which is unhappily the general fortune of the National Church in Scotland. It was on this divided world that Colin looked from his high pulpit, where, at least for his hour, he had the privilege of saying what he pleased without any contradiction; and it is not to be denied that after a while the kingdom of Fife grew conscious to its extremity that in the eastern corner a man had arrived who had undoubtedly something to say. As his popularity began to rise, Colin's ambitions crept back to his heart one by one. He preached the strangest sort of baffling, unorthodox sermons, in which, however, when an adverse critic took notes, there was found to be nothing upon which in these days he could be brought to the bar of the presbytery. Thirty years ago, indeed, matters were otherwise regulated; but even presbyteries have this advantage over popes, that they do take a step forward occasionally to keep in time with their age.

This would be the proper point at which to leave Colin, if there did not exist certain natural, human prejudices on the subject which require a distinct conclusion of one kind or another. Until a man is dead, it is impossible to say what he has done, or to make any real estimate of his work; and Colin, so far from being dead, is only as yet at the commencement of his career, having taken the first steps with some success and *éclat*, and having recovered the greater part of his enthusiasm. There was, indeed, a time when his friends expected nothing else for him than that early and lovely ending which makes a biography perfect. There is only one other ending in life, which is equally satisfactory, and, at least on the face of it, more cheerful than dying; and that, we need not say, is marriage. Accordingly, as it is impossible to pursue his course to the one end, all that we can do is to turn to the other, which, though the hero himself was not aware of it, was at that moment shadowing slowly out of the morning clouds.

It is accordingly with a feeling of relief that we turn from the little ecclesiastical world of Scotland, where we dare not put ourselves in too rigorous contact with reality, or reveal indiscreetly, without regard to the sanctity of individual confidence, what Colin is doing, to the common open air and daylight, in which he set out, all innocent and unfearing, on a summer morning, accompanied as of old by Lauderdale, upon a holiday voyage. He had not the remotest idea, any more than the readers of his history have at this moment, what was to happen to him before he came back again. He set out with all his revolutionary ideas in his mind, without pausing to think that circumstances might occur which would soften down all insurrectionary impulses on his part, and present him to the alarmed Church, not under the aspect of an irresistible agitator and reformer, but in the subdued character of a man who has given hostages to society. Colin had no thought of this downfall in his imagination when he set out. He had even amused himself with the idea of a new series of "Tracts for the Times," which might peradventure work as much commotion in the Church of Scotland as the former series had

done in the Anglican communion. He went off in full force and energy with the draft of the first of these revolutionary documents in the writing-case in which he had once copied out his verses for Alice Meredith. Poor Alice Meredith! The bridle which Colin had once felt on his neck had worn by this time to such an impalpable thread that he was no longer aware of its existence; and even the woman in the clouds had passed out of his recollection for the moment, so much was he absorbed with the great work he had embarked on. Thus he set out on a pedestrian excursion, meaning to go to the English lakes, and it is hard to say where besides, in his month's holiday; and nothing in the air or in the skies gave any notice to Colin of the great event that was to befall him before he could return.

To be continued.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

In the course of a recent visit to the United States, the writer of this article had a short interview with President Lincoln, then just re-elected. Public men in America are very good-natured in granting these interviews even to people who have no business to transact with them; or rather perhaps the sovereign people is too exacting in requiring that its public servants shall always be accessible to every one who chooses to call. This tax upon their time is particularly burdensome, because, there being no regular civil service, they have no adequate assistance in the details of the work, which are cast, far more than they ought to be, upon the chief of the department. The White House and the departments of State have been judiciously placed at a considerable distance from the Capitol, to prevent members of Congress from perpetually dropping in upon the President and the members of the Cabinet. But probably a very large part of the morning of each of these functionaries is consumed in interviews which do not in any way promote the public service.

You pass into the President's room of business through an anteroom, which has, no doubt, been paced by many an applicant for office and many an intriguer. There is no formality—nothing in the shape of a guard; and, if this man is really "a tyrant worse than Robespierre," he must have great confidence in the long-sufferance of his kind. The room is a common office-room—the only ornament that struck the writer's eye being a large photograph of John Bright. The President's face and figure are well known by likenesses and caricatures. The large-boned and sinewy frame, six feet four inches in height, is probably that of the yeoman of the north of England—the district from which Lincoln's name suggests that his forefathers came—made spare and gaunt by the climate of America. The face, in like manner, denotes an English yeoman's solidity of character and good sense, with something superadded from the enterprising life and sharp habits of the Western Yankee. The brutal fidelity of the photograph, as usual, has given the features of the original, but left out the expression. It is one of kindness, and, except when specially moved to mirth, of seriousness and care. The manner and address are perfectly simple, modest, and unaffected, and therefore free from vulgarity in the eyes of all who are not vulgar themselves.

There was nothing in the conversation particularly worth repeating. It turned partly on the incidents of the recent election. The President was trying to make out from the polls, which had then not perfectly come in, whether the number of electors had diminished since

the beginning of the war; and he flattered himself that it had not. His mind seemed to have been dwelling on this point. He remarked that, in reckoning the number of those who had perished in the war, a fair per-centage must be deducted for ordinary mortality, which would have carried off under any circumstances a certain proportion of the men, all of whom were generally set down as victims of the sword. He also remarked that very exaggerated accounts of the carnage had been produced by including among the killed large numbers of men whose term of enlistment had expired, and who had been on that account replaced by others, or had re-enlisted themselves; and he told in illustration of this remark one of his characteristic stories:—"A negro had "been learning arithmetic. Another "negro asked him, if he shot at three "pigeons sitting on a fence and killed "one, how many would remain. 'One,' "replied the arithmetician. 'No,' said "the other negro, 'the other two would "fly away.'" In the course of the conversation he told two or three more of these stories—if stories they could be called,—always by way of illustrating some remark he had made, rather than for the sake of the anecdote itself. The writer recognised in this propensity, as he thought, not a particularly jocular temperament, much less an addiction to brutal levity, such as would call for a comic song among soldiers' graves, but the humour of the West, and especially of a Western man accustomed to address popular audiences, and to enforce his ideas by vivid and homely illustrations. You must have studied the American character—and indeed the English character of which it is the offspring—very superficially if you do not know that a certain levity of expression, in speaking even of important subjects, is perfectly compatible with great earnestness and seriousness beneath. The language of the President, like his demeanour, was perfectly simple; he did not let fall a single coarse or vulgar phrase, and all his words had a meaning.

"A brutal boor" is the epithet applied to the twice-elected representative of the American nation by certain English journals and the assiduous repetition of this and equivalent phrases has probably fixed that idea of Mr. Lincoln in the minds of the unreflecting mass of our people. Those who hold this language, reason—in ignorance of the man and of the class to which he belongs—from the undeniable fact that he was the son of a poor Western farmer, brought up in a log cabin, and living, till past the age of twenty, by the labour of his hands; which perhaps still retain, in the unaristocratic size often noticed by critics, the traces of their former toil. He eagerly sought knowledge, however; borrowed the books which he could not afford to buy; and made one of them his own, according to a current anecdote, by three days' hard work in pulling fodder. From the work of a farm labourer he rose to that of a clerk in a store, was for a short time a surveyor, and at last became a lawyer. His associates, of course, were Western farmers; but Western farmers, though inferior in polish, are probably not inferior in knowledge to English squires. They are as ignorant of Latin and Greek as the English squire generally is two years after leaving college; but they know a good many things which are not included in the squire's education. A friend of the writer, travelling in the West, was at a loss to explain to his companion the principle of the electric telegraph: their hired driver, overhearing the discussion, turned round and gave a perfectly correct explanation. The writer himself has conversed with men of the President's class and district, on subjects both of politics and religion; and he certainly, to say the least, would be slow to conclude that any one to whom they looked up must be in intellect a boor. On the political questions which concern them these farmers are probably as shrewd and intelligent as any set of men in the world. They are great readers of newspapers, and eager attendants at political meetings. Not unfrequently, in an electoral contest, the two candidates, instead of addressing their partisans separately, make their can-

vassing tour together, and speak against each other, at the different stations of the electoral district, before the electors of both sides. A chairman is appointed to moderate, and the disputation is carried on with order and good humour. Such an exercise must at least force a politician to think clearly. Mr. Lincoln encountered Douglas, the great champion of the democratic party, in a series of these tournaments during the canvass of 1858, and the ability which he then showed laid the foundation of his national reputation. It has been pretended by correspondents of the English press that his speeches were made for him by reporters sent down by his party; but it is not very likely that Mr. Douglas and his friends would have allowed fictitious speeches to be substituted for those which their opponent really made. The story is merely an instance of the determination to maintain the theory that the President of the United States is nothing but a boor.

That he is something more than a boor his address at the dedication of the cemetery at Gettysburg will in itself be sufficient to prove. The greatest orator of the United States pronounced on that occasion a long, elaborate, and very eloquent discourse, with all that grace of delivery by which he is distinguished. The President, with a very ungainly manner, said these words:—

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a newbirth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

There are one or two phrases here, such as "dedicated to the proposition," which betray a hand untrained in fine writing, and are proofs that the composition is Lincoln's own. But, looking to the substance, it may be doubted whether any king in Europe would have expressed himself more royally than the peasant's son. And, even as to the form, we cannot help remarking that simplicity of structure and pregnancy of meaning are the true characteristics of the classical style. Is it easy to believe that the man who had the native good taste to produce this address would be capable of committing gross indecencies—that he would call for comic songs to be sung over soldiers' graves?

Mr. Lincoln is not a highly cultivated politician; and it is much to be lamented that he is not; for he will have to deal, in the course of reconstruction, with political problems requiring for their solution all the light that political science and history can afford. Like American statesmen in general, he is no doubt entirely unversed in the principles of economy and finance; and it is quite credible that he may be, as is reported, the author of the strange scheme for raising money by issuing a kind of stock which shall not be liable to seizure for debt. But within the range of his knowledge and vision, which does not extend beyond the constitution, laws, and political circumstances of his own country, he is a statesman. He distinctly apprehends the fundamental principles of the community at the head of which he is placed, and enunciates them, whenever there is occasion, with a breadth and clearness which gives them fresh validity. He keeps his main object—the preservation of the Union and the Constitution—distinctly in view, and steadily

directs all his actions to it. If he suffers himself to be guided by events, it is not because he loses sight of principles, much less because he is drifting, but because he deliberately recognises in events the manifestation of moral forces, which he is bound to consider, and the behests of Providence, which he is bound to obey. He neither floats at random between the different sections of his party, nor does he abandon himself to the impulse of any one of them, whether it be that of the extreme Abolitionists or that of the mere Politicians; but he treats them all as elements of the Union party, which it is his task to hold together, and conduct as a combined army to victory. To do him justice, you must read his political writings and speeches,[1] looking to the substance and not to the style, which, in the speeches especially, is often very uncultivated, though it never falls into the worse faults of inflation and rhodomontade so common in American State-papers. Perhaps his letter to Mr. Hodges, a member of a deputation from Kentucky, explaining his course on the subject of slavery, is as good a specimen as can be selected.

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
"*April 4th*, 1864.

"A. G. HODGES, Esq. Frankfort, Ky.

"MY DEAR SIR,—You ask me to put in writing the substance of what I verbally said the other day, in your presence, to Governor Bramlette and Senator Dixon. It was about as follows:—

"I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel, and yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took that I would to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it my view that I might take an oath to get power, and break the oath in using the power. I understood, too, that in ordinary civil administration this oath even forbade me to practically indulge my primary abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery. I had publicly declared this many times, and in many ways. And I aver that, to this day, I have done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery. I did not understand, however, that my oath to preserve the Constitution to the best of my ability imposed upon me the duty of preserving, by every indispensable means, that government, that nation, of which that Constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the nation and yet preserve the Constitution? By general law, life and limb must be protected; yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb. I felt that measures, otherwise unconstitutional, might become lawful, by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the Constitution, through the preservation of the nation. Right or wrong, I assumed this ground, and now avow it. I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had even tried to preserve the Constitution, if, to save slavery, or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country, and constitution, altogether. When, early in the war, General Fremont attempted military emancipation, I forbade it, because I did not then think it an indispensable necessity. When, a little later, General Cameron, then secretary of war, suggested the arming of the blacks, I objected, because I did not yet think it an indispensable necessity. When, still later, General Hunter attempted military emancipation, I again forbade it, because I did not yet think the indispensable necessity had come. When, in March and May, and July, 1862, I made earnest and successive appeals to the Border states to favour compensated emancipation, I believed the indispensable necessity for military emancipation and arming the blacks would come, unless averted by that measure. They declined the proposition, and I was, in my best judgment, driven to the alternative of either surrendering the Union, and with it, the Constitution, or of laying strong hand upon the coloured element. I chose the latter. In choosing it, I hoped for greater gain than loss, but of this I was not entirely confident. More than a year of trial shows no loss by it in our foreign relations, none in our home popular sentiment, none in our white military force, no loss by it anyhow, or anywhere. On the contrary, it shows a gain of quite a hundred and thirty thousand soldiers, seamen, and labourers. These are palpable facts, about which, as facts, there can be no cavilling. We have the men; and we could not have had them without the measure.

"And now let any Union man who com-

[1] Those political writings which emanate from himself alone. In his Messages to the Legislature his ministers have a hand. The part of the last message, for example, relating to Foreign Affairs, in which, by way of asserting American independence and greatness, the great powers of Europe are ignored, and the half-barbarous impotencies of South America brought into the foreground, may be safely pronounced to be the work of a subtler genius than that of the President.

plains of the measure test himself by writing down in one line, that he is for subduing the rebellion by force of arms, and, in the next, that he is for taking three hundred and thirty thousand men from the Union side, and placing them where they would be best for the measure he condemns. If he cannot face his case so stated, it is only because he cannot face the truth.

"I add a word which was not in the verbal conversation. In telling this tale, I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity. I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now, at the end of three years' struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party, or any man, devised or expected. God alone can claim it. Whither it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North, as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new causes to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God.

"Yours truly,
(Signed) "A. Lincoln."

Few will deny that a modest and patient sagacity finds its expression here.

Like most of the Western republicans, Lincoln belonged not to the extreme Abolitionists, but to the party who resisted the extension of slavery; and of the principles of this party he was a steady and unflinching advocate. His course, therefore, on this subject, has been consistent throughout.

The religious sentiment expressed in the last paragraph of the letter pervades all the President's productions; and it seems to be genuine. He is no Puritan: it is said that in Illinois, among his rough and jovial companions, he is, in conversation at least, rather the reverse —but he has a real sense of the presence and providence of God; and this feeling has probably helped to keep him, as he has been, calm in peril and temperate in success. It is curious to contrast the following passage, giving his idea of the revelations of Providence to rulers, with the language of Cromwell and the Puritan chiefs on the same subject. The passage occurs in an answer to a deputation from the churches at Chicago, which had pressed upon him the policy of immediate emancipation:—

"The subject presented in the memorial is one upon which I have thought much for weeks past, and I may even say for months. I am approached with the most opposite opinions and advice, and that by religious men, who are equally certain that they represent the Divine will. I am sure that either the one or the other class is mistaken in that belief, and perhaps in some respect both. I hope it will not be irreverent for me to say that, if it is probable that God would reveal His will to others on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed He would reveal it directly to me; for, unless I am more deceived in myself than I often am, it is my earnest desire to know the will of Providence in this matter. And if I can learn what it is I will do it! These are not, however, the days of miracles, and I suppose it will be granted that I am not to expect a direct revelation. I must study the plain physical facts of the case, ascertain what is possible, and learn what appears to be wise and right."

No calumny, to all appearance, can be more grotesque than that which charges Mr. Lincoln with aiming at arbitrary power. Judging from all that he says and does, no man can be more deeply imbued with reverence for liberty and law, or more sincerely desirous of identifying his name with the preservation of free institutions. He sanctioned, though he did not originate, the military arrests; but he did so in the conscientious belief that the power was given him by the constitution, and that the circumstances had arisen in which it was necessary to exercise it for the salvation of the State. His justification of these acts is scrupulously and anxiously constitutional. To the remonstrants who tell him that the safeguards of habeas corpus and trial by jury "were "secured substantially to the English "people after years of protracted civil "war, and were adopted into our consti- "tution at the close of the revolution," he replies, "Would not the demon- "stration have been better if it could "have been truly said that these safe- "guards had been adopted and applied "*during* the civil wars and *during* our "revolution, instead of *after* the one and "at the *close* of the other? I too am "devotedly for them after civil war and "before civil war, and at all times 'ex- "cept when in cases of rebellion or in- "vasion the public safety may require "their suspension.'" The words he here quotes are from the Constitution; and

they ought to be known to those who accuse Mr. Lincoln of flagrant and inexcusable usurpation.

The effects of Mr. Lincoln's legal training are visible both in his mode of reasoning on constitutional questions, and in the occasional acuteness of his replies to objectors, of which the sentence last quoted is a specimen. But, fortunately for him, he entered the legal profession rather late, when he had had time to form his character and understanding on an unprofessional basis.

Few, even of those who call him a tyrant and an usurper, have ventured to charge him with personal cruelty. It is scarcely possible to obtain his consent to the execution of a deserter or a spy. He has set his heart on carrying through the revolution, if possible, without shedding any blood except on the field of battle. This is the more creditable to his humanity, since it is believed, and he shares that belief, that an attempt was made to assassinate him at Baltimore immediately after his first election.

That he has made mistakes in his choice of men, especially of military men, is not to be denied. In fact, as regards the military appointments, nothing could direct him or any one else to the right men except the criterion of experience, fearfully costly as it was. It is true that he has, in some cases, appointed men to military commands from political motives; but the political motives were connected, it is believed, not with personal or party jobbery, but with the necessities, real or supposed, of the public service. Sigel, for example, was appointed to the command in which he failed, because the Germans, whose idol he was, would not serve so readily under any other general. No soldier who had really proved himself competent has been passed over, though the President's good nature has delayed the removal of those whose incompetence had appeared.

It is another current fiction that the President is excessively garrulous, and "always on the balcony." Most American statesmen are open to this imputation; but the President is an exception. "I am very little inclined on any occasion to say anything unless I hope to produce some good by it." To this maxim, from the time of his election, he has very steadily adhered; and perhaps it would be difficult to show that he had ever made an uncalled-for speech, or, when called upon to speak, said more than the occasion required.

There is another great meed of praise to which Mr. Lincoln is entitled. Chief of a party in one of the most desperate struggles of history, he has never, by anything that has fallen from his lips, gratuitously increased the bitterness of civil war. His answer to those who came to congratulate him on his re-election was thoroughly generous, chivalrous, and patriotic. He "did not wish to triumph over any man." He "had never wilfully planted a thorn in any man's bosom." It is true that he has not.

Our great public instructor told us the other day that Lincoln's re-election was perhaps on the whole the best thing that could have happened for this country, because, having already said as much against England as was necessary to secure to him the Irish vote, he had probably exhausted his malignity on that subject. All who know the simplest facts of American politics are aware that to talk of Mr. Lincoln's securing the Irish vote is about as rational as it would be to talk of Lord Derby's securing the vote of the Chartists. But Mr. Lincoln, it is believed, is one of the few public men in America who have never joined, or affected to join, in the profligate denunciations of England which were a part of the regular stock-in-trade of the Democratic party, and of the slaveowners who were its chiefs. Whether he is a great man or not, he is at least an honest one; he can feel responsibility; and his re-election was to be desired not only for the good of his country, but for the peace of the world.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

STATE MEDICINE.

BY FRANCIS E. ANSTIE, M.D.

THE subject of my paper can only be sketched in outline; the materials for a full description and discussion of it do not exist: yet it is of such manifest importance even at the present moment, and is certain to fill so large a space in the public mind at no distant date, that we can hardly be too early familiarised with its chief features.

The present is an age of new wants. In no quarter is this more evident than in the department of what may be called the domestic management of the nation by the government. It has rather suddenly become plain to everybody that for the state to decline to interfere or to inquire about such matters as the bodily habits and health of its members is not "in favour of liberty," but in favour simply of immorality, dirt, disease, and death. Of necessity the chief burden of the work thus created falls on medical men; and very thankfully does the profession accept the public acknowledgment that a new sphere of duty and usefulness is open to it. We doctors have no very affectionate reminiscences of the days when the public scarcely recognised us in any other capacity than as the prescribers of nasty drugs, and the maintainers of shadowy theories. Since Jenner's time, at least, the dullest onlooker can perceive the vast practical benefits which medical science can render to the state; and the consciousness of this fact has given us, as a body, a seriousness and dignity, and at the same time a scientific modesty, which indicate a real advance, it may be hoped, on the pretensions of former days.

There is slowly growing up a relation of the medical profession to the state which few persons take the pains to follow out to its inevitable results. It seems very natural that if a cesspool smells badly, some doctor should be asked whether there is not a danger that disease may attack the people who live in the neighbourhood; or that, when a strong man dies in convulsions half-an-hour after he has taken a meal, a jury should desire medical testimony as to the probability of his having been poisoned. It is not so obvious, but it is nevertheless true, that the duty of the medical man is in both cases substantially the same, and that the function which he performs on this and many other occasions which occur now-a-days is of a highly peculiar kind, and has scarcely, if at all, been realized by the educational bodies which train medical students, or the corporations which examine them as to their fitness to practise. The doctor is expected, in these cases, to give evidence *as an expert.* If he were asked his opinion as to the health of a patient, it would be of comparatively little consequence, in most cases, what he answered, because he, and not the patient, would have to take action on that opinion. But, when he is questioned by the state, it is the state (that is, an unlearned body) which must act upon his words. In the first case he is a *vates* speaking dark things; in the second he is an interpreter, translating into the vulgar tongue the dark things of science.

Three things seem to be chiefly necessary in order that a scientific man may duly perform this function of interpreter. First, he must be assisted by the organized co-operation of fellow-workers. Secondly, he must have enjoyed a peculiar education, embracing not merely facts and opinions belonging to his own science, but also a knowledge of the laws of evidence. Thirdly, he must be entirely independent of social pressure.

The first of these requisites is called for by the immense range and extreme difficulty of the various branches of

knowledge on which the scientific witness is liable to be questioned. This renders it necessary that the most effective means should be adopted for preserving for the common use any scrap of information on these matters which may at any time transpire, and that workers in these subjects should constantly compare notes of their experience from an unimpassioned and disinterested point of view. The second requisite—that of a special education—is demanded by the necessity of placing oneself on a level with the intelligence of the unlearned questioner—a most difficult task. The third is absolutely necessary as a guarantee for impartiality and the avoidance of unconscious misrepresentation.

It is obvious that the profession as a body does not possess these qualifications for the peculiar duties of scientific instructors of the state. To credit the average general practitioner, pure surgeon, or pure physician, with such qualifications, would be transparent flattery, for neither the special literature which we possess, nor the requirements of our educating and examining bodies, nor the relations in which the majority of practitioners are placed towards society, afford any means for their attainment. To take one instance out of many: How frequently does the state require information in questions of lunacy—a subject on which there exists hardly the commencement of a literature, which is taught in almost none of our schools, and examined on by almost none of our licensing bodies, and which more than any other involves questions in which the private interests and feelings of the practitioner are frequently engaged. That mistakes are sometimes committed is not at all wonderful under the circumstances; the only wonder is that they are not constantly occurring. The medical profession may certainly be proud of the general behaviour of its members under the stress of most difficult duties suddenly thrown upon them. But a few years since the diseases of the mind were scarcely recognised by the public as belonging specially to the care of doctors: lunacy was a condition the management of which was for the most part relegated to the charge of ignorant amateurs. Reform in these ideas has been brought about by the efforts of a few eminent physicians, and now the public not only encourages doctors to assume the treatment of mental affections, but thrusts upon them the most onerous and responsible labours in connexion with this department of pathology, and is inclined to treat with great severity any lapses in the fulfilment of these new functions. The demeanour of the public, and especially of the lawyers, towards doctors in respect of questions of lunacy reminds one of the "venerable rustic, strongheaded but incurably obstinate in his prejudices," of whom De Quincey relates that he treated the whole medical profession as ignorant pretenders, knowing absolutely nothing of the system which they professed to superintend, and yet every third day was exacting from his own medical attendants some exquisite *tour de force,* as that they should know or should do something which, if they *had* known or done, all men would have suspected them reasonably of magic. In short, the whole position of affairs is characteristic of a transition period, which cannot last. Either the medical profession must be entirely relieved of all judicial duties with regard to insane persons, or the state must assist it to perform these duties efficiently, since the community at large is partly responsible for the difficulties in which medical men are placed with regard to these matters.

If to the enormously difficult subject of lunacy we add the questions of sanitary police and of special evidence on criminal trials, we shall find that here is a branch of science which might well occupy the whole attention of the ablest medical man, and which it is idle to suppose can be mastered by men immersed in the details of ordinary practice. And, accordingly, in that confused and unscientific manner which belongs to the motions of society in countries where the principle of "private enterprise" is allowed its fullest sway, we have commenced attempts to remedy the existing

evils. A class of experts, more or less distinctly separated from the common sphere of medical work, and devoted to the instruction of the state on scientific questions, has actually arisen. Of these specialists it may with confidence be said that the most efficient are those who have most completely devoted themselves to their specialty; and this is a very important fact for us. For the question begins to force itself upon the attention of some thinkers—whether it were not best to organize a department of state medicine, the officers of which should have given evidence of a sound general knowledge of medicine, and also of a special acquaintance with the peculiar duties which have been mentioned, to which duties their attention should be thenceforth confined? To this question I do not pretend to give a final answer. Believing, however, that the evils for which it suggests a remedy must needs go on increasing unless something is done in the way of *organized* reform, I wish to help this proposal to gain further publicity, in order that it may be studied as fully as possible, and that the *pros* and *cons* may be duly weighed.

A proposal to invite government interference with scientific men is so serious a matter that its promoters are bound to show a strong *primâ facie* case, in the nature of a grave scandal existing. Nothing short of this would induce Englishmen, who have witnessed the magnificent development of science under the system of self-government which this country cherishes, to legislate in the proposed direction. I shall therefore proceed to show, I. That such a scandal does exist; and II. That, while it is unreasonable to expect the *profession* to provide an efficient remedy for it, there is ground for thinking that the *state* might do so.

I. The present administration of state medicine is discreditable. It is possible to prove this with regard to the working of nearly every department in which the state requires scientific *opinion* rather than practical scientific *action* from medical men.

1. With regard to the action of "health officers," like those appointed in the various districts of the metropolis, none can pretend that adequate results are produced by the machinery employed. As the practical management of sanitary reforms is after all left in the hands of the vestrymen, who elect their own medical officer, many abuses will creep in. In the first place it is obvious that a vestry may, and probably sometimes will, select an officer not merely inferior to some others proposed, but absolutely devoid of any qualifications whatever for the office; and secondly, although in most cases our metropolitan health officers are able and in some cases very eminent men, yet the fact that they are controlled in their action by a body of men whose material interests in many cases are likely to be opposed to the carrying out of sanitary reforms, however urgently needed, is a strong reason why their action must be comparatively inefficient. No one who knows the practical working of the system can doubt that this is really the case; much good work has been done, but the sanitary evils of the metropolis are only scratched on the surface. Even in comparatively respectable neighbourhoods, there are whole streets whose inhabitants huddle together like rats, liable to be decimated by any contagious epidemic that may come their way, and scarce vitalised enough to offer common resistance to the simplest attack of acute disease. What does the reader think of such a case as this: a long row of houses built with their backs against a wall, and thus without any thorough ventilation whatever, the back rooms on each floor being mere cupboards without light or air; the other sanitary arrangements in perfect harmony with such a state of things, and the whole place, from garret to cellar, crowded with families of lodgers? I could tell him of such cases, where the medical officer would be powerless to induce any efficient action on the part of the vestry, at least without embroiling himself to an unpleasant and dangerous extent with that august body. And, if London is but moderately supplied with the means of scientifically reforming

its sanitary faults, what shall we say of the rural villages, from which there has lately gone forth an odour of physical and moral foulness that has startled even the most apathetic of us? Why, simply that (as a rule) they are not supplied at all, at least with any provision that deserves the name. What local officer of health, parish doctor, or any such functionary, under existing circumstances, could venture to state, with the necessary official cold-bloodedness, the naked truth about the condition of labourers' dwellings (not in general but) on a particular estate? The idea is obviously impracticable. The case of food-adulterations is another instance of the inefficiency of the aid at present rendered by science to the state. Every one, since the revelations of the Lancet Sanitary Commission, is aware how extensive, and in many cases injurious, these adulterations are; but to hope for efficient reform by the help of any machinery at present existing would be visionary. How could an officer of health report on the sand in the sugar or currants sold by an important vestryman or guardian, supposing him to be dependent on that individual and his friends for continuance in his public office, and also for employment in his private capacity? The very reason why one department of food-inspection — that of meat, fish, poultry, &c.—really is worked with some efficiency exactly illustrates the unfitness of any medical man engaged in ordinary practice to exercise censorial duties over the provision shops generally. This inquisition is effective because the weight and burden can be assumed by a lay inspector, who is in a comparatively independent position, not having to make his livelihood out of the favour of the general public; while the medical officer is only consulted as a referee, the strictly scientific questions being few and generally simple. But for an effective inspection of provisions generally scientific knowledge would be constantly required, and the burden of the work must fall upon the medical officer; yet how could he report with conscientious candour on the shortcomings of his vestrymen and his patients?

2. The next class of duties which medical men are supposed to render to the state, but which are inefficiently performed, is the furnishing of information as to the causes of deaths occurring in their districts. It is now well known by all statisticians who have considered the subject that our national system of death-registration (considered as a complete record) is a mockery and delusion. This is not so much from carelessness on the part of doctors as from the fact that in an immense number of instances they are never appealed to at all, but the ignorant lay-registrar, wishing to gain a character for zeal, evolves the cause of death which he assigns in the certificate out of his own moral consciousness.

Closely connected with this subject is that of the non-registration of still births; a practice which the law allows to go on, although it has been repeatedly denounced as a fertile source of infanticide. It is obvious that, if the medical profession is ever to give really reliable information to the state on this matter of the cause of deaths, it can only be done by the whole business of death-registration offices being placed in the hands of medical men; but, if this were once arranged, we might hope not merely for greatly increased accuracy of information on such questions as we already require to be answered, but most valuable suggestions for improvements of the laws which bear on the personal comfort, health, and safety of our citizens.

3. With regard to the manner in which medical evidence is taken on coroners' inquests, it is almost impossible to overstate the evils of the present system. Our best example, perhaps, will be one which is of very frequent occurrence, namely, the investigation of a case where there is room for suspicion of infanticide, the proof turning mainly on the question whether the child was live-born? The majority of such cases present physiological problems of the deepest kind, such as would require an

expert of the highest knowledge and skill to investigate them successfully, and a rather unusual power of interpretation to convey to laymen a just idea of the points of certainty and of uncertainty involved. The long and peculiar study of this subject from two quite distinct points of view—the medical and legal—which would be necessary in order to achieve this kind of success, makes it quite impossible that a busy practitioner, fully engaged with ordinary duties, can acquire it. It needs but a slight cross-examination from an incredulous coroner to break down the credit of such a witness, for in nine cases out of ten his opinion (whether right or wrong) will be found to have been based, not on a comprehensive survey and accurate analysis of *all* the scientific indications, but on the result of some specific test which he believes to be crucial, when it may be merely an exploded fallacy. This is an especial danger of medico-legal inquiry in cases of infanticide. The consequences are most disastrous to the cause of justice, and highly conducive to the spread of crime. Juries are now for the most part very distrustful of such evidence, and, where it bears against an actual prisoner, will eagerly seek any loophole to escape from the fatal inference which it suggests—a proceeding all the more easy as, in the present state of the law as to child-murder, the public sympathy is nearly always on the side of the accused. It is impossible to doubt that this laxity of repression has much to do with the enormous prevalence of infanticide, which is an undoubted and most dreadful fact—a stain on our civilization, which has been repeatedly though vainly denounced.

4. In criminal trials a variety of questions arise in which medical evidence forms the turning-point, of which perhaps the most frequently occurring and most important are inquiries into the relation of particular symptoms to the effects of poison. The condition of an ordinary practitioner, unskilled in this kind of investigation, when placed in circumstances where he must give a decided opinion on such a question, is most pitiable. He may have gained a correct enough idea of the case by mental operations, which are, so to speak, irregular—that is to say, they do not admit of being analysed and laid bare to a smart, confident, and hostile barrister, and a jury entirely unfamiliar with medical subjects. His explanation of the manner in which he arrived at his opinion on the case may with ease be made to appear ridiculous and inconsistent, whereas his deficiency was not in sound knowledge and judgment, but in the power to translate his thoughts into those of unlearned men. Too often, however, it must be allowed that the average practitioner is not possessed of the special knowledge which alone could confer the right to pronounce a decided opinion on such cases. But it is strange to see how nearly universal is the habit of assuming that, provided an expert has the requisite knowledge of special facts, his giving evidence involves no more difficulty than every common witness experiences, when, in fact, there is a difference between the two cases almost as great as between light and darkness. Let any one study with care some text-book of the laws of evidence (such, for instance, as the chapters on evidence in Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's admirable work on the "Criminal Law of England"), and he will perceive that the examination of testimony in courts of law is necessarily guided by an elaborate theory and by special rules of practice, which it requires the skill and knowledge that a special study alone can confer to employ with effect in eliciting the true value of the statements of a witness. For dealing with common facts the kind of knowledge and skill possessed by an acute counsel is doubtless the best preparation. But it is quite impossible for counsel to have any idea how to assist or to compel a scientific witness to that *castigatio trutinæ* which should make the naked truth (so far as known to science) appear, stripped of the vestments of private theory and speculative crotchet.

I am compelled to demur to the very high estimate which Mr. Stephen has placed on the value of cross-examination in this respect; and, lest I should seem to speak rashly, I will give a specific and forcible instance of the correctness of my view. On the trial of Smethurst one of the most important questions was as to the possibility or otherwise of Miss Bankes's symptoms having been caused by *dysentery*. Looking back on the hubbub of contradictions which arose on this point, it is difficult to realize the fact—which, nevertheless, assuredly is a fact—that the whole matter really lay in a nutshell. The question on this point was, Does English dysentery ever cause a totality of symptoms such as Miss Bankes suffered from. One witness declared that he had seen many cases of dysentery in this country presenting severe symptoms and ending fatally. The circumstance which I desire to point out is this—that it never occurred to counsel to inquire, in cross-examination of this witness, (*a*) whether his fatal cases had not uniformly occurred in persons who had previously visited a tropical country and suffered from dysentery there; and (*b*) whether there was reason to believe that Miss Bankes had ever resided within the tropics, or contracted tropical disease? The least learned person can see that that was a great blunder; yet it was precisely what might be expected from a layman dealing with the intricacies of science.

But the crowning offence against justice and common sense, in the reception of medical testimony on trials, consists in allowing and indeed requiring it to be given *ex parte*, the universal practice in this country. Experience has abundantly proved that by such a method of taking skilled evidence (whether medical, or engineering, or of any other kind) nothing but a mass of contradiction will be obtained; but the worth of medical testimony is especially damaged by it, because medical problems are considerably farther removed than others from the scope of ordinary education, and their interpretation is proportionably more difficult. The most absolute impartiality would be required to enable a witness to execute with complete success the task of opening the eyes of laymen to the exact position of scientific inquiry on many points of toxicology: but the present system excludes the possibility of even a tolerable approach to fairness in any case which is of sufficient interest to provoke a contest. The laws of human nature inexorably forbid us to hope that, with such numerous excuses for forming opinions in a crotchety or theoretical manner as are furnished by medico-legal questions, the average medical witness will ever hold the balance true against the pressure of material interest and the temptation of professional rivalry. There is a cynical insincerity in pretending to expect any such result, which deserves grave reprobation. It is certain that, until means shall be provided for obtaining scientific evidence which has been formed apart from the injurious pressure of interested considerations, we are only making believe to elicit the truth so far as it can be decided on scientific grounds.

5. Passing by some minor functions which medicine might perform for the state, we come now to the most important and the most miserably neglected of all—the assistance which medical advice should give to the state authorities in questions as to mental unsoundness. The present condition of things in this country, with regard to the forensic aspect of lunacy, is one which our posterity will look back upon with incredulous wonder and disgust. It is confessed by every psychologist who is worth his salt that our knowledge of mental pathology is still in its infancy: at the same time it is known to every observer of the progress of medical science that we have now entered upon a path which must lead to great and valuable discoveries in the future, and has already led to some which are very important. In short, our mental science is in a peculiarly developmental state; that is, in a state which of all others renders it difficult for a layman to discriminate between that which is solid

fact, based on competent experience, and that which is mere opinion. Here, more than ever, do we suffer under an intolerable grievance in the fact that impartiality in the scientific advisers of the state is not merely unprovided for, but is rendered very nearly impossible. Whether the question be one of signing a certificate for the removal of a patient to an asylum, or of informing the Master in Lunacy or a jury as to the capability of an individual to manage his own affairs, matters stand in such a way that the slightest introduction of a hostile element in the shape of conflicting interest at once causes the parties to enlist medical evidence *on their respective sides;* and this is done with a skill which it is chimerical to suppose that the medical body could have the tact and firmness to resist. At least, if some resist, others will certainly comply, and these by no means the least honourable members of the profession. The practice of signing certificates for the committal of patients to houses of restraint is a very important matter, because it is in constant operation, and because it has been made the ground of all kinds of suspicion against the candour and honesty of medical practitioners. The public has a chronic quarrel with "mad-doctors," as the pages of many a sensation novel will testify. It is obvious that nothing would so completely relieve the public mind of uncomfortable feelings on this score as the knowledge that all matters of certificate-signing would be performed by an official unconnected with the patient or his friends, and at the same time qualified by his superior knowledge and experience to make the certificate a really valuable report, instead of what it too often is at present—a hazy, incoherent, and nearly useless document, suggestive (to the Commissioners in Lunacy) of little else than the reflection that "these doctors" are themselves the strangest psychological study which could be found.

Information on all questions of lunacy can only be usefully given to the state by men who have mastered the laws of evidence. These laws, which I have already referred to in another relation, are especially important in connexion with questions of mental unsoundness. It is the simple truth that without a special and scientific knowledge of them it is a hopeless undertaking, even for one who has had large experience of mental diseases, to attempt to convey to laymen the true state of science on many questions in lunacy. But at present the possession of such knowledge hardly enters at all into the popular conception of the necessary qualifications of a witness in lunacy, and certainly it is not every medical man who has acquired it. It is this kind of ignorance, more than any other, that conduces to the occurrence of scandals like the Townley and Windham affairs.

II. I come now to the practical part of my paper, in which I hope to show that the great evils which disfigure our present administration of state medicine, and which are far too gigantic to be remedied by any unaided efforts on the part of the medical profession, might be removed in great measure, if a helping hand were reached to us from without.

Here is a great mass of work the general characters of which are similar in all its branches; the central feature of all the functions which I have referred to being the reduction of high scientific mysteries to terms of popular intelligibility. At present it is performed in a scattered and disjointed way,—by persons in most cases without special knowledge either of the scientific facts or of the true way of making them intelligible by and useful to the state,—and under the disabling pressure of circumstances which render impartiality almost impossible. It would seem certain that any effective principle of reform must include the consolidation of these functions, the strict limitation of the power to exercise them to men who should be able to give proofs of their possessing the special knowledge required, and the remuneration of such persons in a way which would render them independent of the favour of private individuals. There are many

persons, doubtless, who will be ready at once to declare that any such scheme is Utopian, and its execution impossible. I believe they are mistaken, and that the real Utopianism consists in thinking that the kind of machinery at present in vogue can effectually solve the ever-multiplying difficulties presented by the relations of medical science to the state. Already the amount of work done for the state by medical men (quite exclusive of the medical service of the army and navy, which does not come under the head of state medicine proper) is very considerable, and it is yearly increasing. The powers wielded by the Privy Council—the present representative of the old Board of Health—enable it to set on foot inquiries which must terminate sooner or later in a great development of the application of sanitary science, and of vital statistics, to the prevention of disease. The appointment of inspectors of vaccination may be looked on as one important recent indication of this tendency; the special missions of inquiry into the origin of particular epidemics of disease which have from time to time been sent out is another. The institution of officers of health was a great stride in the same direction. Obviously there must be in the future a great deal of costly work done for the state by the medical profession; it seems worth while, therefore, to inquire whether it were not better for humanity, and ultimately even for humanity's pocket, to include in one department, paid and guaranteed efficient by the state, the various officers whose services advancing civilization will inevitably require? That such an idea is not altogether chimerical has been shown by Mr. H. W. Rumsey in a series of able papers[1] read before the Social Science Association, in which that gentleman took as his text the scandalous inefficiency of our so-called "returns" of birth and death, and which contain many forcible illustrations of the deplorable condition of vital science and medical police in this country, from a want of any proper organization on the part of those on whom their maintenance and extension depends. The principal feature of Mr. Rumsey's scheme is the appointment of district officers of health, who shall take cognizance of all questions of vital statistics, of sanitary police, and of forensic medicine, which arise within their jurisdiction, who shall possess a special educational qualification guaranteeing their fitness for their office, and who shall be sufficiently remunerated by the state, and expressly debarred from private practice. To the hands of such officers the following duties should be committed:—*A*. The scientific registration of births, of deaths and their causes, and of the amount and kind of sickness occurring in their district. *B*. The inspection of vaccination. *C*. The examination of articles of food and drink, with a view to the detection of adulterations. *D*. The preparation of scientific evidence in all cases of sudden and violent deaths, and in all cases of alleged personal incompetence—whether moral, mental, or physical—for the fulfilment of public or family duties, or of labour contracts, and to detect malingerers.

To this scheme must be added its natural complement, the list of suggestions for a special examination in the qualifications for these duties, which candidates for the new offices would be required to have passed. "It can hardly be questioned," says Mr. Rumsey, in a valuable paper which, by his kindness, I have had the opportunity of reading,[1] "that none of the ordinary medical "degrees or diplomas—whether from "Universities or from Medical Colleges "—distinctly express and embody the "special qualifications required. Nor "do any of the courses of instruction, "through which medical students are "obliged to pass, provide adequately for "the acquirement of that exact know-"ledge of particular subjects which such "officers ought to possess." This is

[1] "Public Health: the Right Use of Records founded on Local Facts." By Henry Wildbore Rumsey. J. W. Parker & Son. 1860.

[1] "A Proposal for the Institution of Degrees in Civil or State Medicine in the Universities of the United Kingdom."

literally true. If Government were ever to adopt the above or any similar scheme, it must necessarily insist on a qualification of its candidates which would compel the addition of special items to the curricula of the colleges, and to the programme of the examiners of even the most *exigeante* University. To say the least, it would be necessary to add, even to the most stringent medical examinations known, another in the physical sciences, a searching practical examination in the diagnosis of mental affections (in actual patients), and, finally, an examination on the laws of evidence both by papers and also *vivâ voce*—the latter being conducted by a barrister of standing.

The adoption of any plan which would involve even these changes obviously presents many serious educational difficulties; and, in addition to this, it is certain that the practical obstacles to any legislation tending to interfere with the vested interests which protect the present class of death-registrars and the present autocracy of vestries in sanitary matters would be immense. It is also possible that a certain amount of opposition might be offered by a portion of the medical profession to any measure which took out of their hands such employment as is furnished by the requirements of coroners' inquests and assize trials, or the possible reversion, in some cases, of a vestry appointment as officers of health; but I believe that the feeling of opposition would be but temporary in this case, and that the sense of relief to themselves and benefit to the community would quickly reconcile the rank and file of the profession to an exclusion from duties for which they have had no opportunity of qualifying themselves. I acknowledge to the full all the difficulties which stand in the way of any plan of organization. But the mere statement of these difficulties, if we care to undertake it, forces us to a consideration of the actual state of things from which no intelligent person can rise without the feeling that at any cost reforms will have to be made, and that the sooner the process of reformation is commenced the better for us all. It may well be that the scheme above propounded (which is merely introduced here as the work of an able man who has had the courage to think this question resolutely out) will be found to require great modifications before it could be practically adopted. For details I must refer the reader to Mr. Rumsey's pamphlet itself; suffice it to say that, with regard to one most important matter, the probable expense of such a scheme, he adduces figures which seem to prove that this might be rendered moderate, indeed quite insignificant, in proportion to the advantages which the state would gain.

I come back to the opinion which forms the groundwork of this paper, that medical advisers of the state cannot be taken with advantage at haphazard from the mass of general practitioners, pure surgeons and pure physicians, who are devoting themselves to the business of curing individual patients. I believe that absorption in ordinary practice is a fatal bar to the acquisition of that kind of knowledge and that skill in communicating it which is indispensable. And I would urge with especial force the propriety of placing the man of science, from whom the state requires information, in a position of independence. The few remaining words which I have to say will be devoted to the consideration of an evil, already touched upon, which offers the most pointed example of the mischiefs arising from a neglect of this precaution.

The practice of receiving scientific evidence of an *ex parte* character is a disgrace to our judicial processes. When, on a criminal trial for instance, the question of the prisoner's mental soundness becomes of importance, it is a gross scandal that the jury should be left to form their momentous decision from a haphazard balancing of two extreme statements of the scientific facts propounded by two witnesses (or sets of witnesses) whose pecuniary and professional interests are bound up respectively with the prosecution and with the defence. It is quite possible that the best

expression of the fullest science on particular questions would necessarily be less clear and decided than could be wished. But that is no reason why we should deliberately accept such a version of the scientific facts of a case as must, from the method in which it has been extorted, be nearly worthless. The idea that any effective check upon the abuses of scientific authority thus occasioned can be effectively imposed by counsel in the cross-examinations is ludicrous. Here and there an exceptionally able lawyer, like Sir A. Cockburn, prompted in his questions by exceptionally able medical advisers, will succeed in dispelling a cloud of sophistries such as those by which the plain and straightforward medical facts of Palmer's case were attempted to be disguised; but it would be a great mistake to take this hard-won piece of success as any specimen of the average result to be expected from the application of cross-examination in the event of contradictions arising in medical evidence.

The remedy which, sooner or later, I am convinced will have to be applied, is the institution of scientific commissioners as adjuncts to the ordinary apparatus of the courts, before whom, and not before a common jury, the strictly scientific questions shall be argued—the general question in respect to the legal charge being subsequently determined as at present. Supposing some such scheme as that which has been above proposed for district officers of health to have been carried out, these officers might be employed as commissioners in the following way:—The officer for the particular district would *ex officio* collect all the scientific evidence by personal observation and interrogation on the spot, with the assistance of any ordinary medical attendant professionally cognisant of the facts. The whole mass of scientific facts would then be placed before the commission, which should consist of a certain limited number of experts selected in rotation from the district officers of health of the kingdom; and this body, with the assistance of the counsel for prosecution and defence, should sift the facts and hear any other evidence which might be offered on the scientific questions. The commission would then come to as definite an opinion as was possible under the circumstances, and would embody this in a report to the court, which should be taken to be final as regards the scientific questions.

It would be difficult to believe that a scientific commission, chosen with these elaborate safeguards for its impartiality, would be more likely to be crotchety than a common jury of small shopkeepers. On the contrary, it would be an impossibility that half a dozen men, each of the scientific rank which is here presupposed, and entirely independent of the others as regards authority, should allow such perverse and baseless theories as those which frequently astonish and impress a jury of half-educated laymen to have any weight with them at all. Nor would such a body be afraid to confess the true state of the case should it happen, in a particular instance, that science could give *no definite answer* to the inquiries addressed to it by the state.

Defend it as you will, the present system of allowing a knot of confused, bewildered, and often half-terrified laymen to give the final decision on matters of science, which in fact they now do, is simply monstrous. It has been attempted to excuse the existing state of things by the argument that it is not *abstract truth*, but the highest probability, that the jury are instructed to discover, and that consequently they need not trouble about the actual right or wrong of scientific opinion, but must simply judge what is the *prevailing* voice of the science of the day on the question in hand. But that is precisely what they cannot discover, save by a lucky accident, under the present system. The prevailing voice of science is *not* represented by any balance struck, by unscientific persons, between the extreme views held by the learned on either side: such hap-hazard guesswork often results in an opinion which has really no relation to the points in dispute. Nothing but the

calm interchange of ideas between scientific men themselves can afford a chance of the elicitation of the truth on some of the more difficult questions involved in forensic inquiries—I mean the truth, not in the abstract, but so far as science already knows it.

Before concluding, I must answer one objection which is certain to be raised—namely, that no man could grasp effectively the great range of science involved in the multifarious duties indicated. This objection might readily be met by separating from the general duties of the office, which would be homogeneous in character, certain specialties which are at once very difficult and of a different nature from the ordinary duties. Chemistry is a good instance of this. It would be not only possible, but highly desirable, that elaborate chemical inquiries, such as those concerned in cases of suspected poisoning, should be taken out of the hands of toxicologists, and always decided, apart from any theoretical considerations in physiology, by officials like those, let us say, of the College of Chemistry. On the other hand, such comparatively simple duties as those of food inspection and analysis might easily be performed by an official so qualified as we have supposed our district health-officers to be. This great relief being given, the remaining subjects which would occupy the attention of our district officer would be confined to a circle of science certainly not larger, one would say greatly less, than that which the ordinary practitioner of medicine is supposed to grasp. And we should be delivered from the uncomfortable spectacle, now so frequently thrust upon us, of worthy men, perfectly well qualified for the latter branch of work, assuming at a moment's notice the functions of advisers of the state on the highly special and peculiar subjects which have been enumerated in this paper.

I am well aware that the ideas now put forward are difficult of realization. I am content, however, to wait the course of events. These ideas, which two years ago had not attracted much attention, have since that period received the notice of influential persons, and are already making distinct and perceptible progress.

LIFE—A SONNET.

BY THE LATE ALEXANDER GILCHRIST.

On eager feet, his heritage to seize,
A traveller speeds toward the promised land.
Afar gloom purple slopes on either hand;
Glad earth is fragrant with the flowering leas;
The green corn stirs in noon's hot slumberous breeze,
And whispering woodlands nigh make answer grand.
That pilgrim's heart as by a magic wand
Is swayed: nor, as he gains each height, and sees
A gleaming landscape still and still afar,
Doth Hope abate, nor less a glowing breath
Wake subtle tones from viewless strings within.
But lo! upon his path new aspects win;
Dun sky above, brown wastes around him are;
From yon horizon dim stalks spectral Death!

Guildford, *June*, 1856.

ESSAYS AT ODD TIMES.

I. "OF MAGNANIMITY."

I WAS lately travelling in a railway carriage, in which there happened to be a party of city men, who were going into the country to shoot. Wealthy, portly, middle-aged men of business—they were evidently good specimens of a class which is every day becoming larger among us, the class of men who make their money in town, and like to spend it in the country, upon Norfolk stubbles and Scotch moors, and upon all the paraphernalia of dogs, guns, keepers, and beaters which such tastes necessitate. They had come out for a week's pleasure, and a very happy and jovial party they were. Happy, with the exception of one of their number, who had left in his cab a fine turbot, which was to have made its appearance at the dinner-table after the morrow's battue; and this poor gentleman, out for his brief holiday, was miserable on account of the loss of his fish. His enjoyment, for that day at any rate, was quite marred. The memory of the turbot, like Banquo's ghost, rose up to destroy every present pleasure. We talked of the cotton famine, and, after agreeing with us that the crisis of difficulty was over, he turned to one of his friends and remarked, "It's a thousand pities I forgot that fish, Jones, isn't it? I gave three shillings a pound for it—I did, upon my word—at Grove's, just before I started." We sat in silence, and smoked our cigars in bold defiance of bye-laws and regulations, for every compartment of the carriage was occupied, and every occupant had lit up, when the silence was broken by a plaintive voice exclaiming *à propos* to nothing, "I say, Smith, it is a confounded bore about that turbot, isn't it?" And so on, and so on, till at last the conversation turned upon a topic in which even Miserrimus—for so we will call him—was interested; the topic of field sports. And here the men of Mincing Lane and the Stock Exchange were in their element. They all hunted, they all fished, they all shot, and they could all talk of sport and the money it cost them. Smith had with him a favourite setter, for which he had lately given a hundred and twenty guineas; Jones was going to try a new breech-loader, for which he had paid the fancy price of fifty pounds. "You know," he remarked, "you can get a gun to do anything a gun should do for half the money; but then," he continued naively, "I like to have everything of the best, tip-top—keepers, dogs, horses; or else the swells are sure to laugh at you." A sentiment which even Miserrimus endorsed, with the remark that he did not mind giving a fancy price for the best of everything,—not even if it was three shillings a pound for such a fish as that—that turbot which he had left in the confounded cab.

Listening to the harmless tattle of these city gentlemen, I lit another cigar, and gave myself up to the various phases of littlemindedness which crop out so plentifully upon the surface of modern society. I asked myself, Do long seasons of national and individual prosperity tend to foster this littlemindedness? Was the Laureate right in welcoming a European war as a moral flood to rebaptize the nations? And so I fell upon considering the virtue of Magnanimity,—whether we know even the shadow thereof in these our days; whether amongst all our friends and acquaintances we know—any one of us—of one who might stand for the truly magnanimous man. The word, indeed, has somewhat narrowed its horizon in the course of time. We all know that it means greatmindedness. But, as a general rule, we limit it to that single phase of greatmindedness which is shown in the forgiveness of a wrong. And yet this

is but one of many ways in which greatness of soul can manifest itself; and perhaps it is not even the highest manifestation of the virtue. For I am not sure but that some men, in whom ambition and vanity are strong, may not find it easier to forgive the injuries of a foe than to pardon the successes of a friend. Dean Trench has shown us how words have dropped out of the world's vocabulary, as being no longer needed, or have altogether lost their primary meaning. And it will be worth while to inquire whether the virtue which was magnanimity in heathen days has found no place for itself under the Christian dispensation, and so has narrowed itself down to the Christian virtue of forgiveness, or whether it has undergone a rebaptism, and is known in the modern world under some other name. At any rate, it is evident that even in Christian England, in the nineteenth century, there is room for a word which shall express the contrary to that fidgety, prying, invidious, mean and despicable condition of mind which men fall into who deal with things rather than with persons, who are chiefly conversant with the petty concerns of life, with money-getting, with buying and selling, and so forth, and so insensibly lapse into a low and stunted condition of soul.

"The magnanimous man," said Aristotle, "is he who, being really worthy, "estimates his own worth highly. If a "man puts too high a value upon him-"self, he is vain. And if a man, being "worthy, does not rate himself at his "proper worth, why he is little better "than a fool. But the magnanimous "man will be only moderately gratified "by the honours which the world heaps "upon him, under the impression that "he has simply got what is his due. He "will behave with moderation under "both bad fortune and good. He will "know how to be exalted and how to be "abased. He will neither be delighted "with success, nor grieved by failure. "He will neither shun danger, nor seek "it; for there are few things which he "cares for. He is reticent and some-"what slow of speech, but speaks his "mind openly and boldly when occasion "calls for it. He is not apt to admire, "for nothing is great to him. He over-"looks injuries. He is not given to talk "about himself or about others; for he "does not care that he himself should "be praised, or that other people should "be blamed. He does not cry out about "trifles, and craves help from none. "The step of the magnanimous man is "slow, his voice deep, and his language "stately: for he who cares about few "things has no need to hurry, and he "who thinks highly of nothing needs "not to be vehement about anything." Such is the character of the magnanimous man, as drawn by an old heathen writer more than 2,000 years ago. Doubtless this was a standard of perfection at which Aristotle himself aimed, and which many a Greek attained to,—in outward seeming at least; though the Athenian magnanimity must have sadly degenerated when Paul of Tarsus preached on Mars Hill to a crowd of gossips and triflers four hundred years later. And certainly the portrait as drawn by Aristotle has something grand, we may almost say noble, in its lineaments. Indeed, it would be noble but for the lazy scorn which flashes from the eye and curls the lip. Self-contained and self-reliant, the magnanimous man towers above his fellows, like an oak amongst reeds,—his motto *nec franges nec flectes*. And, if there be somewhat too much of self-sufficiency about him, we must remember that, to be great and strong, a heathen must necessarily lean upon himself. The settler in foreign and sparsely inhabited countries needs and acquires a degree of self-reliance and self-assertion which would be offensive in the person of a member of civilised society. And the Greek became self-sufficient even in his ethics, as having no definite promise of help out of himself, or beyond his own resources.

But it is curious to notice how in the main the ethics of 2,000 years ago repeat themselves in the fashionable ethics of to-day. Much of what Aristotle has said of the magnanimous man as to his carriage and bearing, might

have been published only last year as a fashionable treatise by the Hon. Mr. A—— or Lady B—— on good breeding and the manners of a gentleman. Alter a word or two here and there; blot out the rather offensive self-sufficiency; lay a very thin wash of colour over the superciliousness of manner which is somewhat too manifest in Aristotle's magnanimous man, and you might be reading a description of "the swell," as poor Jones calls the man who lives and moves and has his being in society. There is no doubt, in fact, that the laws of good breeding, the *leges inscriptæ* of society, do tend, more or less, to produce an appearance of what the old Greeks named magnanimity. These laws are simply the barriers which the common sense of most has erected, to protect people who are thrown much together from each other's impertinences. They are lines of defence, and therefore their tendency is to isolate the individual from the crowd; to make him self-contained, reticent, and independent of opinions; alike careless of censure and indifferent to applause. It may be said that much of this is only manner. But, as in poetry the matter often grows out of the manner, so the character is often insensibly influenced by the outward bearing; a man becomes to some extent what he wishes to appear.

For the question must needs present itself,—Is this a mere matter of fashion and good breeding. The calm and stately bearing, the polished, urbane address, the unruffled surface of a stream which seems to have no slimy depths,—are these things the mere accidents of a position, the mere outward husk and shell of a man; or are they the indices of certain qualities inherent in a certain class, and in which other classes are not equally privileged to share? Aristotle associates magnanimity with good fortune. He declares boldly that wealth and power tend to make men magnanimous. And a philosopher of a later age, the clever and witty Becky Sharpe, if we mistake not, held a similar opinion. "Ah! how good and great-minded I could be," she remarks, "if I had five thousand a year." And really there is something more in her assertion than appears upon the surface. She saw that she was living a life of petty shifts and little meannesses, cajoling one friend, flattering another, and cringing to a third; and all for the sake of a maintenance, for a few paltry pounds more or less. Give her the money, and what need would there be any longer for flattery, or meanness? Another modern philosopher, however, is of quite a different opinion from our friend Becky. Mr. Ruskin, in one of his amusing pamphlets,—which, under the name of Art, treats of all things and a few things besides, whether in heaven or earth, or in the waters under the earth,—Mr. Ruskin suggests that some benevolent gentleman shall set up shop, in order to show the world that honesty, and gravity, and truth, and piety, may be found behind a counter as well as anywhere else. But has Mr. Ruskin forgotten the old adage about contact with pitch? I will state his case and illustrate his idea. His model tradesman, let us suppose, a gentleman by birth and education, dons the apron and commences trade in—we will say the small grocery line of business in a little country town. Of course he finds that there is an opposition shop—there always is an opposition shop in little country towns—quite ready to compete with him, and to undersell him by any and every means, legitimate or otherwise. All goods must be sold at the lowest price compatible with any profit at all; and, if his rival has capital enough to carry on the game, at a lower price still. Then come the sanding of the sugar, the dusting of the pepper, the watering of the tobacco at the opposition shop; and what is our magnanimous man to do? Shall he preserve his integrity and vacate the field, or shall he throw his honesty to the dogs, and strangle his truth? It is clear that one or other of these things he must do. Do I then mean to assert that magnanimity is incompatible with trade, that greatness of soul is not to be found in the man whose daily business is weighing out sugar and selling figs? By no means.

But I am very much of Becky Sharpe's opinion, that it is much easier to be magnanimous on five thousand a year than on fifty pounds a year. Of course there are exceptional men who will show their greatness by bending their minds to mean but necessary occupations, and raising these occupations by the spirit in which they are followed. But such men as these are the salt of the earth. And I take it that such men as these are very rare. In truth, even with the highest class of minds, the accidents of their position, the men with whom they are thrown, the callings they pursue, do contribute more or less to foster or to destroy the virtue we are considering. It is hard to live with narrow-minded people and yet not to contract some stain of narrow-mindedness. It is above all a difficult thing to be engaged in the business of money-getting and still to value money at its proper worth; for the subject of our daily labours and anxieties must necessarily be apt to obtain an undue and preponderating prominence in our thoughts.

But, if poverty be inimical to magnanimity, as tending to make men exalt the temporal at the expense of the eternal, wealth and prosperity have no less their dangers. The struggling man of business, who has safely carried honour and magnanimity out of the fray, may find his Capua in respectability and a handsome income in the funds. He may become littleminded and a trifler, a hanger-on upon great people, a taster of entrées, and a connoisseur of wines, and be a little too apt to complain of the crumpled rose-leaf in his couch. And what then can restore him to himself but the sharp pinch of a great trial? If he has any regard for the virtue he has lost, I recommend him at once to draw his money out of the funds, and to invest it in the private bank of an intimate friend, if possible of a near relation, with interest at the rate of six, or even seven, per cent. paid quarterly. And then, if there does not speedily come such a crash as shall astonish him, and send him back to his mutton chop and pint of pale ale with a magnanimous independence of mind and a sovereign contempt for the world's opinion, I can only say that he will have tried my remedy in vain. For it is strange to see how even the meanest minds often rise into magnanimity under the pressure of a great and sudden trial. We will take the first instance that offers itself for an example: that poor private in the Buffs who was killed by the Chinese a year or two back for refusing to kotow at the name of their emperor. Here was an ignorant country lad, a mere clod of Suffolk or Dorsetshire clay, far from friends and home, and fresh from the unheroic discipline of pipeclay and goose-step, yet giving his life like a hero for his honour and his duty. Yesterday, a clown, his highest pleasure the grog-shop—to-day, Leonidas does not surpass him in magnanimity!

On the whole I think it will be found that a strong religious conviction is the best, perhaps the only, specific for delivering men from the petty interests, the little cares, the envies, the heart-burnings, the meannesses, which pertain to an overcrowded state of society. I believe that few religious enthusiasts will be found to have been littleminded in worldly matters. They may have been bigoted, fierce, cruel; they may have had a narrowmindedness peculiarly their own: but we must acknowledge that the zealots of religion have, on the whole, been magnanimous in dealing with the things that are Cæsar's. Indeed, the interests with which religion is concerned are so vast that all merely temporal interests are dwarfed into insignificance by the side of them. And, of all human exemplars of magnanimity, I know of none who can for a moment compare with that poor prisoner, who from his dungeon at Rome declared with unfaltering voice that he had learnt through much suffering, in whatever state of life he was, therewith to be content; that he knew how to be full and to be hungry, how to abound and to suffer want; and that he was willing, if it pleased God, to live, and yet was not afraid, yea, was even ready, if so it pleased Him, to die.

II. "OF ESSAY WRITING."

It is not to be wondered at that Essays are popular. We all like gossip. The human bow cannot always be bent, or its string would soon crack. The most thinking and aspiring philosopher cannot be always in the cloudland of high thoughts and aspirations, but must come down sometimes to the dead level of common everyday humanity, and find himself swayed more or less by the currents of hopes and fears, of anxieties and passions, by which his fellow-men are swayed. When Johnson the logician, and Thompson the great art-critic meet each other on the shady side of Pall Mall, do you think they fall to immediately at a word-battle of dialectics, or are engrossed by a critical discussion of Millais's last new picture? Not a bit of it. The probability is that the topic which interests them, and on which they have so much to say to each other, is closely connected with Johnson's dinner-hour, or Thompson's mother-in-law. In fact we all like that common chat which grows out of our common life. And it is for this reason that Essay-writing, which is only a better sort of gossip, has been always a popular form of literature; bringing, as it does, literature home to men's businesses and bosoms.

And, considering what classes of society contribute the great mass of readers at the present day, the only wonder is that the writing of Essays does not form a more manifest current in that great flood of book-making which is sweeping the modern mind on to chaos and forgetfulness. I suppose that the greater number of readers—of people to whom books are a necessity—is to be found in country-houses, amongst those who are tolerably well educated, and yet are isolated and shut off from communion with many cultivated minds. To such people books are society, books are friends. It was not in London, but at Foston-in-the-Clay, in the wilds of Yorkshire, that Sydney Smith exclaimed so devoutly, "Thank God for books!" And one would suppose that Essays afford the pabulum on which the minds of country readers will love to feed. Take the country parson for instance,—and the country parson interest is 20,000 strong; will he not find just the sort of reading he wants in Essays (I do not mean "Essays and Reviews"), when he comes home to his fireside after going the rounds of his parish? Whilst he has been about his work—I am supposing him to be a conscientious man,—his mind has been on the stretch in the endeavour to infuse into other minds, duller and less intelligent than his own, certain great truths, which have to be adapted to the individual capacity of each person with whom he has been talking. He has been striving to rouse dead consciences, and to awaken love in cold hearts. He has been occupied in that most difficult work, applying special remedies to special diseases. Wearied and jaded with his labour, with a heart pierced and stained by contact with many forms of sin, as his feet are mud-stained with the mire of the lanes through which they have passed, he comes home, to seek refreshment for mind and body. Now, what book shall he take up, when dinner is over, and the reading-lamp throws its cheerful light over drawn curtains and crowded shelves? Fiction would seem too trivial; history, perhaps, too solid. The very thing for him would be a desultory chat, grave or gay, with some intellectual and talkative friend. And such a friend does he find in the Essayist.

For the Essay furnishes one of the few instances in which easy writing is at the same time easy reading. In the first place it is in some measure fragmentary, and can be taken up and put down at odd times. Then it does not profess much. It does not set out with drawing a heavy bill on our attention, and so we are all the more ready to honour its demands. It does not address us, so to speak, *ex cathedrâ*. It assumes no judicial or magisterial functions; it rather comes to us as a cheerful, talkative friend who stops us in the street going to or coming from business, and

gives us five minutes of pleasant chat before passing on his way. And, if an educated man of common average ability throws open his mind and tells us frankly his thoughts, this very frankness conciliates and disarms the criticism of the private reader; all the more, perhaps, because such unguardedness lays the writer open to the stings of professional criticism, and is therefore becoming rarer and rarer every day. We only ask that the writer shall be natural and unaffected in saying what he has to say: not a great demand truly—and yet not an everyday virtue this. Moreover, the Essay is almost the only form of literature in which we can pardon egotism. In truth egotism is here a virtue —provided, of course, that it is the egotism of a cultivated and thoughtful mind; what would be impertinent in other writers is not felt to be so in the Essayist; what would be trifling and mean in the Historian is not held to be trifling and mean in him. For, if he would interest us, he must consider nothing too trivial to press into his service for illustration of his subject; he must give us all those little touches of manners, and feelings, and fancies, and facts which serve to give point and interest to the daily household chat of clever people. "For my part," says old Montaigne, *à propos des bottes*, "I am a great lover of your white wines." Upon which the younger Scaliger comments: "What the deuce does it matter to us whether he was a lover of white wines or red?" Why it matters thus much, that but for these little autobiographical touches revealing the *man* under the writer, Montaigne's Essays would have been what Scaliger's writings are, well-nigh unread: dust-gathering, fly-entombing tomes upon scholastic book-shelves.

But it may be expected that in treating of Essay-writing some definition of the word Essay should be given, that its boundary and pomœrium should, at any rate, be fixed. Now this is a difficult thing to do. Any kind of definition is hard and unsatisfactory, and apt to obscure what before perhaps was plain enough. Every one will remember as a case in point how the great lexicographer, who made sprats talk like whales, tried to explain the word "network" by calling it a reticulation. I would say then, that reviews of books, such as we meet with in the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*, are not Essays; nor are biographies, however condensed; nor are treatises, however unmethodical. The great charm of the Essay is that of a country footpath, which winds irregularly, and yet gets over the ground somehow; here skirting a coppice, there passing by a mill and its stream; now dipping into a hollow, and now climbing a hill; giving us the while many a picturesque bit of country life and scenery which an artist would like to frame and glaze, and hang upon his walls as a possession for ever. One might almost define the Essay, then, as a wit defined the science of metaphysics, as "l'art de s'egarer avec méthode." But then one must not altogether lose one's way. There must be a clue held in hand throughout. However the grey-hounds of thought may twist and double, they must catch their hare at last. But one especial virtue the Essay should, at any rate, have—it must be short. I look upon the average run of Essays of the present day as altogether too long. The Essay proper ought not to exceed those which we meet with in the *Spectator*, or in any of the fifty or sixty volumes which crowd old book-shelves under the title of "British Essayists." And, lastly, the Essay has no business to be political. My friend, we have newspapers enough; we have enough demand upon our thoughts for the day that is passing, with its wars and rumours of war, its successes or failures, its conflicts political, literary, religious. In these too we must take our part as becomes us,—often perhaps upon opposite sides, working in the valleys of labour under the hot sun all day. But in the evening let us come forth and mount the hill together, having washed from our souls the taints and bitternesses of the fray, that we may meet the fresh breeze of heaven, and see the sunset still lingering in the sky.

DEAD MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

AN EDINBURGH BROTHERHOOD—AGOSTINO RUFFINI.

My first acquaintanceships in Edinburgh, formed chiefly in and about the University, led to others and others of a more general kind, until, continuing to reside in that city after my direct connexion with the University had ceased, I settled into the more familiar society of a pretty definite group of very dear friends. For, though Edinburgh is of such a size that everybody in it may after a fashion know everybody else, yet even there affinities are at work, overruling opportunities, and bringing some into closer relations with each other than any which they can hold with the general body. And so, while there was not one member of the fraternity of which I speak that had not a range of acquaintances of his own in the general society of the place, this did not prevent, among the members collectively, a certain feeling as if they belonged peculiarly to each other. There was no external recognition of the fraternity, no approach to a club-organization. We simply liked to be together when we could, and, by various ways and means, *were* a good deal together. Now it would be the late evening chat and smoke of one or two of us—a kind of cabinet council for the rest—in the rooms of one in particular; now it would be a short afternoon stroll of one or two, or three or four, of us; at intervals it would be a dinner or supper, volunteered by one who had household facilities for such hospitality; and the largest development which the thing took was, once or twice in the year, a hotel-dinner at Granton, a fish-dinner at Newhaven, or a joint excursion for a day to the Pentlands, ending not unconvivially in some inn near Hunters' Tryst. Once, at one of these larger gatherings, we did propose to call ourselves a club; but, though we even thought of a name, the proposal came to nothing, as too precise and mechanical for our limited number and our subtle requirements. In vain, then, will the annals of modern Athens be searched for any documentary trace of what was, nevertheless, for some years prior to 1848, a very real, and not unimportant, fellowship of souls within its bounds. There still remain there, indeed, one or two who were of us, and who perchance, looking round among the new associates that time and change have given them, may sometimes revert in memory to the older ones that are gone, and even assert of them, "*fuere fortes*," when they speak of them to their successors—

"They do not listen to my present singing,
  The souls to whom I sang my maiden song;
Dispersed the friendly few once round me
    clinging;
  Silent, alas! the echoes heard so long;
My sorrows to the ears of strangers bringing,
  I feel their very praise a kind of wrong,
Since those who once delighted in my ditties
Are dead, or scattered through the wide world's
    cities."

What was thus felt in Weimar, by the poet who saw himself surviving so many of his former friends, the same, with the due alteration in the mode of expressing it, must one or two men in the city of which I am now thinking feel on looking round them, and comparing the present with the past. Though their "singing" may be of no public kind at all, but only the private utterance in unrestrained hours of whatever comes into their minds, for them also, whatever may be the compensation of new intimacies, there must be moments when they have a regretful pleasure in

surrounding themselves again in fancy with the faces of the earlier group. "Dead or scattered"—how true of that particular fraternity of which I speak! Methinks I hear one of its Edinburgh survivors reckoning up, for the information of the new-comers about him, the losses in both lists. So-and-so, and so-and-so, and yet such another, he would reckon among the scattered—telling of them as still in the land of the living, but almost lost sight of by dispersion. Then, in the more sacred category of the dead, are there not at least two whom he would mention in chief? Certainly, if the tradition of that one of the two whom I am to speak of in this paper has faded from the memory of Edinburgh, and is not there still fresh and bright, intellects are less discerning, and hearts are colder, than they used to be round Arthur Seat.

AGOSTINO RUFFINI.

He was, I may say, the centre of the group. Its constituting principle, I may say, was our common affection for Ruffini. Whatever we were individually, or in other relations, we might, as a fraternity, have been called the Ruffinians. Whoever in Edinburgh knew Ruffini with the due degree of intimacy was actually or potentially one of us. "Or potentially" I say, for it has happened that persons who never chanced to meet each other within the bounds of any of those little gatherings which I have called more especially those of the fraternity, have afterwards, on coming together, at once felt themselves old friends, on the simple ground of their having both been friends of Ruffini. All the more strange was this because Ruffini sought no such influence, and was quite unconscious of the magnetism that made him such a bond of union. In truth, when I think of it now, I suspect that our attractedness towards him must have sometimes been a trouble to him, and that, on many an evening when we gave him our company or compelled him to be one of us, he would rather have been smoking his pipe by himself, reading his Dante, or, with his dark eyes fixed on the coals, pursuing the track of his own ruminations.

And who was this Ruffini? Writing now, I may make him at once less unknown to many by saying that he was a younger brother of the Giovanni Ruffini whose "Lorenzo Benoni," "Doctor Antonio," "Lavinia," and other stories, have within the last few years shown us how beautifully an Italian, though not residing among us, may write English, and have made it a pleasure to count him among our living English authors. Even before there was this means of introducing my friend, it might have been enough, so far as a few were concerned, to say that he was one of that family of the Ruffinis of Genoa whose sufferings in the old days of Piedmontese despotism are matter of historical record. In Louis Blanc's "History of Ten Years" may be read a reference in particular to the tragical death of one of the brothers, the young Jacopo Ruffini, after the discovery of the design of a general Italian insurrection organized in 1833 by the "Young Italy" party, and which was to have its beginning in Piedmont. But let me speak of Agostino Ruffini apart from such associations, and simply as he would have been recognised casually in Edinburgh in those days, before the apocalyptic '48, when insurrections and Italy were by no means such respectable things to the British imagination as they have become since. Well, to the casual view of Edinburgh in those days, he was a teacher of Italian. It was but a small effort of reasoning, however, to conclude, on seeing him, that such a man as he had not become a teacher of Italian in Edinburgh on the mere principle of voluntary tendency to the position of perfect felicity. To any one, therefore, who cared to inquire, it was not difficult to ascertain that he was a Genoese who had been driven into exile at an early age in consequence of some political turmoil in 1833 (no one pretended then to exact information about such events), and who, after leading the life of a refugee in Switzerland, Paris, and London, had come to Edinburgh in 1840 to

settle there at the age of about thirty. He had brought some introductions with him, and with such effect that, after living for a while in lodgings, he had pupils enough for his purpose, and found it convenient to become tenant of the upper part of a house in George Street, paying rent and taxes like an ordinary citizen. This house in George Street was his domicile during the whole time of his stay in Edinburgh after my acquaintance with him began. It was there that we used to drop in upon him in the evenings; it was thence that we lured him to join us elsewhere on any occasion we could devise; it was in virtue of the tendency of the footsteps and the thoughts of so many different persons thither that there was formed in Edinburgh what I have called the Ruffinian fraternity. Whenever I am in Edinburgh now, it is with a strange feeling of melancholy that I pass the house, and look up at what were Ruffini's windows.

Ruffini was a man of middle height, of spare figure, slightly bent forward at the shoulders by sedentary habits, of the normal dark Italian complexion, and with features also Italian but far from regular or handsome, — the nose in particular blunted somewhat Socratically, but the brow full, and the eyes of a deep soft black. The general expression was grave, reserved, and gentle, with a possibility of sternness. Our northern climate and east winds told cruelly at times on his health and spirits; he was seldom long free from rheumatism or neuralgia, and was abnormally sensitive to malevolent approaching changes of weather. In all his personal habits he was scrupulously fastidious, conforming in every possible respect to English custom. Whether in his old dressing-gown, seated in the arm-chair in the plain attic room to which he confined his smoking, or as he walked out with his cane, or as he was to be seen in a drawing-room with other guests, his bearing was that of a quiet and perfectly-bred gentleman, who might have been mistaken for an Englishman, but for his Italian face and accent, and a certain ease of courtesy which was also Italian. So unwilling was he to take the benefit of any allowance for his being a foreigner, in favour of any points of demeanour differing from the standard of those among whom he was living, that he had tried to cure himself of the habit of gesticulation when he spoke. He had done this in a very characteristic way, by writing on the margins of the books he most frequently took up the words, "Ruffini, don't gesticulate." He had succeeded in a great measure, but not quite. He retained some little movements with his shoulders and a peculiar emphatic lifting of his forefinger to his cheek, which gave great point to what he said, and which we would not willingly have parted with. Another spiteful thing he was driven to do to himself on the same principle. He wrote a most beautiful hand,—one of those very small, upright, print-like hands, with picturesquely-formed square letters, which seem to have been taught in the schools in some parts of Italy. He had heard so much said of this hand, had been praised for it so much, and questioned about it so much, that at length the thing became a horror to him, and he deliberately changed it for the worse,—keeping the same square character in the writing, but making it more open and clumsy, so as effectually to stop farther flattery on that score. In such-like little traits of self-castigation and self-adjustment a higher reason, I believe, was involved than he avowed, or than such detached telling of them would suggest. It was not, most certainly it was not, that he wanted to doff or disguise the Italian. On the contrary, it was because of the very strength of his Italian self-respect. It was because of a regard for his country so deep and proud that it recoiled from the notion that his nationality should be identified with accidents, mannerisms, and trifles, and would take steps to rest the Italian claim only on its essentials.

He was, indeed, an Italian to the very soul. In the fact of his being an Italian, and so high and just a specimen of the race, lay the first and most general source of his impressiveness among us. He was sent among us by Providence,

I may say, to interest us in Italy, and to show us, in anticipation of the time when the knowledge might be of use to us, what manner of man a real Italian might be. Those were not the days of travel; and to most of us Italy was but a blurred continuation of the Italy of our classical readings. We thought of it as the long bootlike peninsula, still stretching into the Mediterranean and kicking Sicily as of yore—with the Alps still shutting it off on the north, and the Apennines still running as a seam down its middle; with vines, and olives, and what not, still growing on it, and a soft blue sky still overhanging it; nay, as we could not but also know, with a great quantity of rich mediæval and modern history engraven upon it over the traces of its earlier imperial history, and making it, almost alone of lands, a veritable and splendid palimpsest. But of the second writing we knew less than of the first—little more, indeed, than that it contained records of a Florence, and other cities and states, that had been wondrously prolific in men of genius, and, strangely interwrought with these, the central story of the Papacy. Of the existing political system of Italy we could have given but a meagre account. That it was morselled out into different states and governments—that it had been so morselled out for ages, and that not even the remodelling of Europe by Napoleon, himself an Italian, had united the fragments—as much as this, perhaps, some of us knew. But, had we been called upon, without warning, to enumerate the Italian states, we should have passed a pitiful examination. Not that this ignorance precluded our knowing that, whatever the subdivisions, they were all under despotisms, native or Austrian—Austria really having the whole in her grasp. We had heard of insurrections in Italy; we regarded insurrections and conspiracies as phenomena belonging no less to Italy than to Poland; and, on the whole, if only through our Protestant prepossessions, and our proper British liking for patriotism and love of liberty anywhere, it would have been with the Italians and not with the Austrians, with the insurgents and not with the established governments, that we should have been prepared to sympathize in the case of any important new outbreak. But, after all, Italy was a great way off—its woes hardly within acting-distance of our minds. We had other things to think of. What was Italy to us, or what were we to Italy?

Well, it was as an uncommissioned and almost unconscious representative of this distant and dimly-conceived Italy that Ruffini appeared among us. An exile, since his youth, from his native Genoa, he had been led by a series of accidents into our North-British latitudes, and had settled in Edinburgh—not the first of his countrymen, by any means, that had done so, but the first, perhaps, in circumstances likely to make him the object of some amount of thoughtful attention. Considering how and where he was met with, we began acquaintance with him with inquisitiveness more awake than it usually is on first encounters with a new person. Something was at stake in this, as far as Italy's future place in our thoughts was concerned. Where such greater preliminary curiosity than usual is excited, the result is apt to be a break-down. People are often so undiscerning, so merely good-natured and so little critical and exact in their expressions in a stranger's favour, that actual observation of the stranger, for even a little while, produces reaction and disappointment. In particular, the experience of political refugees as a class has been, in many quarters, disillusionizing. It might, accordingly, very easily have happened that the Italian stranger in Edinburgh was but an average refugee—in which case that would not have followed which did so remarkably follow in Ruffini's case. But we were exceptionally fortunate in *our* Italian. No average refugee was he, but one of Italy's best, finest, and gentlest—a man to be known on and on, ever more subtly and intimately, and yet never to be exhausted or known enough; to be found wise, true, honourable and good by even the most delicate

tests that could be applied. Little wonder that Italy benefited at our hands from this happy chance that had sent him among us as her representative. We transferred our feeling for him to his country. We took a new interest in Italian matters for his sake. We estimated the worth that there might still be in Italy by reference to him as a specimen of the kind of men she could produce; and our very measure of the inherent detestability of the existing political system in Italy was that it had ejected such a man and could not retain him as a citizen.

All this, however, was brought about quietly and without intention on his part. He appeared nowhere in Edinburgh in the character of a political refugee, nor did he ventilate any set of political opinions. He had ceased, I believe, to take any concern, even by correspondence, in the maintenance, in any practical form, of his country's question. He had accepted his own lot mournfully but philosophically; and his stay in Britain, and acquaintance with our manners and institutions, had imparted a shade of what might be called conservatism to the sum-total of his views on political subjects. To his neighbour-citizens he was simply a teacher of Italian; in society he was simply a cultivated, agreeable, but rather reserved Italian gentleman. It was among his private friends only—and, even among them, not in any formal way, but casually and from time to time—that he was led to talk freely and specifically of Italian matters, and of himself in connexion with them. Little by little, from an anecdote here, a sigh of suppressed reminiscence there, and sometimes a flash of fervid opinion elicited from him unexpectedly, we were able to piece together the story of his life, and to understand how he still felt in the matter of his country's state and prospects, while at the same time our knowledge of Italy became wonderfully more living and definite in consequence of these colloquies. We came to a more distinct cognisance of the general condition of the peninsula, and of the relative degrees of liberty to think, speak, and live, accorded by its different governments—Tuscany then being the easiest and most kindly-natured, and Piedmont (who would now believe it?) about the most sombre and repressive. While we had authentic details which enabled us to conceive, better than all abstract assertions in books, the malignant effects of the secular and priestly tyranny throughout Italy, and the irrepressible loathing with which it could not but be regarded by all Italians whom it had not stupefied, and especially by the Italian youth, it was the working of the system in Piedmont that was most especially brought home to us. We had glimpses of Genoa, of incidents in Ruffini's own boyhood and youth there, of the Ruffini household, while father, mother, and a goodly number of brothers were as yet all together, and it was the daily anxiety of the father that, if possible, he should see all the sons without exception gathered at the family supper-table. Of the crashing blow which fell on the family with the fatal "Young Italy" movement of 1833, and of the particular sequence which had involved himself along with his elder brothers, Ruffini never, or all but never, could be induced to speak. I remember, but without being able to date or to localize the incident, an anecdote which he told more for the sake of the oddity of the speech it contained than for any other reason. A bridge was to be taken somewhere. It was to be done by a band of insurgents, mostly young men, who knew little of the way in which to set about such a business, but who were led by an officer who had served under Napoleon. It was early in the morning, and they had had a glass or two of wine, but no breakfast, when their commander, after some preliminary explanations, thus addressed them: "As you are marching toward the bridge, they will fire at you. Never mind; you march on. They will fire again. You are not hit; you still march on. They will again fire, and you are wounded. Never mind; you march on. Again they will fire, and you are killed this time. Never

mind; march on still." On from the date of this incident, whenever it was, we were able more or less distinctly to follow Ruffini through the different stages of his exile—first in Switzerland and in Paris with the elder brother who was his companion; then, when Louis-Philippe's government had become temporarily ungracious to the Italian emigration, in London with the same brother; and so, finally, here among ourselves in Edinburgh as we knew him. His brother, of whom he often spoke, and who was now the sole surviving one, was meanwhile back in Paris; and the thoughts of both, we understood, reverted much to their widowed mother, still residing in Genoa, and able to communicate with her sons by indirect ways, but uncertain whether she should ever again behold them in life. We heard of some family-property near Genoa, as to the fate and management of which, and especially as to the annual report of the state of the olive-crop, there was good reason for anxiety. Owing to early associations, I suppose, these olive-grounds had retained a peculiarly strong hold of Ruffini's memory. Not only did the pale mist of olive-plantations always recur with peculiar fascination among his recollections of Italian scenery; he would dilate to us with mock-gravity on the super-excellency of those olives of his affections over all other olives known or conceivable. Ah! those were olives; and the oil—O such beautiful oil! If only it could be introduced into this country, what a blessed thing it would be! It would be cheap—yes, he would undertake that it should be cheap, and yet the money he would make by it! But it was not usually put into those oval Florence-flasks, and the oil-men here, he was afraid, were wedded to the oval Florence-flasks. Then, besides, supposing he got over a quantity, and it was in Florence-flasks, was he to go through the streets with a Florence-flask of oil in his pocket, and look up at all the signs, and, when he saw the shop of a man who sold oil, go in, and take out the flask from his pocket, and say to the man, "Sir, will you be so good as to taste that? I have plenty more, and I will sell you some cheap"? On the whole, he was afraid the thing could not be done, and those olives would never have justice done them till Italy was free! Reaching which phrase —"till Italy is free"—either through such banter, or through talk in a graver tone, he would, if questioned, be frank enough in expressing his thoughts on the theme so suggested.

In the main he had given up hope. A deep despondency, natural to his temperament, had settled upon him in all his solitary ruminations as to the future of his country. There was even a speculative doubt which, he confessed once or twice, haunted him on this question —a doubt whether there were not evidences of a historical kind that the Italian race had run its course of independent vitality to the end, and already used up all the elements of strength accessible within itself. One evidence of this kind which he specially cited was that which seemed to be furnished by the Italian tongue itself, which he loved so much and knew so well. Musical and beautiful as it was, was not the perfect and long-attained finish of its organization as compared with that of the Teutonic and the mixed tongues—its definite system of forms and terminations, its comparative leisureliness of vocalization, its comparative inability to absorb new words or make new linguistic combinations—a proof that the race who spoke it had passed its stages of growth and arrived at the sere and decadent? The resources that there were in the various popular dialects of Italy for a replenishing and reinvigorating of the classical Tuscan, were, of course, not unknown to him, nor, for that matter, the wealth of miscellaneous elements in Italian society that might be brought into the ferment of a new life, if ever certain restricting bonds could be removed. Still, as the very existence of these bonds was part and parcel of the nation, and not to be separated, as he thought, from its own blame or fatality, these doubts would morbidly recur to

him, and became a kind of theoretical nutriment to his natural melancholy. Not that ever once his own duty, or that of all the Italians, was in the least doubtful to him, if God, man, or demon should send the opportunity. It was fine to see how, in the midst of his despondency, he would sometimes fire up in telling us any little story of recent Italian patriotism or valour. That his countrymen had fought, could fight, and would fight, was a fact which he had a pleasure in impressing upon us by instances, as if it was valuable to him for its own sake. Once, I remember, he spoke with particular satisfaction, purely on this ground, of the deeds of a certain Italian legion in South America led by a heroic refugee. Garibaldi was the name; but it faded from my recollection, till it was recovered in due time, and I found that my acquaintance with the name was of earlier date than that of most people about me. If Ruffini doubted, as I believe he did doubt, whether ever in his time the fighting-power of his countrymen would have a chance of trying itself on a sufficient scale for its own proper work, yet what should be done, if ever the chance did occur, was clear to him as the dome of heaven. "We must fight, fight, fight. If one whole generation of us should have to be swept away in the process, and Italy can then be free, it will be a good bargain; but take even that hope away, and it is still only by our deaths for what is hopeless, by the deaths of a great many of us, that we Italians can do the best that it is left for us to do." Such was Ruffini's formula, and very nearly in these words. As to the mode of an Italian war of independence—whether by popular insurrection, or by a military prince taking the lead and founding a dynasty—I do not think he cared much. He was singularly tolerant of all the varieties of speculative Italian patriotism, republican, monarchical, or theocratic. Perhaps the extreme distance of the result in his imagination had kept him from definite ideas, one way or another, as to the most probable means. One thing, however, I noted; and it is even plainer to me now than it was or could have been then. Indeterminate as were Ruffini's views as to the mode and the desirable political shaping of an Italian revolution, should it ever be possible, the idea of the unity of Italy, I could see, and I can now see more distinctly, underlay in his mind the idea of her liberty and independence. The two ideas were not to be dissociated. Italy could not be thought of as free and independent except by being thought of as formed into one nation. It was not so much that this identity of the two notions was articulately expressed. In those days the alternatives of a federal organization for Italy or the formation of the whole peninsula into a single European state had not been so distinctly presented to the British mind as that we should discuss them. But in all his phraseology it might have been found that the notion of Italy's freedom involved her unity as a pre-supposition. Events have since then given this fact, hardly more than half observed at the time, a considerable significance for me. Is there any one who does not remember how, among ourselves, only a few years ago, and even after the Italian revolution was in progress, the idea of Italian unity was everywhere, even among our liberals, pronounced a dream, a phantasy, a chimera? Could we have access now to the files of some of our newspapers which at the present day are most edifying on this very subject of Italian unity, and assume it as a postulate of European politics, and attack those who are not sufficiently possessed with it as not masters of the situation, how we could confront those journals with previous leading articles from their own columns ridiculing Italian unity, dissuading all sensible people from countenancing it, and denouncing it as the nostrum of some dangerous fanatics? It is perhaps the most striking public exemplification that has occurred within my experience of the great truth that there is a Tuesday in every week as well as a Saturday. For, all the while that the idea of Italian unity was voted

to be foolishness, History had adopted it and was secretly driving facts into that one channel. Say what we will of Mazzini, it was he more than any man that had, in this respect at least, correctly interpreted from the first the universal Italian intuition. It seems to me now that I never met any Italian in whose dream of Italian liberty there was not included, though he might not know it himself, the assumption of Italy's political unity from end to end, with Rome for the proper capital.

Enough, however, of Ruffini as personifying to us Italy considered politically. Though necessarily this was an important and interesting aspect of him to us, for whom Italy till then had been distant and vague, it was by no means in this character only that we found him an acquisition to Edinburgh, the loss of which would leave a painful blank. He considered himself naturalized among us; and, apart from politics altogether, he brought to us a little treasure of acquired information and experience, which was all the more precious to us that a good deal of it was exotic.

> " What I love best in all the world
> Is a castle, precipice-encurled,
> In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine."

So says an imaginary speaker in one of Browning's lyrics. Well, suppose an ingenuous North-Briton that has some such love, or an occasional moment of it, living in the metropolis of his own less classic land, and with no hope of ever seeing the object of his love with his bodily eyes. There is a castle close by in the town, to be sure, which, if not precipice-encurled, is mounted on a precipice; and there are gashes in the town, wind-grieved enough at times, especially when the wind is from the east. Nevertheless, there is a vacuum in the heart. Oh for that inaccessible valley in the Apennines! Well, as he cannot go to it, would it not be the next best thing if some one who knew the valley, some native of its neighbourhood, were to arrive by chance within his reach, and bring him authentic descriptions of it? Something of this kind it was that Ruffini did for us in respect to the culture and literature of Italy. In his upper room in George Street what talks we had, which queries about this and that on our part converted into the daintiest and kindliest bits of instruction on his! I omit our occasional touches in common upon Latin writers. Here we had not so much to receive that was positively new. But in the history of Italian literature, whenever we chose to consult him, he was our ready Tiraboschi. He irradiated for us many a matter respecting which our preconceptions were hazy, and our direct book-information deficient. He it was who first made the great planet, Dante, swim properly into the ken of some of us. Macchiavelli was a favourite of his, and I have taken it on trust from him to this day that in that deep Italian brain, diabolic as it made itself appear popularly, there was an intrinsic soul of good. From him I first heard of Vico, and received such an inkling of the nature of the *Scienza Nuova* of that Neapolitan thinker as made me unsatisfied till I knew more of it. Among later Italian writers I remember with what peculiar interest he spoke of Leopardi, and how he excited my curiosity by a sketch of the strangely-sad life of that poet, and by showing me a volume of his poems to which was prefixed a portrait taken from his corpse, representing the dead head lying on a pillow, with its weary, wasted look, and the eyes closed.

While we thus stood to Ruffini chiefly in the relation of listeners and recipients so far as Italian literature was concerned, and while, to a less extent, it was the same with respect to recent French literature (for his stay in Paris had made him familiar with much of the French literature of Louis-Philippe's reign of which only rumours had reached us, and he brought us interesting news, I remember, of Balzac, Alfred de Vigny, Saint-Simon and the Saint-Simonians, Pierre Leroux, and others), we had even more frequent enjoyment in meeting him on a footing of equality on common ground, and comparing conclusions and impressions with him on

topics of English literature, or of current intellectual interest. Few Italians had so thoroughly mastered our idiom, or were so much at home among our great writers or the more select publications of the passing season. Here also the zest of his conversation arose perhaps in part from his being an Italian—from his importing into our colloquies a mode of thought which, though it must in the main have belonged to him individually, was in part to be attributed to his Italian nature. He was not expansive, or particularly fluent, as a talker, but, on the contrary, terse and ready to be silent; and, unless you were *tête-à-tête* with him, it was not the impetuosity of anything he said that struck you, but a certain character of wise and simple sententiousness, with frequently a turn of very fine humour. In no man's conversation that I have known did the movement of mind which intimate talk with one or two others excites end more usually in one of those deep little pools, mysteriously still, at the bottom of which, as the cause of the depth and the stillness, there is some compact and often-cogitated maxim of experimental wisdom. And the habit of mind which appeared in this characteristic was evident also in the nature of his tastes and preferences when the conversation ran on the books which we knew in common. Through it he fastened on much that we should have neglected or passed by but for the certificate given to it by his liking and recommendation. Thus, while his admiration of Shakespeare was as free and transcendent as that of any Englishman, it would happen again and again that the phrases or the passages which he had brought away in his memory from his last solitary readings in Shakespeare, or which he had noted with a view to consult us as to some difficulty in the interpretation, were not such phrases and passages as were familiar to the public mouth, or likely ever to be so, but those in which he had detected some little profundity of philosophy, heretofore unnoticed, but the value of which could not be doubtful after his commentary. And, as he thus sometimes probed for us into the less-known parts of Shakespeare, so sometimes, among the publications of the day, a book would come into his way, his peculiar regard for which would at once accredit it to us, and predispose us to read it with proper expectation. One such book was an English translation of Ulrici's German work on Shakespeare. It had little or no popular success at the time, was pronounced dull and heavy by such of our critics as noticed it, and is now forgotten, or hardly to be met with. But Ruffini found in it a book after his own heart—indubitably the deepest and truest exposition, as he thought, of Shakespeare's dramatic method, and also the best collection of brief commentaries on the several plays. Another publication in which, at the time of its appearance, Ruffini was unusually interested, was "Blanco White's Autobiography." It was with such books as these, selected by his peculiar taste out of the current of each year's publications, that he varied his readings in the few established favourites that were nearest at hand on his shelf. To this place of honour he promoted, during one whole winter, a volume of Kant, to be taken up every now and then for regular study until he should have thoroughly digested it. Not only while he was thus engaged, but at other times, he was ready enough to enter on those discussions of extreme metaphysical or religious perplexity to which the talk of intimate friends, if they are serious with each other at all, ought surely to lead. At such times, it need hardly be said, speculations would be exchanged, and expressions of conviction and of sentiment would fall from his lips, not of a nature to be divulged at random all round at mid-day from an Edinburgh house-top. It was in an upper room that we sat, well roofed in by ourselves for our fireside chat late into the winter's night; and, only on stepping to the window and drawing aside the blind, could we see the slopes of the city around and underneath, descending as a vast embankment or valley of darkness towards the north, with hundreds

of lights irregularly twinkling in the gloom.

At the heart, however, of all our multiform liking for Ruffini on such various grounds as have yet been mentioned, and not only at the heart of all, but interfused through all as a warmer and subtler element of affection, was our experience of his singular efficiency in the character of a friend and counsellor in matters of personal concern. It was strange to see how, in a Scottish city, so many persons, the circumstances of whose lives were different enough from anything native to Italy, were drawn to this Italian, this alien, and found in him, far more than in each other, a confidant to whom they could entrust what was of deepest and most private interest to them. What was it in him that fitted him so rarely for this delicate function? I am not sure but that here also part of his qualification lay in what might at first sight have appeared a *dis*qualification — his Italianism. Are not natives of the southern lands, and particularly Italians, distinguished from ourselves by the greater amount of immediate feeling and of immediate intellectual invention which they expend upon the incidents of common life, upon the little problems which arise in one's daily relations with society, or with individuals of either sex? Is not this what we mean when we speak of their sensitiveness, of the poignancy with which they feel things, of their sudden flushes of passion and of resentment of slights or wrongs? With us, of the northern races, comparative *insouciance* is the habit, unless on those extreme occasions when the limits of endurance are reached, and one all-confusing rage fills the mind and breaks down its partitions. Even in sentimental matters we drift along in great leagues and breadths of reverie; we do not, in this region, entertain and manœuvre individual incidents as they occur with half the excitability, or with half the expertness, of the Italian. Hence, the most practical of nations as the English are in the kinds of affairs usually included in the term "business," there are other veins of affairs—and those constituting for many frequently, and for all occasionally, more truly the essence of life than the "business" that embeds them — in which the practicality of the English is numb and clownish as compared with that of which the Italian is often a master. Applying this observation, whatever it may be worth, to our present purpose, one may say that, wherever among ourselves an Italian may be found who unites superior ability with a character intrinsically high and honourable, the chances are that there will have been developed in him, by the series of his past experiences, such an instinctive intelligence of affairs and possible situations, such a subtlety of penetration, such a facility of inferring the whole of a case from a part, such a tact and exactness of sympathy, as will make him invaluable to those about him in the best offices of a casuist and confessor. Whether there may not be a hint here at the *rationale* of the success in English society of Italian father-confessors of a very different sort, Heaven knows, from that to which our Ruffini belonged, I will not stop to inquire. But, if I were to think of the good ideal of a father-confessor—not as a wily professional, not as having any drift of his own, not as seeking the office, but as having it thrust upon him, a good deal to his own discomfort, by a little circle of friends who had discovered his wisdom and worth in the office—then it would be of Ruffini that I should think. I can see him yet, sitting as it were in the middle of us, receiving our visits independently one after another; each having something now and then to consult him about—both those who were settled in life, and his seniors or equals in age, and whose references to him would be about matters of a maturer family-kind, and those younger ones among us to whom a man of between thirty and forty might more naturally be a Mentor. What penetration he had; how he understood a case half-told; how gravely he would nod in silence for a time as he listened; and then how distinct the

farther questioning, and how exact the judgment! And no feigning or flattery! He would wound, if necessary; he would use the scalpel; he would blame; there were times when he was purposely harsh—when, falling back on a little dissertation on some course of conduct, or way of thinking, the prevalence of which among men in general he had always marked for reprobation as weak or evil, he would give his patient to understand that he detected too much of that in the present instance. But, at other times, what tenderness in his treatment, what thoughtfulness in his sympathy, what anxiety to see the matter brought to a right issue, and, if it was possible for him, what willingness to take personal trouble to that end, and to interpose by letter or personally! In this way I suppose he was made the depositary of the confidences of many more people than could have been related to each other in any other way than through such common indebtedness to him. Each was sure of him, and that what was entrusted to Ruffini was safe under more than sacerdotal seal. Of course, in that little fraternity of which I have spoken as more particularly recognising each other as Ruffinians, there was so much of common acquaintance with each other's affairs that, when *they* met with Ruffini among them, the limits of secrecy were narrowed to those matters appertaining to each which they had severally chosen to confide to Ruffini only, and there was plenty of scope for free colloquy, still of a confidential kind, among all alike. We could banter each other in an esoteric way about this or that; we could criticise our neighbours, or absentees of our own set; we could relapse into that *deshabille* and *abandon* of ideas, humours, and whimsies, which make gatherings of friends delightful, and in which it is wonderful to see what resources for chat and genuine fellowship there are away from the inventoried topics of politics and books. There was that in Ruffini which made him competent to a host's place even in these little revels of friendly sense and nonsense intermixed; and I can remember how gracefully he regulated them, and how, without speaking much himself, he would always keep up with what was going, and, by an anecdote, a pithy comment, a momentary phantasy of humour, impart to the whole a flavour which was characteristic of his presence.

There is no family, or fraternity of friends, as every one knows, that has not its own little stock of phrases, proverbs, catch-words, images, and bits of rhyme, invented within itself, and invested with associations which make them keen and full of meaning within the circle of the initiated, though out of that circle they might seem meaningless or common. Our Ruffinian fraternity in Edinburgh was no exception; and, of the phrases which went to and fro among us, there were not a few of which Ruffini was the real or putative father:—— It happened, for example, that one of us—a friend of Ruffini who may perhaps read this, and to whom it is not the sole debt of gratitude I owe that through him I first came to know Ruffini—it happened that this friend had come into possession of an oriental ring, having an inscription on it, cut on an emerald, in characters which no one at hand could decipher. The German theologian, Tholuck, having come to Edinburgh on a visit, the ring was shown to him; whereupon it became known that the inscription was in Syriac, and might be interpreted, "*This too will pass.*" Here was a flash from the East for Ruffini. He appropriated the saying; we voted it to be his; and again and again it would come from him, in this or in that fresh application, as an ultimate word of his philosophy. "This is your agony now, this your annoyance;" so we may expand what the Syriac sage meant: "grievous it is, and it cannot but occupy you; but you have had agonies and annoyances before this one, and where are they now? Well, Time has not ceased to flow, and *this too will pass!*" Very Syriac comfort this, perhaps, but it suited Ruffini; nor, after his first appropriation of the aphorism, did it ever need to be expanded. The

four words, "*This too will pass*," were sufficient in themselves.——Another saying, which came to be proverbial among us, but which will not, I fear, become current in the world in the profound sense we gave to it, originated in one of our excursions to the Pentlands. One of us, who had taken his rod and fishing-tackle with him, persisted in fishing a pond in the hollow among the moors, while the rest strolled about hither and thither. Still, as we came back at intervals to the edge of the pond, there was our friend fishing assiduously, but with not a fish to show for his trouble. He was a most determined fisher, one of the most skilful fishers in Scotland; and he would, I believe, have been fishing there to this very hour, but for a simple question put by Ruffini on perhaps our thirteenth visit to the water's edge, when the afternoon light was beginning to gather over the brown moors, and still there was no fish in the basket or on the bank. To most of us our friend's non-success was of no very deep concern; and we had amusement and revenge enough by furtively abstracting his brandy-flask from his basket, and setting it up on the bank (not till it was empty) to be aimed at with stones, till an exact hit or two smashed the glass into shivers within the wicker-work. But Ruffini had laid the entire matter to heart, and was meditating. "How is it?" he at last said aloud after regarding the fisher for a while with unwearied benevolence,—"how is it that no fish are caught by Frank? Is it that there *are* no fish?" It had occurred to him that our friend might have been for some hours the victim of a hallucination, and that the pond might be destitute of what he was soliciting from it so painfully. Laughed over at the time as a simplicity, the question was moralized by us afterwards into applications quite away from ponds among the Pentlands. Whenever we heard of any kind of labour that had been meritorious but fruitless, our question was stereotyped, "Is it because there *are* no fish?"——Yet another of these silly-sweet reminiscences. We were teasing Ruffini one evening in his own rooms on the subject of his bachelorship; and, after various forms of the nonsense, we tried him with a variety of one of Boswell's questions to Johnson. We supposed that a baby were brought to him, and that, by inexorable conditions, he was bound to take charge of it himself, and always to have it under his own eye in the room where we were sitting. "What would you do with it, Ruffini?" we asked. "O, I would put it in the coal-scuttle there, poor thing, and give it a pipe." Necessarily, Ruffini's imp-baby in the coal-scuttle was always after that a visionary presence in our colloquies; and to this day I cannot see a coal-scuttle of a particular shape without thinking how conveniently it would hold a baby that had learnt to smoke.——As visionary as the baby in the coal-scuttle was a certain great book which Ruffini would speak of with mock-mystery as containing everything conceivable among its contents, elaborated into the most perfect possible form, and which he used to call "My novel," or more fully, "My novel, which I am going to write." It was always spoken of, with utter confusion of tenses, as an achieved reality which had yet to come into existence. Were some person of eccentric character talked of, "Yes, he is a very strange character," Ruffini would say, "and I have put him in my novel which I am going to write." Did some discussion arise which it was desirable to stop, "Ah! you should see," would be Ruffini's way of stopping it, "how wonderfully that is all settled in my novel—my novel which I am going to write." And so on in other cases, till this *opus magnum* which existed somewhere, if its author could but get at it, became our ideal repository of all the historical knowledge, all the philosophy, all the ethics, and all the poetry yet attainable in the world. In so jesting with himself there was, moreover, I doubt not, a kind of covert sarcasm upon the exaggerated estimate set by most people upon bookmakers and book-making, and upon any early dreams he may himself have had in that direction. Not in that form was Ruf-

fini to leave any monument of himself of which bibliographers could take cognisance. A little Italian tale which he had written hastily while in London, and had got a friend to publish in Italy with a view to its producing a small sum that would then have been acceptable, had been suppressed by the police on the chance-discovery of the authorship. He amused himself now and then in Edinburgh with an Italian song or sonnet; and there may be copies of some of those fine Ruffinian sonnets among his friends, and of one or two of the exquisite songs, without his name, on stray music-sheets. Once, to oblige a friend, he wrote a paper in English, which was printed with other papers in a volume. But there was something hard and laborious in his written English, as compared with his graceful use of our language in speech, and I do not think he would ever have attained, in this fashion, the simple and easy excellence of his brother Giovanni.

With many lonely hours, notwithstanding the frequency about him of so many attached friends, and with thoughts revolving in his mind in those hours which none of these friends could altogether penetrate or share, Ruffini had reconciled himself, as I have said, to the prospect of a residence in Edinburgh for the rest of his days. His lot, as an exile, had so far fallen not ill, and not a sign anywhere in the political sky augured the likelihood of a change. Accordingly, when, in 1847, I left Edinburgh, it was with no thought that there would be a farther break in the fraternity by the more important loss to it of Ruffini. From amid new scenes and associations in London my thoughts would still revert to him among the rest, as sitting in the well-known upper room, or trudging along George Street with his cane, and, mayhap, if the weather were all the worse, and the cold moist winds were coming in mist up the Firth from the east, shivering with the cruel usage, and twinged in body and in spirit. There would be an occasional letter from him, but in none anything significant of a change at hand for him or for Italy, unless one were inclined to prophesy rather wildly from certain liberal proceedings of the mild new Pope, Pio Nono. But the year 1848 came, and that memorable moment in 1848 came when, going down the Strand, I saw placards in the windows of the news-shops, "Abdication of Louis-Philippe," and the thrill ran through me at the words which ran through thousands of others. And then there came the muffled roar of revolutions, and from every land in Europe a sound as of multitudes huzzahing and armies on the tramp, and one knew that an era had arrived of vicissitudes swifter than at the recent rate, and of mutual reckonings and revenges between peoples and governments. And in the midst, on the lovely Mediterranean land that interested one most, one saw the Italian populations all uprisen, and the despots cowering white-faced at their palace gates, and swearing constitutions or anything, and, wonder of wonders! one who had hitherto been a despot, the sombre Piedmontese king, coming forward like a man at the end of his life, and dashing his recreant past into oblivion, and, on some inspiration of God or of his better ambition, summoning the Italians to his standard, and throwing down his gauntlet to the Austrian. And one grew dizzy with gazing on the turmoil and observing all the effects. Some of the effects were homely enough—as, for example, when Italian exiles in our own cities broke up their little domiciles, and tended, by ones, twos, and threes, to the mother-land that had need of them, or would at least receive them now if they came. And this effect enacted itself with more of public attention than usual in the case of one refugee in Edinburgh. There came a day when there was a sale of Ruffini's funiture, and the tradespeople with whom he had had dealings bought little articles of the furniture as mementoes of him, and he prepared to take leave of the streets and the friends that for eight years had been fond of him. Although he made jests on the smallness of the contribu-

tion that was likely to be made in his feeble person to the armies of Italy, they were jests in which no one joined him who knew how earnestly he had forethought of the duty of every Italian on the hypothesis of such a moment as had now arrived. And so, between his leave-taking of our common friends in Edinburgh and his crossing the channel for Italy, I had two or three days of him in London. We passed a day together at Windsor, which he had never seen; and I remember that, on passing one of the red-coated sentries at a gateway going up to the Castle, he looked round at the man ruefully, and spoke with envy of his drilled faculty, and the knack he must have with his musket. The next day he was whirled for ever from my sight. All the rest of him, though it is nominally a tale of several years, is, to me, an unfeatured dream. We heard, indeed, of his arrival in his native town, of the haste of the Genoese to do honour to him and his brother by electing them as the representatives of the city in the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies, and of the participation of the two brothers in the proceedings upon which so much depended. An Italian newspaper or two, containing notices of such things, reached us. Then we heard of the appointment of the elder brother, for a time, to the post of Sardinian ambassador to France. But of Agostino, meanwhile, the news was sad. What strength had remained in his long-enfeebled frame had been too little for the tear and wear of new anxieties. Utterly prostrate, at last, by a paralytic affliction, he had to watch that progress of events amid which he would have fain been active, as a helpless and bedridden invalid. He had been restored to his native land too late. The mother to whose declining years he had been given back, the youngest of her sons, and the last survivor save one, knew that she must nurse and outlive him. Why protract the story? Migration was tried to a sanitarium in Switzerland. But his last resting-place was to be in Italy,—the Italy which had not then attained the state he could have wished for her, and in which we now see her, but which, looking at the actual Sardinia of Victor Emmanuel, he could think of as so far secure, and as not without hope of a better future. Here, at Taggia, a small coast-town in the Sardinian states, between Nice and Genoa, and in the vicinity, as I think, of that family-property of olive-plantations of which he had loved to speak, he waited, for months, in constant pain, the advent of the *severa amica*, as he had learnt to call death. His mother was with him to the last, and his brother arrived in time to see him die. His death took place on the 3d of January, 1855. On the 5th of January, he was buried in a new cemetery at Taggia, the authorities of the town, the national guard, and a great concourse of people, attending him to his grave. Forty-three years was the age which Ruffini had attained; and eight years of these, from his thirtieth year to his thirty-ninth, had been passed in Edinburgh.

Edinburgh, without Ruffini, is not to me the Edinburgh that it was. But, of those who were there while he lived in it, and who have also vanished since then from it and from life, there were at least three of whom I should like to say something ere I take farewell of the noble city. One of the Ruffinian fraternity in some sense, but to be recollected for signal qualities and a career of his own apart from any fraternity, was Dr. Samuel Brown. Utterly out of the fraternity, but worth gazing at for his massive look in a crowd anywhere, and by chance known to me by closer vision than is possible in a crowd, was Hugh Miller. For a while also in my time De Quincey was in Edinburgh, and I had a glimpse—I can call it little more than a glimpse—of that flitting intellectual wizard. Keeping something like the proportions which my own memory assigns, I shall reserve these three men for the last of my Edinburgh papers.

// MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1865.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE MIDNIGHT MEETING.

THREE nights after the earthquake we were in the same place, at the same hour. The lurid, still weather was the same as before. The terrible threatening silence which hung over the country remained the same. It seemed to me on this night as if that silence would only be broken by the trump of the resurrection; and I said so to Trevittick.

He took my remark quite *au grand sérieux*, but considered it improbable that the day was near: first, because we had had no portents, nothing but the earthquake and the heat; and next, that he thought it improbable that he would be allowed to rejoin Tom Williams so quickly—his earthly heart had not been sufficiently weaned from him.

We sat a long time, sometimes talking, sometimes in silence, until I heard a distant sound in the forest, to the south, and called Trevittick's attention to it. He said, "I have heard it a long time. There are two men walking, and one is lame."

I had as yet made out nothing more than a rustling in the grass, and every now and then the snapping of a stick; but soon I distinguished that two persons were coming through the wood towards us, uphill.

My nerves were unhinged a little by what had happened lately, a little more so by the time and place, and more yet by the awful weather. The moon, though of a ghastly red, shed light enough to distinguish surrounding objects distinctly; and I had a nervous terror of the time when the men who approached should come into the range of sight. I had grown afraid of my own shadow. Trevittick might have had strength of mind to live in the atmosphere of terror which he had created for himself without going mad. I most certainly had not.

I listened with fear as the footsteps approached; and suddenly, before those who made them were in sight, the whole forest echoed with my shout. It was no articulate sound I uttered; it was something like Hah! or Here! The forest took up the echoes and prolonged them, and then silence reigned again. The footsteps had ceased.

"What on earth did you do that for?" said Trevittick.

"You heard the footsteps before me; but I knew the voice before you. Did you hear him?"

"I heard a man speak," said Trevittick.

"As I am to be saved by no merits of my own," I said eagerly, "I heard Erne Hillyar's voice. What fools we are! We are on the very bush track by which Lady Hillyar came from Melbourne. It must be them; it shall be them!" I cried, raising my voice, "Erne! Erne! it is I."

It *was* Erne. There was a feeble shout from below, and we ran down. Before I knew rightly whether my supposition was true or false, I was holding a tall, lean, wan, wasted skeleton of a young man in my arms, and peering into his face. The great blue-black eyes were luminous even in the light of this horrid Hecate of a moon, and the smile was there still. Ah me! yes, it was Erne in the flesh.

What Trevittick did to Tom Williams I don't know. Punched his head, possibly, for upsetting, by his return, a dozen or fourteen as pretty theories about the future of the departed, as Mr. Emerson and Copeland Advocate, with Dick Swiveller to help them, could have made up in a summer's day. He has never spoken to me on religious subjects since. He had laid his proud heart too bare before me during our solitary walks, when we shared a causeless grief, ever to open it again. But among all that man's wild feelings in the dark, among all his honest stumblings in the search of truth, one thing he said remains with me yet, and will remain with me until a light not of this world dawns upon my eyes.

"This world is no place of rewards and punishments. You have seen one instance in proof of it, and have rebelled against that. Mind lest He send you another and more terrible one."

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE LONG COURTSHIP COMES TO AN END.

When the morn dawned, I went and looked at Erne as he lay asleep. He was a terrible ruin. Try to picture to yourself some young round face as it will be when it is old, and you will find it impossible. Again imagine that you have skipped forty years, and met that face again. Would you know it? I should hardly have known Erne.

We had a very clever doctor in Romilly, a man so clever and so *répandu* in his profession, that I have known him fetched by steamer to Melbourne, in what Miss Burke would call "a hurry," to attend important consultations; his expenses and a handsome fee being promised him, and a total immunity against action in civil process being guaranteed him on the honour of the faculty. He had a sympathy with all his patients, inasmuch as he was a prey to a devouring disease himself—that which has been so oddly named, dipsomania, as if an addiction to stimulants had anything to do with thirst. This doctor, when sober (he used to get sober sometimes, as a dissipation, though it played the deuce with his nerves), was a feeble thing, who used to try to dig in his garden; and was always going to give a lecture; but when d—— Well, he never was the worse for liquor, generally rather the better—a perfect king. He had attained such a dictatorship in his profession, that his addiction to brandy was looked on as an amiable weakness by the most respectable people. As for the midwives, they none of them felt really safe without Dr. Cobble. It must not be supposed that the doctor ever got drunk.

Mr. Jeaffreson's charming "Book about Doctors" is incomplete. He should add a chapter on colonial doctors.

I sent for this gentleman to see me, and waited with intense impatience till he came out, for the change in Erne was so great that I had a vague fear that he would die. The weary lassitude, the utter absence of all energy, moral or physical, was so great that I thought it more than probable that he might fail, and die after all.

So I waited for the doctor with great anxiety; and at last he came out. I could gather nothing from his face, and I knew him too well to suppose that I should get anything out of him until I had given him his run; so I had to sit and wait as patiently as I could to the latest instalment of gossip. But I got him some brandy, hoping that would soften his heart, and persuade him to put me out of my misery. If Erne should die after having been restored to us, and if Emma, after hearing of his life, should hear once more of his death, I

almost feared that she would die too. For many reasons was I anxious.

The doctor began. "Lady and baby quite well, hey? Well done. Now don't begin chaffing about Diver's horse. Don't."

I said I wouldn't, and I meant it, for I hadn't a notion what he meant. I knew that Diver's real name was Morecombe, that there had been a sort of murrain among his uncles and aunts, and that he had gone home, exceedingly drunk, as heir apparent to an earldom; but nothing more.

But the story about Diver's horse struck the doctor as being too good not to be told, and it is not a bad story either, though I am not going to tell it, as did the doctor. The story of Diver's horse led up to the story of Dickenson's aunt, which I shan't tell either, because I have forgotten all about it, but I remember it to have been tragic; and this story led to the story of Dickenson's niece, which was funny; and to that of Horton's brother, which was improper. When he had done laughing I put my question to him most earnestly, and he grew serious at once, and answered me.

"There is great mischief: what we call in our loose language, 'a shock to the system.' There is a nasty tympanitic action of the viscera, arising from starvation, giving rise to very distressing symptoms, which I can mend in a fortnight; but I fear that there is a nervous disorder too, a want of vital energy, which not all the doctors—drunken or teetotal—in Australia could mend if they did their *et cœteraest*, and which I must leave to you, and to some one else, I strongly suspect. I hope there will be no fresh shock or disappointment. If you can, if you love your friend, prevent *that*. He won't *die*, I'll go bail for it, but—that man Hillyar has scrofula in his family somewhere."

I eagerly said that such was not the case.

"Pish!" said the doctor. "Don't tell me. Now the muscles of his face are relaxed he shows his teeth like a hare. I say, Burton, have you looked at your barometer?"

"Why?"

"Because mine is drunk."

To get rid of him I took him to see mine in the hall. When he looked at it, he exclaimed,—

"By George, yours is drunk too! Good night. Take an old man's advice, and don't whistle for the next fortnight, not even to call your dog; unless you want the shingles about your ears."

It was but little I cared for barometers that night. I had firm faith in the doctor (indeed I was right in that), and it seemed to me that I held Erne's fate in my hand. I sat with him for half an hour, and then left him with a new light in his eyes; for I had told him, in my rough language, that Emma loved him as dearly as ever; that Joe was to be married, and that she considered that another had relieved her of her watch over him; and that, when she had believed him dead, she had bitterly repented of her treatment of him. She had said to me, I told him, in the silence of the summer's night—,

"My brother, I acted from vanity. Don't raise your hand and say No. Be honest, brother. At first, as a child, I thought I saw my way to what all true women love,—a life of self-sacrifice. But, when the necessity for it was gone, as far as regarded our poor deformed brother, the necessity still remained with me; because in my vanity and obstinacy I had *made* it a necessity. I had determined that my life should be sacrificed as a girl; and, when as a woman I found that sacrifice unnecessary, I felt, God forgive me, disappointed. I did not sin at first. My sin only began with my obstinacy; when I began to sacrifice his future to my old dream of staying by poor Joe, and taking the place of a wife to him. Until I saw that that dream was nothing but a dream, and that I was unfit for the task I had undertaken, I had not sinned. But now I know my sin. I have driven the best man I have ever met to despair, and I am reaping the fruits of it by Joe's carelessness of me. Oh, if he would come back again, brother! Oh, if he would only come back again!"

The *Wainoora* was going south the next day, and I sat up and wrote the following letter :—

"DEAREST SISTER,—Erne is not dead, but has come back to us, broken in health, but alive.

"I say nothing of a confidence between us two the night before I was married. I say nothing of *that.* I only call your attention to this; your old causes for refusing Erne were these,—that you must sacrifice your life to Joe; and that you would never drag Erne down to your level by marrying him.

"Both these causes are removed. Joe is now one of the leading men in the colony, and is going to marry this beautiful, wealthy Mrs. North. You are now the great Burton heiress, and Erne, a broken man, is lying in my veranda, looking south, towards the sacred land in which you live.

"Surely, dear sister of my heart, your life's work lies here now. I do not urge on you the fact that I know you love him as well as ever, and that I know no one has stepped in between you two. I only say that mere consistency has absolved you from your resolution, that from a mere sense of duty you ought to hear him plead once more."

I was on board the *Wainoora* early in the morning, with this letter. The commander, Captain Arkwright, was a great friend of mine, and, in defiance of post-office regulations, I entrusted it as a private parcel to his hands. "Give it to her yourself, old fellow," I said, "and get the answer from her. How soon shall you be back?"

"*I'll* give it to her," he said, "and I'll get an answer from her. With regard to being back, why, ten days."

"Ten days, my good sir!" I exclaimed.

"Ah! ten days, my good sir," he answered. "Yes, and eleven with the barometers all drunk—aneroid, as well as mercurial. I want sea room, I do; I shall run out pretty nigh to New Caledony, to see the French sogers a-drilling. If I make this port under eastern by south next trip, with this dratted mercury sulking down, by Reid and Maury, I hope I may be made harbour-master of Cape Coast Castle."

He was a good sailor. He was one of those sailors one gets to love by watching them as they, with steadfast faces, hurl their ship through that mad imbroglio which we call a "gale of wind." But he was wrong in this instance. He was back under ten days, and steamed into the bay on a sea so glassy calm, that the ripple of a shark could be seen a mile off, and little following waves, raised by his screw, lived nearly half an hour before they died away upon the face of the waters.

But the melancholy landscape, and the luridly still weather grew bright, fresh, and pleasant to me as I read her letter. There was no barrier between the two, whom, after my wife, I loved best on earth. It was all over now, and a bright, hopeful future in the distance :—

"DEAR BROTHER,—God has been better to me than I deserve. It shall be as he and you wish. If he holds to his mind, let him wait for me in your veranda. If he is not there I shall know that I have tried his patience too long, and shall pray that he will learn to forgive me.

"I will return to you by the *Wainoora.* I would have come this trip, but there is sad trouble here, and I am wanted. It is not trouble about Joe, or about any one whom you love; so do not be alarmed. Lady Hillyar is better, and I thought that I was free; but it has pleased God to find me more work. If it had been work which I could have delegated to any one, even to that blessed saint Miss Burke, I would have done so. But it so happens that no one can do it but myself, and the salvation of an immortal soul is too important a thing to be trifled with. So I have not come this trip, but must wait for the next. I cannot leave my charge until I place her in the hands of my mother.

"May God shower His choicest blessings on all your heads! I hope Fred

has not run away from school again. If he has, kiss him for me, and tell him he must not be so naughty. Kiss dear father and mother for me. And so, good-bye, dear brother of my heart; when we next meet, my face will be so radiant with unutterable happiness, that you will scarcely know me. Good-bye."

The *Wainoora* went south over the great glassy sea, and we began to watch for her return. From my veranda you could see over the forest, and over the bay as far as Cape Pitt, thirty miles off. We sat down and watched for the smoke of the steamer, whose advent was to bring our life's history to an end, at least as far as it need be spoken of. The "laws of fiction" show us, clearly and without argument, that a man's life ceases at marriage.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

EMMA IS DETAINED.

The "Theatre Royal" Palmerston, or as a miserable and effete Squattocracy (with their wretched aping of the still more miserable and effete aristocracy of the old world, said our friend Mr. O'Callaghan) chose to call it, "The Opera House," is arranged on strictly democratic principles.

What the actors call in their quaint self-satisfied slang, "the house," as if the normal destination and mission of bricks and mortar were to form the walls of a theatre, was entirely arranged for the comfort of the great unwashed. The galleries contained more than one half of the audience; and, whether the heavy father gave his blessing, or, the young lady driven to despair by the unprincipled conduct of the British officer, uttered a touching sentiment (said British officer in private life being generally a gentle and kind being, with stores of knowledge about foreign parts, which he is shy of imparting to you for fear of boring you; mostly having a hobby, such as ornithology or chess; a man who, if he gets to like you, is always preternaturally anxious to introduce you to his mother)—whether, to resume the thread of this most wonderful paragraph, the first tragedian made a point and stopped short, refusing to fulfil his engagement, until the audience had brought their grovelling souls to appreciate the fact; whether the villain of the piece, and his more villainous creature, after discharging accusatory sentences at one another, made like pistol-shot, suddenly stalked across the stage and changed places (and that is the deepest mystery in theatrical ethics); whether the first comedy lady said "Heigh ho" in her lover's absence exactly as we do in private life; or her waiting-maid was "arch," and took up her apron by the corners, when "rallied" about her *penchant* for the groom; in short, whatever of the old time-honoured balderdash was done on the stage, was addressed to the galleries.

For the same democratic reasons, the large hall, which formed the crushroom of the theatre, had drinking-bars erected in it, both on the ground-floor, and in the galleries which run round overhead; and this vestibule was not only common to the galleries, which were filled with the lowest population of the town; the dregs of the offscourings of Great Britain and Ireland, was but also used by Messrs. Pistol and Co., with the dozen or fourteen gentlewomen from Mrs. Quickly's old establishment; who, having nothing to pay for entrance, and as much to drink as they could get the cattle dealers and diggers to treat them to, made the hall a sort of winter garden; and did so amble and giggle, and mince and flounce, and say things, that the Haymarket at one o'clock in the morning after the Derby was not more hideous and revolting than the hall of the opera house at Palmerston. There is one thing certainly which we of Great Britain, Ireland, and our offshoots and dependencies, do in a manner with which no other nation can compete. We exhibit our vice and dissipation with a loathsome indecency which no other group of nations seem to have rivalled. It may be for the best, but it is very ugly.

A little bird has told me that Huskisson Street, Palmerston, and Bourke Street, Melbourne, have been purged with a high hand; though it is still impossible to walk down the Haymarket —and that the class who have been instrumental in doing this are the mechanics—the respectable mechanics who wished to take Mrs. and Miss Mechanic to hear Catherine Hayes, without having their ears polluted by the abominable language of the Haymarket and Newgate combined. If this be so, which I think highly probable, it is a fact for a certain party, to which they are welcome. If all mechanics were like the Burtons, three cheers for the six-pounders.

But this arrangement prevailed in the time I speak of both at Palmerston and Melbourne. It was difficult for any lady to get to her carriage without being insulted several times; either by the dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, or by that strange young cad in knee-breeches and boots, who carries a whip, but never crossed a horse; who, I fancy, is generally some twopenny-halfpenny clerk, who gets himself up like a fancy stock-rider to give himself a bush flavour. Consequently, when Mrs. Oxton and Emma Burton had stood for a quarter of an hour at the bottom of the staircase which leads down from the dress-boxes, they began to think how they were to get through the disgraceful, drunken crowd before them, and to wish that Mr. Oxton and Joseph Burton, who had promised to come for them, had not been detained so late at the houses; the more particularly as they had brought poor, silly Lady Hillyar out, for the first time, that night, and she, feeling tired, was insisting on sitting on the stairs, and playing draughts on the squares of the oilcloth with the blossoms out of her bouquet.

"What shall we do, dear?" said Mrs. Oxton to Emma.

Said Gerty, who was as eminently practical as Mrs. Micawber, the most so when most cracked, "Send the box-keeper to tell them that if they use any more language, we'll have the triangles out, and give them half a hundred apiece."

Emma did not know what to do just then. She was rather glad of the pause, for she had been crying, and perhaps was quietly crying still. Her brother James's letter, telling her that Erne had come back alive, had not reached her yet. Lady Hillyar was so much better, that she had forgotten her crazy jealousy against her sister and brother-in-law, and had received them with affectionate penitence. So Emma's work was done in that quarter, and her old grief had come on her again, demanding some diversion. Very soon she found such diversion, and cried no more; but now she was low and tearful, for the play, and what followed it, had upset her.

Catherine Hayes had been singing *Norma* so carefully, so diligently, and with such exquisite feeling, that one dared not say that there were any notes of which she was not quite mistress, high up in her glorious gamut. The ill-behaved, ill-educated audience had encored her until she was weary, but she had always come back and had done her best for them, until she was quite weary. When it was all over, they called her before the curtain; but this was not enough for them. She was going to Sydney the next day, and from thence to England, and a loud and universal cry gathered and grew through the theatre, "Last night, Kate! last night! A song! a song!"

In one of the pauses of the clamour a voice was heard—"One more song for the honour of Old England."

Another voice, which few failed to recognise for that of Mr. O'Callagan, was heard from pit to gallery,—

"It's little music of that kind that ye'll get out of dirthy ould England. One more song, darlin', for the love of ould Ireland!"

Whether the old music of her native dialect was too much for her, or whether she was a little *tête montée* with the long and enthusiastic applause, we cannot say, but she came before the curtain, and, without the orchestra, in her dress as *Norma*, amidst a silence that could be

felt, she broke out with the most beautiful, if I may decide, of all Moore's ballads, "The Last Rose of Summer."

Towards the close of each verse, the godlike voice went sweeping through the airy fields of sound like a lark upon the wing, till it paused aloft in a wild melancholy minor, and then came gently down like the weary bird, dropping, tired, sad with too much joy, to his nest amidst the corn.

"You might have heard a pin drop," to use an old figure of speech. Not only did she feel every word of what she was singing, but the hand of death was upon her, and she not only knew it herself, but made her audience, wild and uneducated as they were, understand that she was to be listened to now, not as *Norma* in Italian, but as Catherine Hayes in Irish. She was gone before the applause burst out.

> "The wild swan's death-note took the soul
> Of that waste place with joy."

And Emma, overcome by that strange, wild wail, had hardly recovered herself before she was, with Mrs. Oxton and Lady Hillyar, at the bottom of the stairs, Lady Hillyar, playing chess with flowers, and Mrs. Oxton, saying, "My dear, how ever shall we get to our carriage?"

Something to do. For that quietly diligent soul, anything was better than inaction. Partly from old, old habit, and partly because she had found lately that the old habits of activity and self-sacrifice were the best antidote for sorrow, she had got into the way of doing without hesitation the first thing that presented itself to her hand. It was only forcing her way through a crowd of drunken blackguards just now: but it led to fresh work, heavy work too, as we shall see.

"I'll go, dear Agnes," she said to Mrs. Oxton; "their language is nothing to me; I was brought up among it. Stay here and watch Gerty, and I will go and see after the carriage."

She pulled her opera cloak about her, drew herself up, set her mouth, and launched herself on the sea of low dissipation which lay before her.

The presence of such a proud, imperial figure as this blacksmith's daughter, protesting against these Comus revels, with her calm, high-bred, beautiful face, and with the atmosphere of purity and goodness, which shone about her head like the glory of a saint, produced an immediate effect—an effect so great that, had she carried the flaming sword of an angel in her hand, she could scarce have made her way more effectually. The men made room for her, and pulled those who had not noticed her approach, out of her way. The miserable women who were mixed with them stayed their babble and were silent, as she passed down the lane which had been opened for her. Some, with evil, lowering faces, scowled on her, as though they would have said, "You may come to be the same as we, my fine lady, some day, curse you;" some, flippant and silly, were only silent because the others were silent, and waited to resume their silly tattle till she had gone by: and some,—ah, the weary day—felt the blood rush up over their worn, hectic features, and said, "Time was when we might have been as she is; but the grave is cold, and hell is beyond it."

But Emma, passing among these women, seemed to create an atmosphere of silence. She knew the world, she knew how these women lived, and what they were; and her heart was pitiful towards them, and swelled until her great eyes grew larger and prepared themselves for tears. But the tears never came; for before her was a knot of the devil's tying, which would not untie itself at her mere presence: an imbroglio which had raised the passions of the bystanders from mere prurient frivolity, into ferocious attention. There was a crowd which would not dissolve before her, and from the centre of it came the shrill, horrible sound of two desperate women quarrelling.

She caught sight of Miss Burke at the other side of the crowd. She understood in an instant that that most indefatigable of friends had come back to their assistance, and she waved her hand to her, and pointed to the stair-

case where were Aggy and Gerty: the next moment, by a surge in the crowd, she was thrust near enough to the women who were quarrelling to see the whole thing. For one moment her heart sank within her, and she grew faint, and tried to turn; but in the next her resolution was taken, and, muttering a short prayer to herself, she began to force her way towards the two unfortunate combatants.

"She may be saved yet. Oh God, have mercy on her."

She might well say so. In a ring before her; in a ring of faces—stupid, idle, brutish, curious, cunning, silly, devilish—stood Mrs. Clayton, once pretty Polly Martin, once Mrs. Avery, and Mrs. Quickly, face to face at last. Masks torn off, all concealment thrown to the winds, baring the hideousness of their previous lives to the ribald bystanders in hot, hissing words, too horrible to be repeated.

They had assaulted one another it seemed; for poor Mrs. Clayton's bonnet was off her head, and her still splendid hair was gradually falling down loop by loop as she shook her head in cursing Mrs. Quickly. As for Mrs. Quickly, not only was her bonnet gone, but her decorous, gray, matronly front, an expensive article, manufactured for her own consumption, also; and she stood with her wicked old head nearly bare, and her beautiful long white fingers opening and shutting like a cat's claws.

"Come on," she cried, "you devil. I'm an old woman, but I'm good for a scrimmage with such as you still. Come on."

Hush! If you want this sort of thing, go to the places where it is to be seen for yourself. We are going a far different road.

Before Mrs. Quickly had half finished her turn of evil words—before her wicked old tongue had half wearied itself with the outpourings of her wicked old heart—Emma had pushed her way into the circle, had taken Mrs. Clayton round the waist, and had said, "Polly, dear, come home with me;" and the wretched woman had fallen crying on Emma's bosom, and had let herself be led away. This was the more easily accomplished, as a singular diversion had been made, and the crowd had been in serious hopes of another row. Mrs. Quickly had found herself suddenly confronted with Miss Burke, who stood grand, majestic, and scornful before her, and who said in a sharp, snarling voice, without one trace of "brogue"—

"Not another word, you wicked old wretch. That woman's sins are known to me and to God; her efforts at repentance are known to me and to God also. And I and God know also how you came between her and salvation—how you wound yourself into her house, held the knowledge of her former life over her head, and drove her once more into her old habits. I think that, if I were to tell this crowd the truth—how in a drunken squabble you laid her whole past life bare before her husband; not because it could do any good, but out of spite—this crowd, composed even of such as it is, would tear you to pieces. Get home, you miserable old woman, and try to repent."

Mrs. Quickly undid her gown at the throat, and gasped for breath; then she shook her hands to and fro loosely, as though she was playing the tambourine; clutched her hair wildly, drummed with her heels, bit her fingers, and took a short run with her arms over her head; stopped and moaned; then took a longer and more frantic run, and hurled herself down in the gutter outside, and then lay there kicking. An unappreciative world this! She was fished out of that gutter, as a mere drunken woman, by an utterly unsympathetic constabulary, who could not be brought to an appreciation of her wrongs, but took her as a piece of business—an unexpected order, troublesome to execute and unremunerative, but coming into their weary day's work. A most bitter and hard-hearted world! By the time she had done all this, so well had the retreat been covered by Miss Burke, that Emma had got her unresisting charge safe away, and had very soon landed her in her own house. At first

Mrs. Clayton only cast herself on the ground, with her face hidden, moaning; but after a time her moans grew articulate, though monotonous. "Let me go and make away with myself! Let me go and make away with myself!"

Emma knelt beside her on the floor, but the poor woman only shrunk from her touch, and went on with the same low wail. At last Emma tried praying, and that quieted her; till by degrees she let Emma's arm steal round her waist, and she laid her burning head upon Emma's bosom, and began in wild starts and with long interruptions to tell her tale.

"She found me out as soon as I married him. I thought that, when I married, my whole hideous life was a thing of the past. I did not think how wickedly I was deceiving him. I thought it was all past and gone for ever. I had tried so hard, and had repented so sincerely, that I thought some mercy would have been shown me; but, when she found me out at the end of the three months, I knew that I was to be punished for my deceit, and that he, poor innocent—my poor old Jack; my poor, kind, loving, innocent, old Jack—oh, my God! I'll tear the hair out of my head—that he was to be punished through me. And she tempted me to the drink; and I was glad of it, for I had a horrible life, never knowing what she would say or do. And she would sit opposite me half the day with her arms folded, magging and growling at me—at me who was always so kind to her, and never offended her; and she would play with my terror as a cat plays with a mouse; and oh! she is a devil! devil! devil!"

"Hush, dear, hush!"

"I used to wish her dead, Emma. I used to wish that I dared murder her; but I saw that servant-girl hung at Bristol, and that stopped me. I tried to keep civil to her, but I could not do it. We had many quarrels, and I knew how dangerous quarrelling was, and vowed each one should be the last. But when the drink was in me I used to break out. And last week we had the finishing quarrel. I broke out at her, and called her such dreadful things that she sat white with savageness, and then got up and went to the room where *he* was. I saw that she was gone to tell him, but I was too wild to stop her; I threw the worst word of all at her as she went. And then I saw him go riding across the plain with his head bowed down; and then she came back and told me that she had told him, and that he had taken down the Testament and had sworn that he would never, never see me again."

Emma started suddenly, and clenched her hand. It would have been ill for Mrs. Quickly to have seen the look of withering scorn and anger which flashed from her beautiful face as the poor woman spoke that last sentence; but she said not one word.

"And so I got my horse and rode away here. And she followed me, and I met her again and did not kill her. And she got me to go to where you found me; because she said he was going to the play with another woman. And once I caught her eye, and knew by her wicked leer that she was lying to me about him, and then I fell upon her and tried to tear her treacherous old heart out."

"Hush, dear," said Emma once more. "That woman got you to go to that dreadful place in order to compromise your character again;" and the poor woman grew quieter once more.

"And I shall never, never see him any more," she went on moaning; "and I love him, love him with the whole of my rotten heart. And he will shudder when he hears my wretched name. And he loved *me* once. Oh, my God!"

"He loves you still, my poor Mary," said Emma. "That wicked woman has utterly deceived you. Both Miss Burke and I heard from him this morning, begging her, because she is never behind in a good work, and me, because I have known you ever since I was a child, to search you out, and tell you that he forgives you, all, everything, and loves you the same as ever. That he will cherish you through life, and lie in the same grave with you in death.

The poor thing only turned over on the ground again, and fell to moaning once more. "Oh, I daren't look upon his face again. I shall die if he looks at me. Oh, let me go and make away with myself! If you leave me alone, I will go and make away with myself."

So Emma stayed with her; and on the third day, like a great illuminating blaze of lightning, came her brother James's letter. Erne was not dead, and loved her still.

She would have gone to him at once, but the brooding figure before her appealed to her too strongly. She had asked humbly to be taken to Mrs. Burton when she was well enough to move, and prayed Emma not to leave her. She was not safe alone, she said. So that Emma waited for the next voyage of the *Wainoora*, as we already know from James Burton's story.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY.—CAPTAIN ARKWRIGHT GOES BACK ONCE MORE.

So the *Wainoora* went south again over the calm sea, and Erne and I sat in the veranda, waiting for her return.

"In any other quarter of the world," said Captain Arkwright to me in the billiard-room the night before she sailed, "we should have had a gale of wind after all this brooding weather, and this low mercury. I made sure of it last trip; but, since you have told me of this earthquake, which you and Trevittick felt beyond the hill, I am getting less cautious. *That* is what is the matter; that is what is lowering the barometer so, and making this God-forsaken weather. It was just the same at Pernambuco" (he *said* Pernembooker) "five years ago, and at Valparaiso" (he *said* Walloparaiser) "when I was a boy; the time when I was cook's mate's master's mate in that —never you mind," he went on, a little sulkily, though I had not spoken—"that ain't no odds to you. You was only a smith yourself once, you know. And we must all on us have a beginning, of some sort or another. Even dukes and marquises, as I understand, has to serve their time as earls and barons, and learn their duty, before the Queen will rate them as A. B. By-the-bye, did your night-shift in the mine feel it?"

"They *heard* it plain enough," I answered, "and stampeded; but, when they came back, the candles were all burning, and not so much as a handful of dust had fallen."

"These Australian earthquakes are very partial," said Captain Arkwright; "but law! you don't know what may happen. Well, I'll bring Miss Burton back to you as quick as I can. I like having that woman on board my ship; it is as good as fifty underwritings. I'd go through Torres Straits and chance losing my insurance, if I had her aboard."

"She likes the sea, skipper," I said; "at least she has taken to like it since she sailed with you."

"Well, now, that's true; though I'm afraid you are learning the bad habits of the upper orders, gentleman Jim, and mean a compliment."

"So I did, skipper," I retorted. "And, if you are going to be nasty about it, you shall have it hot and heavy. I'd sooner sail with you than with any sailor I ever saw. For you are out-and-out the best company—leave alone the best sailor—and one of the best fellows I ever knew. Now, then. Come. You've got a deal by growling."

"Shut up! shut up! shut up!" said the skipper. "I told you you were getting corrupted. But I say, old fellow," he continued, lowering his voice, "tell us, is there anything between her and Mr. Hillyar?"

"She is going to marry him, that is all," I said, in a triumphant whisper.

"Hoo-ray!" said the skipper. "I knew there was some one, from her always staying so late on deck, and watching the coast; and from her standing alone, an hour together, and looking at the engine; and from her beautiful talk to me about the sea-birds, and the islands, and such like; but I never knew who it was. No man is worthy of her, that's one thing."

"*He* is," I answered.

"I'm glad to hear it," said the skipper. "Lord bless you! *I* see it all, and so did my wife, the very last trip she came with us, my wife being aboard with the young uns for air. It was blowing pretty high guns, sou'-eastern by east, off shore; and when, we come to the harbour's mouth, there was Tom Wyatt, with his pilot just aboard, beating in with railway iron, and an assorted lot from London, in that ——. I don't want to be vulgar. I never *am* vulgar before I am three-quarters tight, but that ship was, and is, a canine female which neither I nor no other pilot in the harbour could ever get about without swearing at her till the rigging frayed out through the pitch. I don't want to bear hard on her owner, nor no other man. But for laying that ship to, in a gale of wind, why, I wish he'd do it himself. That he is the best shipbuilder in the world, I don't deny; but why Providence picked me out to take that earliest experiment of his into harbour the first month of my appointment and risk my certificate, I shall never know. Well, as I was saying, Tom, he hails me to take him on board, and give him a cast up the harbour, for God's sake. And I, knowing what he was so mad about, knowing that he had left his wife a year ago, three months gone, slacked and sent a boat for him; for all his'n were gone, in a cyclone off Kerguelen's Land, he having took to sail by Maury, and having made southing. And my lads (you know the sort *I* sail with) had the boat in before five minutes were gone, though I didn't half like it; for the whale-boat that had put his pilot on board had been devilish near swamped, and was making rather bad weather of it to leeward. However, he got into our dingy somehow, and I was thinking how the deuce we should get him on board, when your sister comes up to me, with the speaking-trumpet in her hand, and she says,—"Captain Arkwright, put him out of his misery. Think what it would be to you, if you were uncertain whether those you loved best on earth were alive or dead." And I see what she meant, though I had intended to wait till he got on board. So I takes the trumpet and I hollers, 'She is all right, and the kid, too.' And we seen him, my wife and me and your sister, bend down over the thwart with his face in his hands: and then I knew that your sister was right. And he came aboard, Lord knows how, and had a wash and a shave, and tried to eat his breakfast, but couldn't."

I recognised my sister's hand here, most entirely, and I told him so, but he went on with his narrative.

"And when I went to my cabin, my wife says to me, 'She's got it,' and I said, 'Who's got it?' 'Emma Burton,' she says. And I said, 'What's she got, the rheumatis?' And she said, 'You needn't be a fool, for you know what I mean well enough. *She's got it*, and all I hope is that he is worthy of her, that is all—nothing more. I hope he may be worthy of her.' No, Jim, we knew there was some one, but we never knew who it was."

And with such discourse we wiled away the night with that curious and occasionally pleasant, disregard of night and day, which is only to be found among working sailors and young ladies who are dancing with a view to matrimony. I have forgotten as much of the art of navigation as I once knew, but I have a hazy idea still, in this year 1862, that the first dog-watch is coincident with supper time. Don't ask me for any moral reflection on this point; and, as for making fun just now, why men have made fun in strange places.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE CYCLONE.

On the sixth day after the departure of the steamer, the dull, close, brooding weather came to an end. Arkwright was wrong. It was the dread pause before the hurricane.

At eleven o'clock in the morning we were standing together at the fence at

the lower end of my garden, looking across the bay, when our attention was attracted to a vivid green cloud approaching with horrible rapidity from over the sea; and at the same time we became aware of a dull roar which grew upon the ear each moment. Before we had at all appreciated the dreadful disaster which had fallen upon the unfortunate town, I saw the first house struck by the wind fall crashing over after half a minute's resistance, an utter ruin, the shingles and weather-boards, which had composed it, flying before the blast like chips of cardboard. Instantly, or it seemed to us instantly, we were thrown headlong down, bruised and terrified; and the wind, seizing the earth, raised an atmosphere of flying stones and sand to a height of some six feet from the ground, which followed its course, as it seemed to us, with the rapidity of a projectile, and lacerated our hands and faces until the blood ran from them.

I raised myself as well as I could, holding on by the post of the garden gate, and looked towards my house, expecting to see it in ruins; but close as it was I could not see it, for the unnatural driving fog which was between me and it. A fog of stones, and dust, and sticks, and boughs; nay, even as we found afterwards, of seaweed, which must have been carried above a mile, and fierce stinging rain, which I thought was from above, but which was only the spray blown from the surface of the ocean, a mile off. Through this I forced my way to the house, shouting for my wife, expecting to find only a heap of ruins, in which I must dig to recover the mutilated bodies of my dear ones. But it was standing safe. Emma's good taste in persuading me to leave the box forest, standing round it, had saved us. The windward trees were blown in on those inside, which were still standing, and tangled with those into a screen which even the hurricane could not penetrate, and which left my house in comparative calm; so much so, that it became the hospital of the town. I cannot help remembering now, as a noticeable fact, that the whole thing was so strange, so beyond experience, that my wife, though deadly pale, and too frightened to show her fright, *had not the least idea of what had happened.* When I explained to her that it was the wind, she did not understand me.

Erne forced his way into the house, and we three stood staring at one another. I was the first to look out at the door, and the first thing I saw was the newly-built wooden church disappearing, board by board, shingle by shingle, as if with an invisible fire. The thought of my father and mother came over me with a shock, and I dashed out of the house, and sped away towards their house—not two hundred yards away—down the wind. I was blown over and bruised in an instant. Now I was up, now I was down again; now trying to stop and see where I was going, and now falling headlong over some heap of incongruous ruin, already half piled over with a heap of fuming sand.

This was the house. These three corner posts, standing still against the wind, and that heap of rubbish lying to leeward, already burning fiercely with a lurid, white heat, at the edge where it was smitten by the wind. But, thank God, here they were, safe and sound—my mother crouched behind a rock, and my father bending over her; the dear old gentleman with his coat off, trying to shield her sacred head from the furious tornado.

We had to wait for a lull in the wind. Martha says I was away nearly two hours—I should have said ten minutes. How we got back over that two hundred yards I don't know, more than that my father and I struggled on first, arm-in-arm, dragging her behind us, with a shawl passed round her waist: but we got there somehow. Martha, with the child, the two maids, and my groom, were all standing close together near the door, silent and terrified. I saw that Erne was standing by the fire-place, but I knew that his thoughts were the same as mine; so I dared not look at him, for fear of seeing my own fear look at me out of his eyes.

The storm raged on, how long I can-

not say, nor can I say whether we were silent all the time, or whether we talked incessantly. But at the end of some period a figure stalked in through the door and confronted us.

Trevittick, bareheaded, bloody, in his shirt and trousers only! To my London mind, so jealous of any departure from my own particular conventionalism, Trevittick always appeared more than half mad. On the present occasion, it occurred to my excited brain that, if all the devils which possessed the Gadarene swine had entered into the most hopeless lunatic in Tyre or Sidon, he would have looked uncommonly like Trevittick, as he came hurling in out of the wild witch Sabbath of the winds, which was tormenting the terrified earth without. And, upon my word, I believe I am right; a Jew or a Cornish Phœnician can look wonderfully mad on the slightest occasion. But I succumbed to Trevittick after this. I never accused him of being mad any more.

"What are you doing here?" he said, in a loud, angry growl. "Four able-bodied men here in a place of safety, among the women, on such a day of wrath as this! Do you know that the town is destroyed and on fire, and I who have been expecting to hear the last trump sound every day for I know not how long, come back from my work and find you hiding here. Cowards, come on!"

We went out at once with him into the gale—Erne and my groom first, my father and I followed with Trevittick.

"Trevittick," said my father, "you are in one of your moods. Drop it a bit, old chap, and answer me a question or two. Will this storm extend very far?"

"My dear Mr. Burton," said Trevittick, in quite another tone, "I cannot say for another hour or two; if the wind shifts rapidly, we may hope, according to my theory, that the diameter of the storm is small. If it holds in the same quarter long we may conclude that the diameter is greater. But it is impossible to say whether the wind is shifting yet; I cannot decide for another two hours, but I like the look of these lulls, and this sudden violence, I confess."

"But, in God's name, what do you *think* of it, Trevittick?"

"I don't like it altogether," said Trevittick; "the preparation was so long. The same weather and height of mercury was reported from Palmerston by Arkwright. I must tell the truth, Mr. Burton; I cannot lie. It looks to me like a 1783 business."

"Now, Trevittick," said my father, "we are both driving at the same point. Speak the word for me—I dare not speak it myself."

"The *Wainoora?*"

"Ah!"

"I *hope* she is in the lee of the Bird Islands—I *hope* so; she *may* be."

"Then do you think she has sailed?" said my father.

"She sailed," said Trevittick, taking my father's arm, and speaking slowly, "on the 11·30 flood on Wednesday. If she didn't, take my shares and get a new manager. Arkwright was deceived about the weather and the mercury, for he told you so. I, loving you and yours, calculated every chance, as you see. I was deceived too, for I got it into my head that the Lord was coming, in clouds of glory, with all His angels around Him, angels and archangels, and all the company of glorified saints, with crowns of gold—stop me, stop me!—the *Wainoora!*"

"Ay, the *Wainoora*, old friend," said my father, quietly.

"And the sea gave up her dead," replied Trevittick, wildly throwing his hands over his head; "and they cast down their golden crowns—hush!—I'll be still directly. The town 's a-fire, and that has excited me; I haven't got your dull Saxon blood, you know. The *Wainoora?*—why she may have got to the leeward of the Bird Islands. That is our chance. But don't anticipate. Keep Mr. Hillyar at work, and work yourself. Don't think of it."

And, indeed, there was little time to think; for the town was a heap of ruins, which began to blaze up more strongly as the wind partially lulled. Scarcely

any house in the great straggling village had been without a fire of logs when the wind smote it, and the flimsy wooden houses—their materials dried to the extreme pitch of inflammability—had been blown down on these fires; and each domestic hearth had become a further source of horror. When we got to the end of the main street, we saw little besides grey heaps of ruins, rapidly igniting; the smoke from which was being carried into the dark storm-tossed forest beyond, making its long aisles dim with a low-lying, driving mist of smoke.

Erne rushed headlong into the thick of it, after Trevittick. His strength came back under his wild excitement, and his eagerness to forget himself. It was not so with either myself or my father. We worked, certainly, always keeping close together, but we worked without much heart, in spite of the horrors around us: what those horrors were it is no part of my duty to describe. When the tale was made up there were forty-six dead, of which number fifteen had been burnt to death while lying helpless under the ruins. Others who were saved, and lived, were terribly scorched and maimed. The total number of killed and wounded was but little under one hundred.

It was thirty-four hours before the centre of this dreadful cyclone reached us. Within an hour or two of the beginning of it, the forest had caught fire, and the fire had gone roaring off inland; so that the first night, in addition to our other terrors, we had the crowning one of a wall of seething fire to the leeward, barred by the tall black stems of the box trees; a hell of fire, in which animal life could not exist. But by the time that the centre had reached us, the fire had passed away, and left only a ruined, smouldering forest behind it. When the calm came, the deadly stillness was only broken by the crash of falling boughs from the still burning trees, or by the thundering fall of some great monarch of the forest, which, having withstood the wind, had at last succumbed to the gnawing flame.

When the calm came, I saw Erne for the first time, for he had been in the thick of it with Trevittick. He was wild, pale, and wan; burnt dreadfully across his face, which was blackened with smoke; his clothes torn and scorched, with one bruised arm slung up across his breast: nothing left of the handsome old Erne but the two blue black eyes, blazing brighter than ever. He came to me, just as my father had finished saying the prayer, "Lord, receive the soul of this Thy servant," over Tim Reilly, the horse-stealer, who had stolen his last steed and shut the stable door.

"So this is the end of it all," said Erne. "Have you been down to the bay? Every ship is ashore or sunk. I agree with Trevittick: this is the beginning of the end. Human life is about to become impossible on the face of the globe. It will not be long now before the more visible portents will begin to show themselves."

Trevittick had done his work pretty quickly. He had contrived to put a larger quantity of his own nonsense into Erne's head in four and thirty hours than I should have conceived possible. And Erne had never lost that childishness which had been so carefully fostered by his father; so the soil, for that sort of thing, was in a good state. Erne, lowered by illness, famine, and hardship—maddened by the scene around him, and the full certainty that Emma must have perished—took to Trevittick's nonsense as a child takes to its mother's milk. Trevittick's theory that the end of the world had come had the effect of making all other things look small and insignificant, and I believe was partly the cause of his not going mad.

If poor Erne looked wild and terrible in the midst of the havoc, what shall I say of Trevittick himself, as he came up to us during the lull, asking for water? A zealot driven from court to court of the burning temple, pausing for one more wild rush upon the Roman spears, must have looked very like him. His Jewish face, wearing that look of determined strength, and yet of wild, half-subdued passion, which we Londoners

know well, and dislike to face if we can help it, was more strange and awful than his bare scorched bosom, or the blood which had soaked through his clothes, and even now trickled on the ground where he stood. He drank water eagerly, and then beckoned me to come aside with him.

I expected to hear some wild outbreak of fanaticism, some mad nonsense or another. But no. He had reserved all that sort of thing for Erne, it seemed, and now talked the commonest, shrewdest sense.

"It will be all over in twenty hours," he said; "we shall have the wind back from the other quarter directly. As soon as you can travel, get out the horses, and take Erne south till you meet the mail. If the *Wainoora* has sailed, she is wrecked. If so, she is wrecked somewhere on the coast. Keep him riding up and down the coast, looking for intelligence of her, so that, if the worst has happened, it may come over his mind by degrees, and while he is active, for I don't like the look of his eyes. Take Tom Williams with you, and go."

To be continued.

EARLY YEARS OF ERASMUS.

BY JAMES HAMILTON, D.D. F.L.S.

There is a little town near Rotterdam which the English call Gouda, and which is known in Holland as Tergouw. Famous for a great church with painted windows, it was once famous for its tobacco-pipes, and is still renowned for its cheeses. But at the distant day to which our story goes back there were no pipes, for as yet there was no tobacco, and the Brothers Crabeth had not yet glorified the Jans Kerk with their translucent jewellery. There then lived at Gouda an old couple, Helias and Catherine, who, although they had no daughter, rejoiced in ten sons. Of these, the youngest save one was bright and clever, brimming over with mirth, a beautiful penman and a capital scholar, and, by reason of his wit and exuberant spirits, a great favourite with his companions. He had become warmly attached to a physician's daughter, but he was not allowed to marry her. At that time, where sons were very numerous, it was a favourite plan to send one into a convent, thus making the best of both worlds; for, whilst a handsome amount of merit was credited to the family at large, the earthly inheritance made a better dividend among the secular members. For carrying out this excellent arrangement Gerrit was deemed most suitable. As a monk he could turn to the best account his Latin and his clerkly hand; but from the cloister his gay temperament and strong affections were utterly abhorrent. Marriage or no marriage, his attachment to the physician's daughter still continued, and vows of indissoluble union passed between them. At last poor Margaret disappeared from Gouda and places where she was known; and by-and-by in the city of Rotterdam a hapless babe made its forlorn and unwelcome entrance into the world, as it is said another had done in circumstances too similar some time beforehand.[1]

When we were last in Rotterdam, standing in the Groot Markt in front of a statue inscribed, "Here rose the mighty sun," &c., we thought of that dim and unlikely morning when he first peeped forth on the unsuspecting city.

[1] The best biographer of Erasmus, Hess, (Zürich, 1790, erste hälfte, p. 26) argues against the existence of this brother; but there is no withstanding the minute details of the well-known epistle to Grunnius, Erasmi Opp. iii. coll. 1821—1825, confirmed as they are by the casual allusion in the letter to Heemstede, where he says, "The death of my own brother did not overwhelm me; the loss of Froben is more than I can bear," Opp. iii. col. 1053 (Amsterdam edition, 1703).

Amongst the peasantry and greengrocers it was of no use to look out for faces resembling the statue; but, with its round cheeks and padded cap, a little creature lay asleep in a wheelbarrow amongst cabbages and onions, and we fancied that Erasmus, when six months old, must have looked very like his little compatriot. "Where is the house of Erasmus?" we asked a policeman; and, in that variety of the Aberdonian called Dutch, he made answer, "Daar is de man," pointing to the statue, "en hier is 't huis waar hij geboren war," at the same time conducting us a few steps till we were opposite a narrow building in the Breede Kerksteeg. Here, too, there was a tiny statue in front, much in the same style as on John Knox's house in the Canongate, and under it a halting hexameter, "Small is the house, yet within it was born the immortal Erasmus."[1]

We know that it was on the 28th of October that this event took place, and at three in the morning; but the year has been disputed. His own impressions on the subject seem to have fluctuated a little; or, rather, as he advanced in life he seems to have found reason for believing that he was not so young by a year or two as he had once supposed. The preponderance of proof is in favour of 1465. Assuming this date as correct, the present year brings us to his *fourth centenary*.[2]

[1] "Hæc est parva domus, magnus quâ natus Erasmus."

[2] The date given above is that which has been adopted by Hallam, "Literature of Europe," sixth edition, vol. i. p. 292, although Bayle, Jortin, and almost all the biographers of Erasmus, following the inscription on his statue at Rotterdam, have set down 1467. At one period of his life this latter date was accepted by himself. In his poem on "Old Age," composed in 1507, he says that he will not be forty till October next:—

"nec adhuc Phœbeius orbis
Quadragies revexit
Natalem lucem, quæ bruma ineunte calendas
Quinta anteit Novembreis."
Opp. iv. col. 756.

But subsequently it would seem that he had found reason to throw his birth-year farther back. He writes to Budæus, Feb. 15, 1516, "If neither of us err in our calculation, there is not much difference in our age; I am in my fifty-first year (siquidem ego jam annum ago primum et quinquagesimum) and you say that you are not far from your fifty-second." Opp. iii. 178 B. Again, in a letter to Gratian, March 15, 1528, "As for my age, I think that I have now reached the year in which Tully died," Opp. iii. 1067 B. In that case he could not have been born later than 1465: for it was in his sixty-fourth year that Cicero died. No doubt his "arbitror" in the passage last quoted, and similar expressions elsewhere, show that his own mind was not quite clear on the subject; but they also show that he had found reason to suspect that he was older than he fancied when he wrote his poem on "Old Age." The inscription on his tomb at Basil speaks of him as dying in 1536, "jam septuagenarius," and his friend and biographer, Beatus Rhenanus, says, "He had reached his seventieth year, which the prophet David * has assigned as the ordinary limit of man's life: at least, he had not far exceeded it; for as to the year in which he was born amongst the Batavians we are not quite sure, though sure of the day, which was the 28th of October, the festival of St. Simon and St. Jude." Whatsoever may have been the circumstances which led him in later life to alter his estimate of his own age and add to it two years, we cannot but feel that the presumptions are in favour of 1465; and one advantage of the earlier date is that it renders more intelligible, we might say more credible, some incidents recorded of his boyhood. We do not know how long he was a chorister at Utrecht, but it is easier to believe that he was eleven than nine when he ceased to be a singing boy; and if, instead of thirteen, we suppose him to have been fifteen when his father died, we can better understand how before leaving Deventer he had got the whole of Horace and Terence by heart, and had already mastered the Dialectics of Petrus Hispanus (see Opp. iii. 1822 F).

It was the fashion of that time for scholars to "cover with well-sounding Greek" or Latin the names of their harsh vernacular. The French Petit was Parvus; the English Fisher was translated into Piscator, and Bullock became Bovillus; and Dutch and German cultivators of the learned languages escaped from their native Van Horn, de Hondt, Neuenaar, Rabenstein, Reuchlin, Hussgen (= Hausschein), Schwarzerd, into the more euphonious Ceratinus, Canius, De Novâ Aquilâ or Neoaëtos, Coracopetra, Capnio, Œcolampadius, Melanchthon. In the same way, when our hero grew up, believing that his own and his father's name had something to do with amia-

* The ninetieth Psalm is usually ascribed not to David but Moses; see its title.

bility or fondness,[1] he made Gerrit Gerritzoon for ever classical as DESIDERIUS ERASMUS. To the second name exception has been taken by the adherents of jots and tittles, and in his old age he tacitly conceded that the insertion of an iota would have made it better Greek, when he christened his little godson Erasmius Froben. However, in behalf of his own earlier choice, it must be remembered that he had good authority. Long before his day there was a saint called Erasmus, whose castle has for many ages stood the guardian of Naples Bay and city, and who still on dark nights hangs out from the mast-head his lantern to warn Mediterranean seamen of the coming tempest. Elmo is a liquefaction of the harsher Erasmus, and no doubt the electric saint was present to the thoughts of the young Dutchman when he exchanged his patronymic, and to his own good Greek preferred the good name of the Italian tutelary.

Tired out by the resistance of his relatives, and despairing of being ever lawfully wedded to his Margaret, before the birth of Erasmus, Gerrit, the father, left his home at Gouda and wrote to his parents that he would return no more. He went as far as Rome. Here his caligraphy served him in good stead. Printing was still a new invention, and an excellent income could be earned by copying books. At the same time he went on to study law and improve himself in Greek—most likely with a secret hope that he might some day go back a travelled scholar and an independent man, and claim his affianced. That hope was rudely crushed. A letter came announcing that Margaret was gone. There was now no reason why he should continue to withstand parental urgency. The tie which held him to the secular life was broken; he renounced the world, and was ordained a priest.

Time passed on, and he returned to Gouda, no longer to set the village in a roar with fun and frolic, but a sober ecclesiastic, under his sacred vestments bringing back the contrition of the penitent as well as the tender grief of the mourner. Here, however, a surprise awaited him. With a frightful shock of joy and consternation he found Margaret still living. The letter of his brothers had been a lie, but the lie had fulfilled its purpose. It had caused the despairing lover to leap the chasm which, in a moment crossed, now yawned a great gulf betwixt himself and the object of his affection; and, although he would have now gladly made reparation for his grievous wrong, and although history records that, the fatal error excepted, she was good and gentle and all that could be wished for in a wife, the vows of Rome were on him, and he kept them with stern bitterness, crushing down his own affection, and leaving her to a lot more sad than any widowhood.

Still to poor Margaret there was beguilement in the little boy, all the rather that Gerrit loved his child, and supplied the means for her own honourable maintenance; and, for the few years that she was spared to him, we have the testimony of her son that she was a fond and devoted mother.

Four hundred years ago there were no kinder-gartens nor infant-schools; and, although there was a very good Sunday picture-book, called the "Biblia Pauperum," it was not every household that could afford a copy. So the food for infant minds consisted very much of the fairy-tales which long floated, life-like and real, through the nurseries of Europe, but which the babies of the future will only know from the specimens bottled up by Dr. Dasent, or pinned down by the Brothers Grimm. The religious instruction was in keeping. It told the wonderful adventures of saints who, when decapitated, picked up their own heads and walked off with them, or who crossed the sea, making a sail of their cloak, and a boat of an old shoe or a

[1] In German Gerhard=Gernhaber=Liebhaber. See Herzog's "Realwörterbuch," Art. Erasmus. And we may add that Erastus, so famous in ecclesiastical controversy, was born Thomas Lieber or Liebler. But Miss Yonge, in the "History of Christian Names," vol. i. p. 255, repudiates this interpretation of the German Gerhard (in Dutch, Gerrit.) According to her it really is "stern war," or "strong spear."

mill-stone. The better portion was taken from those Gospels of the Infancy, of which Professor Longfellow, in his "Golden Legend," has given an example.[1] To many minds these tales are simply painful. Not only are they offensive as additions to that which is written, but impious from the way in which sacred things are dragged down to a low and trivial level. Nevertheless, those who can throw themselves back into a rude and homely age, and make due allowance for an unlettered people, under forms very grotesque will still detect a large amount of good feeling, and perchance may agree with us that it was from these Christmas carols and cradle-hymns, sung by soft maternal voices, rather than from purgatorial pictures and the fulminations of preaching friars, that the little Gerrits of that time were likely to get a glimpse of the "gentle Jesus, meek and mild"—represented, as He usually is, in the manger, smiling up to the ox and the ass, who on that cold night are trying with their breath to keep Him warm. From the rhymes which played the part of "Peep of Day" to little Hollanders four centuries ago we select the following :—

FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

The gentle babe in Mary's arms
The kindly colt was bearing,
When lo ! they see a stately tree
Its laden head uprearing.

"Stay, stay, good colt, till the dates we gather,
For you and I are weary ;"
The palm-tree stooped, and its clusters drooped
Right down to the arms of Mary.

The dates she plucked till Joseph said—
"The day is passing o'er us ;
O Mary, haste, nor more time waste ;
We've forty miles before us."

They journeyed on, and the brightening sun
Them soon to Egypt brought ;
A goodly land is Egypt strand,
Where Joseph refuge sought.

Before a glittering gate they stood,
Where a rich man kept his revel ;
With flaunt and flout he drove them out,
And wished them to the devil.

[1] "The Nativity : a Miracle Play."

At a poor man's door next Joseph begged,
When they had passed that other ;
"O mistress mild, receive this child,
And eke his weary mother."

With welcome blithe she took them in
From night and all its dangers,
And in the shed they sought a bed,
Those holy far-come strangers.

To 's wife then said the host, as sleep
He strove in vain to cherish,
"I greatly fear that infant dear
In this keen frost will perish."

On the kitchen hearth, as up she sprang,
The flame leaped up as cheerful :
"O lady dear, thy babe bring here,
The frost this night is fearful."

Whilst o'er the fire the fragrant food
Began to sing and simmer,
With glances bright her heart's delight
Met every rosy glimmer.

"O mirror clear, O baby dear,"
She sang with joyful weeping ;
And to her breast the babe she pressed,
Now warm, and fed, and sleeping.

And so that host and his gracious wife
Soon rose to wondrous riches,
Whilst the son of Cain for bread was fain
To delve in dykes and ditches.

So let us give what Jesus asks
Without delay or grudging,
And let us pray that Jesus may
In all our hearts find lodging.

For where He's guest there goes it best
With all within the cottage ;
For if He dine the water's wine,
And angel's food the pottage.[1]

In his fifth year Erasmus was sent to a school in Gouda, kept by Peter Winkel ; but the fruit which grew on that tree of knowledge was harsh and crabbed, and the little pupil tasted it so sparingly that his father began to fear that learning was a thing for which he had no capacity. But, although he was no great reader, he could sing ; he had a sweet, melodious voice, and his mother took

[1] Of these early Dutch Lays and Legends the largest collection is the "Niederländische Geistliche Lieder des XV. Jahrhunderts," in the "Horæ Belgicæ," of Hoffman von Fallersleben (Hannover, 1854). The above specimen is an abridgment, freely translated, of No. 24, spliced at the end from the German stanzas at pp. 64, 65. Of the class of picture books referred to in the text, two examples have been reproduced in admirable facsimile by Mr. Stewart, of King William Street, viz. the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," and the "Geschiedenis van het heylighe Cruys."

him to Utrecht, where the cathedral authorities received him, and put him in the choir; and in a white surplice, along with other little children, he sang the Latin psalms and anthems in the grand old church where an older lad, named Florenszoon, was then a frequent worshipper, afterwards known to history as the preceptor of Charles the Fifth, and eventually as Adrian the Sixth, the only Dutchman, if we rightly remember, who ever wore the triple crown.

At nine years he was taken to a school at Deventer, and here he began to be a scholar in earnest. Shortly before this (in July, 1471), in the neighbouring convent of St. Agnes, at Zwoll, there had fallen asleep a venerable monk, to be remembered through all time as Thomas à Kempis. He was an exquisite copyist, as is attested by a sumptuous Bible in four volumes, still preserved, and he had also laid in a good store of scholarship at this very Deventer school which Erasmus was now attending. But, above all, he was a serene and saintly man, "inwardly happy, outwardly cheerful,"[1] to whom the world was nothing and God was all in all, and who in his pure and passionless career held on till he was upwards of ninety, drawing towards him the love, and all but the worship of those who in him felt a nearer heaven, and who heard from his lips those lessons on the hidden life which myriads since have read in "The Imitation of Jesus." Although a reviver of devotion rather than a restorer of learning, the cause of letters owed much to Thomas, for the worst foes of knowledge are grossness and apathy; and, when men like Rudolph Agricola and Alexander Hegius came under his spell, in the spiritual quickening which ensued, if they did not soar to the like elevation of enraptured piety, they at all events were raised to a region from which the coarse joys of the convent looked contemptible, and where the higher nature began to call aloud for food convenient.

When Erasmus came to Deventer, the rector of the school was the disciple of à Kempis, Hegius, and the whole place was animated by his ardent scholarship. Erasmus was too poor to pay the fees required from the students in the rector's class, but on saints' days the lectures were gratuitous and open to all comers. However, in Sintheim he had a kind and skilful teacher. Although the royal road to learning was not yet constructed, the Deventer professors had done a good deal to smooth and straighten the bridle-path; and, with a plank here and there thrown across the wider chasms, and with some of the worst stumbling-stones removed, a willing pupil could make wonderful progress. Even our dull little friend, who had been the despair of the pedantic Peter, woke up; and, like a creature which has at last found its element, he ramped in the rich pastures to which the gate of the Latin language admitted. As with Melanchthon a few years afterwards, Terence was his favourite, and in committing to memory all his plays he laid up betimes an ample store of the pure old Roman speech, as well as a rich fund of delicate humour, and dexterous, playful expression. Sintheim was delighted. On one occasion he was so charmed with his performance that he kissed the young scholar, and exclaimed, "Cheer up; you will reach the top of the tree." And on an occasion more august, when the famous Agricola visited Deventer, and was shown an exercise of Erasmus', he was so struck with it that he asked to see the author. The bashful boy was introduced; and, taking him with both hands behind the head, so that he was compelled to look full in the face the awful stranger, Agricola told him, "You will be a great man yet." Such a prophecy, coming from one of the oracles of the age, could never be forgotten, especially as Agricola was almost adored by Rector Hegius.

Knowledge should be its own reward; but poor human nature is very thankful for those occasional crumbs of encouragement. Nor was Erasmus above the need of them. Even at Deventer the discipline was very severe; and, although

[1] Ullman's Reformers before the Reformation, vol. ii. p. 127.

Erasmus was both a good boy and good scholar, and his master's favourite pupil, it was impossible to pass scathless through the ordeal. In after years he did all he could to mitigate a system the savage cruelty of which was so abhorrent from his gentle nature ;[1] and he quotes with approval the witty invention of an English gentleman, who, in order to make his son at once a scholar and a marksman, had a target painted with the Greek alphabet, and every time that the little archer hit a letter, and at the same time could name it, he was rewarded with a cherry.[2] This was an effectual plan for teaching "the young idea how to shoot;" and to the same kindly method we owe alphabets of gingerbread or sugar, which even in the nursery awaken the pleasures of taste, and make little John Bull, if not a devourer of books, at least very fond of his letters.

On the whole, however, it was a happy time which he spent at Deventer. His mother, who had accompanied him at first, watched over him with anxious tenderness; and he had attached companions, such as William Hermann. And he could play. From his Colloquies we gather that he was up to bowls, and leap-frog, and running, though not so fond of swimming. Then the Issel was famous for its fish, and he not only knew how to ensnare the finny tribe, but when bait was scarce he had a plan for bringing the worms aboveboard, by pouring over their lurking-places water in which had been steeped walnut-shells. Above all, the noble passion of learning had been awakened, and every day was bringing some new knowledge under the best instructors his native land could offer, when a great desolation overtook him. In his thirteenth year, as he himself says—although for reasons already mentioned we incline to think that he was somewhat older—the plague, then perpetually wandering over Europe, came to Deventer. It carried off his mother. It seized and destroyed many of his friends. At last it depopulated the house where he lodged, and in his grief and terror he fled to his father, at Gouda. But soon this refuge also failed. The death of Margaret had such an effect on Gerrit, whose heart was half broken already, that he immediately sickened and soon felt himself dying. He had by this time saved up enough to complete the education of his sons, and this, along with the care of the lads themselves, he entrusted to Peter Winkel and two other neighbours; and then the priest, in whom little of the facetious Gerrit survived, finished his sorrowful career—another instance that there are false steps which life can never retrace, and wrongs which repentance cannot remedy.

Erasmus was now very anxious to go to some university, but the guardians showed no great zeal in settling the affairs of the orphans. A note addressed to Magister Petrus Winkel, and undated, must have been written at this time, and is probably the earliest specimen of its author's epistolary style.

> "I fear that our property is not likely to be soon realized, and I trust that you will do your utmost to prevent our being injured by delay. Perhaps you will say that I am one of those who fear lest the firmament should fall. You might laugh at my apprehensions, if the cash were already in the coffer; but, far from being sold, the books have still to go to the auction-room, or find a purchaser. The corn has still to be sown from which our bread is to be baked; and meanwhile, as Ovid says, 'on flying foot the time flits past.' In an affair like this I cannot see the advantage of delay. Besides, I hear that Christian has not returned the books which he had borrowed. Let his tardiness be overcome by your importunity."

We have no doubt that this is the note to which Erasmus elsewhere refers as having been written to his guardian by a youth of fourteen.[3] If so, it exhibits a precocious talent for business, where, perhaps, we would rather

[1] De Pueris Instituendis, published in 1529. See especially Opp. i. 485 et seq.

[2] Opp. i. 511.

[3] Florentio decimum quartum annum agenti, quum illi scripsisset aliquanto politius, respondit severiter, ut si posthac mitteret tales epistolas, adjungeret commentarium: ipsi semper hunc fuisse morem, ut plane scriberet, et *punctuatim*, nam hoc verbo usus est."—Opp. iii. 1822.

have seen the bashfulness of the schoolboy; but to one who carries a bar sinister on his shield the battle of life is very hard, especially at the beginning; and to this poor youth the world's experiences were becoming somewhat bleak. Like other hunted creatures, his utmost sagacity was needed for self-defence, and he had too much reason to distrust the tutorial trio. In other respects the letter is an admirable composition,[1] and interesting as indicating thus early his turn for proverbial philosophy and love of classical quotation. But neither good Latin nor lines from Ovid could make it palatable to the receiver. He wrote back to his ward that, if he continued to send such figurative effusions, he must subjoin explanatory notes. For his own part, he always wrote plainly and "to the point"—*punctuatim.*

Instead of the university, Erasmus was sent to a monkish school at Bois le Duc (Hertogenbosch); from which, after an irksome and unprofitable durance of nearly three years, the plague allowed him to escape. Returning to Gouda, he found that by the death of one of their number his guardians were reduced to Winkel the schoolmaster, and a mercantile brother. They had but a sorry account to give of their stewardship; and Erasmus warned his brother that a desperate attempt would assuredly be made to force them into a convent, as the shortest way of winding up the trust and closing the account. Both agreed that nothing could be more alien from their present mood of mind, the elder confessing that he had no love for a religious life, the younger being intent on that scholarship which convents could not give. "Our means may be small," he said; "but let us scrape together what we can, and find our way to some college. Friends will turn up; like many before us, we may maintain ourselves by our own industry, and Providence will aid us in our honest endeavours." "Then," said the other, "you must be spokesman." Nor was t long before the scheme was propounded. In a few days Mr. Winkel called; and, after an ample preface, full of affection for them both, and dwelling on all his services, he went on, "And now I must wish you joy, for I have been so fortunate as to obtain an opening for both of you amongst the canons regular." As agreed, the younger made answer, thanking him warmly for his kindness, but saying that they thought it scarcely prudent, whilst still so young, to commit themselves to any course of life. "We are still unknown to ourselves, nor do we know the vocation which you so strongly recommend. We have never been inside of a convent, nor do we know what it is to be a monk. Would it not be better to defer a decision till after a few years spent in study?" At this Mr. Winkel flew into a passion: "You don't know what you are? You're a fool. You are throwing away an excellent opportunity, which I have with much ado obtained for you. So, sirrah, I resign my trust; and now you are free to look where you like for a living." Erasmus shed tears, but stood firm. "We accept your resignation, and free you from any farther charge." Winkel went away in a rage; but, thinking better about it, he sought the assistance of his brother, who, not being a schoolmaster, was less in the habit of losing his temper. Next day they invited the young men to dinner. It was beautiful weather; they had their wine taken out to a summer-house in the garden, and under the management of the balmy and blandiloquent merchant all went smooth and merry. At last they came to business, and so engagingly did the man of money set forth the life of poverty—so bright were the pictures of abstinence and seraphic contemplation which he drew over his bottle of Rhenish—that the elder brother was quite overcome. Pretending to yield to irresistible argument, he entered the convent; but he was a thorough rogue, and carried his rascality into the cloister. He cheated even the monks, and with his scandalous misconduct, drinking and stealing, proceeded from bad to worse, and henceforth disappears from history. Erasmus,

[1] It will be found in Knight's "Life of Erasmus," Appendix, p. iv.

on the other hand, hungering for knowledge and intent on mental improvement, held out. Although he had never lived in a monastery, he had attended a conventual school, and had seen the comatose effect which the cowl exercises on the head of the wearer. "In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird;" and although the door was open, and nice barley was strewn on the threshold, inside the decoy he saw so many bats and doleful creatures as effectually scared him, and with the instinct of a true bird of Paradise he escaped away to light and freedom.

But it was not easy to resist for ever. He was friendless and penniless. Besides, his health was broken; for nearly a year he had been suffering from paroxysms of quartan ague, and in the wakeful hours of night he began to wonder if it might not be better to renounce the pursuit of learning, and give himself entirely to prepare for eternity. Whilst in this state of feeling he fell in with a youth who had been his schoolfellow at Deventer, and who was now an inmate of the convent of Steene, near Gouda. Cornelius Berden drew a glowing picture of conventual retirement. He enlarged on the peace and harmony reigning within the sacred walls, where worldly strifes and passions never entered, and where, careful for nothing, but serving God and loving one another, the brethren led lives like the angels. Above all, he expatiated on the magnificent library and the unlimited leisure, and so wrought on his younger companion that he consented to come in as a novice. For the first months it was all very pleasant; he was not expected to fast, nor to rise for prayers at night, and every one was particularly kind to the new-comer; and, although before the year had expired he saw many things which he did not like, and some which awakened his suspicion, he was already within the gates, and it was not easy to get away. If he hinted to any one his fear that neither in mind nor body was he fitted to become a monk, he was at once assured that these were mere temptations of Satan, and, if he would only defy the devil by taking the final step, these difficulties would trouble him no more. The awful word "apostate" was whispered in his ear, and he was reminded how, after thus putting his hand to the plough and turning back, one novice had been struck by lightning, another had been bitten by a serpent, and a third had fallen into a frightful malady. As he afterwards pathetically urges, "If there had been in these fathers "a grain of true charity, would they not "have come to the succour of youth and "inexperience? Knowing the true state "of the case, ought they not to have "said, 'My son, it is foolish to carry "this effort any farther. You do not "agree with this mode of life, nor does "it agree with you. Choose some "other. Christ is everywhere—not here "only;—and in any garb you may live "religiously. Resume your freedom: "so shall you be no burden to us, nor "shall we be your undoing.'" But with these anglers it was not the custom when they had hooked a fish to throw him back into the water. They worked on his generous and sensitive spirit by asking, How can you as a renegade ever lift up your head amongst your fellowmen? And in pride and desperation he did as had been done by his father before him: he pressed his hands tight over his eyes and took the fatal leap. At the end of the year he made his profession as a canon regular in the Augustinian Convent of Emmaus at Steene.

It was not long before his worst forebodings were fulfilled. In the cloisters of Emmaus he found no Fra Angelico nor Thomas à Kempis, nor any one such as the name of the place might have suggested—no one who cared to "open the Scriptures," or who said to the Great Master, "Abide with us." From the genius of the place both religion and scholarship seemed utterly alien. The monks were coarse, jovial fellows, who read no book but the Breviary, and who to any feast of the Muses preferred pancakes and pots of ale. There was a library, but it was the last place where you would have sought for a missing brother. They sang their matins and

vespers, and spent the intermediate time in idle lounging and scurrilous jesting. Long afterwards, when invited to return, Erasmus wrote to the prior that his only recollections of the place were "flat and foolish talking, with-"out any savour of Christ, low ca-"rousals, and a style of life in which, "if you stripped off a few formal "observances, there remained nothing "which a good man would care to "retain."[1] At his first entrance his disposition was devout; but he wanted to worship: it was the living God whom he sought to serve, and the genuflexions, and crossings, and bell-ringings, and changes of vestments seemed to him little better than an idle mummery. He had hoped for scholarlike society, but, except young Hermann from Gouda, he found none to sympathize in his tastes, or join in his pursuits. Nor did the rule of his Order agree with him. His circulation was languid, his nervous system extremely sensitive. If called up to midnight devotions, after counting his beads and repeating the prescribed pater-nosters, a model monk would turn into bed and be asleep in five seconds; but, after being once aroused from his rest, Erasmus could only lie awake till the morning, listening to his more fortunate brethren as they snored along the corridor. For stock-fish his aversion was unconquerable. Sir Walter Scott mentions a brother clerk in the Court of Session who used to be thrown into agonies by the scent of cheese, and the mere smell of salted cod gave Erasmus a headache. And whilst by a bountiful supper his capacious colleagues were able to prepare overnight for the next day's fast, to the delicate frame of our scholar abstinence was so severe a trial that he repeatedly fainted away. No wonder then that with the love of letters, the love of reality, and the love of liberty superadded to such constitutional inaptitudes, the "heaven on earth" at Steene soon became an irksome captivity.

1 "Colloquia quam frigida, quam inepta, quam non sapientia Christum; convivia quam laica; denique tota vitæ ratio, cui si detraxeris ceremonias, non video quid relinquas expetendum." Opp. iii. 1527.

Not that the five years were utterly lost. True, he was disappointed in Cornelius Berden, the quondam chum whose glowing representations had first inveigled him. In the outset he was delighted with his apparent classical ardour, and rejoiced to burn with him the midnight oil, reading through a whole play of Terence at a single sitting. But it turned out that his motive was pure selfishness. He was ambitious of preferment, and, with the astuteness which he had learned during a short sojourn in Italy, he had entrapped into the convent his accomplished friend, as the cheapest way of obtaining a tutor. No wonder that, as soon as his treachery was detected, the victim bitterly resented his baseness. But, as we have already stated, in William Hermann he still found a kindred spirit. In poetical compositions and elegant Latinity they vied with one another, and any ancient treasure which either discovered they shared in common. Where the predisposition or susceptibility exists, a book read at the right time often gives an abiding complexion to the character, or a life-long direction to the faculties. The delight with which Pope when a schoolboy read Ogilby's Homer resulted in our English Iliad; and the copy of the "Faery Queen," which Cowley found on the window-seat of his mother's room, committed him to poetry for the rest of his days. In the same way Alexander Murray used to ascribe the first awakening of his polyglottal propensities to the specimens of the Lord's Prayer in many tongues which he found in Salmon's Geography, and our pleasant friend James Wilson was made a naturalist by the gift of "Three Hundred Wonderful Animals." A tendency towards scholarship our hero inherited from his father, along with his mirth and humour; and a peculiar flavour was given to his wit, as well as a tincture to his style, by his early admiration of Terence. And in the convent of Steene he found two writers who exerted a material influence on his subsequent history. One of these was Jerome, in whose letters he found such spoil that he transcribed the

whole of them; and of many subsequent years it became the chosen pastime, as well as absorbing employment, to prepare for the press the collected works of this truly learned father. The other was the famous Italian, Laurentius Valla, whose "Elegancies of the Latin Language" did so much to restore to modern times the speech of ancient Rome, and whose detection of the forgery which assigned the city of the Cæsars to Sylvester as a gift from Constantine may be regarded as the first decisive blow aimed at the temporal power of the Papacy.[1] His critical acumen, and the skill with which he explained the niceties of a noble tongue, filled Erasmus with rapture, and the very truculence of the terrible Roman had a charm for his ardent disciple.[2] Not that their dispositions were at all akin. Mild in his very mischief, and never so indignant as to be indiscreet, Erasmus was not born to be either a cynic or a bully; but in minds capable of unreserved admiration there is an isomorphous tendency, and, although the constituent elements may be distinct, the style into which they crystallize becomes identical. And, just as Hannah More could not help writing Johnsonese, as many a living writer nibs his pen and cuts the paper with Carlylian rhodium, so in the inspiration of our author we can sometimes detect the spell of a first love and an unconscious imitation of Valla. As a scholar and critic he was eventually no whit inferior; as a wit and a genius he immeasurably excelled. Yet through his subsequent career may be discerned the influence of his Italian predecessor, not only in his preference of classical Latinity at large to a narrow and foppish Ciceronianism; not only in the keen-eyed shrewdness and audacious sense which saw through the frailties of popes and the flaws of tradition; not only in the courage which set to work to translate the Greek Testament anew, undaunted by the awful claims of the Vulgate; but in the vituperative energy which he threw into his later polemical writings, and which is not unworthy of the critic who was constantly snapping at the heels of Poggio, and who had nearly torn Beccadelli in pieces because his remarks on Livy had gained the best *bon-bons* at Alphonso's table.

If Steene had few rewards for its students, the restraints were not very strict which it placed on its inmates. As long as they did not interfere with the rules of the Order, they were allowed to follow freely their own tastes and likings. We have mentioned that our Desiderius had a musical voice, and that when a little boy he was a chorister in Utrecht Cathedral. For the sister art of painting he is also said to have shown an early inclination, and a painted crucifix has come down with the inscription, "Despise not this picture: it was painted by Erasmus when he lived in the convent of Steene."[1] Anecdotes are also current of other modes in which he occasionally enlivened his graver studies. For instance, it is told that there was a pear-tree in the orchard which monks of low degree were warned to leave untouched; for the prior had seen meet to reserve it for his own proper use. Our friend, however, having taken a private survey of the forbidden fruit, was obliged to own that in this instance his superior was right, and repeated his visits so often that the pears began to disappear with alarming rapidity. The prior determined if possible to find out the robber. For this purpose he took up

[1] Unless we give precedence to Dante:—

"Ahi Costatin, di quanto mal fu matre
Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote
Che da te prese il primo ricco patre!"
Inferno, canto 19.

"Ah Constantine! what evils caused to flow,
Not, by conversion, but those fair domains
Thou on the first rich Father didst bestow!"
Wright.

Valla was born at Rome in 1407, where also in 1457 he died. His declamation against the Popedom did not see the light till long after his death, viz. 1492, about the time when Erasmus was taking leave of Steene.

[2] See his 1st, 2d, and 103d Epistles.

[1] What has become of it we cannot tell. In the early part of last century it belonged to Cornelius Musius of Delft. Burigny, *Vie d'Erasme*, tome i. p. 37.

his position overnight at a window which commanded the orchard. Towards morning he espied a dark figure in the tree; but, just as he made sure of catching the scoundrel, he was obliged to sneeze, and at the explosion the thief dropped from the bough, and with admirable presence of mind limped off, imitating to the life the hobble of the only lame brother in the convent. As soon as the monks were assembled for morning prayers, the prior enlarged on the dreadful sin which had been committed, and then in a voice of thunder denounced the lame friar as the sacrilegious villain who had stolen the pears. The poor monk was petrified. Protestations of innocence and proofs of an *alibi* were unavailing; the prior with his own eyes had seen him in the fact, and we doubt if the real delinquent came forward to discharge the penance.

Erasmus had spent five years in the convent when Henri de Bergues, the Bishop of Cambray, invited him to become his secretary. The bishop was aspiring to a cardinal's hat; and, having resolved on a journey to Rome in order to secure it, he wisely judged that the accomplished Latinist, whose fame had already come to France, would materially subserve his purposes. On the other hand, Erasmus was transported at the prospect of exchanging the society of boorish monks for the refinement and scholarship which he expected to find at the head-quarters of the Church and in the metropolis of Italy; and, as both Prior Werner and the Bishop of Utrecht gave their consent, somewhere about the year 1492 Erasmus took his joyful departure from Steene, and returned no more.

In its treatment of Erasmus, monasticism prepared its own Nemesis. The system was become a scandal to Europe. The greed of the friars, their indolence, their hypocrisy, their gluttony and grossness, had been for ages proverbial, and it was only with the sulky toleration of inevitable evil that their swarming legions were endured. Still it was believed that celibacy was a holy state, and it was hoped that, by way of balance to the rough exactions and tavern brawls of these sturdy beggars, there was a great deal of devotion and austerity within the cell, when there rose up a witness who could not be contradicted, proclaiming, in a voice which was heard in all lands alike by princes and people, that, offensive as was the outside of the sepulchre, it was clean compared with the interior.

Erasmus had no reason to love the institution. By working on the religious feelings of his grandparents and the avarice of their older sons, it had prevented his father from consummating in lawful wedlock an honourable attachment, and so had brought on his own birth a reproach with which the real authors of the wrong were the first to stigmatize him. And it had gone far to frustrate his own existence. Years which should have been given to letters and to religion it had doomed to dull routine and meaningless observance; nor was it unnatural that he should resent on the system the craft and chicanery which had cozened him out of his liberty, and which, in lieu of the philosopher's cloak, had left him in a fool's cap and motley. It can therefore occasion no wonder that in subsequent years he let slip no opportunity for showing up the ignorance and heartlessness of the regular clergy. If in one aspect Luther's life was one long war with the devil, the literary career of Erasmus was a continued crusade against monkery; and it is almost amusing to notice how, whether it be any mishap which has befallen himself, or any evil which threatens the universe,—if it be a book of his own which is anonymously abused, or the peace of a family which is invaded, or a town or kingdom which is hopelessly embroiled—he is sure to suspect a friar as the source of the mischief; and, as we read page after page of his epistles, we cannot help forming the conclusion that, "going to and fro on the face of the earth," the ubiquitous monk was to all intents our author's devil.

The years during which they kept him imprisoned at Steene supplied the materials for thoroughly exposing the system. He was then filling his portfolio with

the sketches which afterwards came out in the faithful but unbeautiful portraits of the Enchiridion and in the caricatures of the Colloquies; and by the time that he had become the most popular writer of all his contemporaries the effect was prodigious. Whether in one of his pithy sentences he spoke of "purgatory "as the fire which they so dearly love, "for it keeps their kettle boiling,"[1] or sketched them at full length as the universal usurpers who appropriated the functions of prince, pastor, and bishop, so that they must have a hand in every national treaty and every matrimonial engagement—so that they constituted themselves the guardians of orthodoxy, pronouncing "such a one is a real Chris-"tian, but such another is a heretic, and "he again is a heretic and a half—'ses-"qui-hæreticus'"—worming out of the citizens their most secret thoughts and most private affairs, and making themselves so essential that, if either king or pope has any dirty work to do, he must use their unscrupulous agency—a set of busybodies at once venomous and unproductive, who, like drones furnished with hornet stings, could not be driven from the hive, but must be at once detested and endured,[2]—every one recognised the correctness of the picture; and, with accurate instinct, far more fiercely than against Luther, with his defiance of the Pope, and his Gospel for the people, did the friars rage against Erasmus and his antimonastic satires. And, just as in his morning promenade under the hedgerow, a persecuted cat is followed by a cloud of titmice and sparrows, twittering out their terror, and warning all the woodland, so it is ludicrous to notice the swarm of agitated cowls which eventually fluttered after Erasmus in his progress through Europe, shrieking forth their execrations, and in every stealthy movement boding new mischief to the mendicants. To pull down the columns which supported the papacy needed the passionate strength and self-devotement of Luther; but the wooden pillar on which monkery was perched, already rotten and worm-eaten, quickly yielded to the incisors of the formidable rodent who had somehow got in;[1] and, when at last the crazy structure came down, and the "happy family" was scattered in England and Germany, it was not without a touch of compunction that the author of their overthrow witnessed the dismay of their dispersion, and the hardships which some of them endured.

[1] Opp. iii. 1106.

[2] Adagia, chil. ii. cent. viii. 65.

[1] The name of Erasmus was an irresistible temptation to punning: witness the following epigram of Stephen Paschasius.—

"Hic jacet Erasmus, qui quondam bonus erat mus;
Rodere qui solitus, roditur a vermibus."

EXTRACTS FROM LADY DUFF-GORDON'S LETTERS FROM EGYPT.

Now I am settled in my Theban palace it seems more beautiful, and I am quite melancholy that you cannot be here to enjoy it. The house is very large, and has good thick walls, the comfort of which we feel to-day, for it blows a hurricane, but indoors it is not at all cold. I have glass windows and doors to some of the rooms; it is a lovely dwelling. Two funny little owls, as big as my fist, live in the wall under my window, and come and peep in, walking on tiptoe and looking inquisitive, like the owls in the hieroglyphics; and a splendid horus (the sacred hawk) frequents my lofty balcony. Another of my contemplar gods I sacrilegiously killed last night—a whip-snake. Omar is rather in consternation, for fear it should be "the snake of the house," for Islam has not dethroned the "Dii Lares et tutelares."

Some men came to mend the staircase, which had fallen in, and which

consists of huge solid blocks of stone. One man crushed his thumb, and I had to operate on it. It is extraordinary how these people bear pain; he never winced in the least, and went off thanking God and the lady quite cheerfully.

I have been working hard at the "Alif Bay"—A B C—to day, under the direction of Sheykh Yussuf, a graceful, sweet-looking young man, with a dark-brown face, and such fine manners, in his fellah dress—a coarse brown woollen shirt, a libdeh or felt skull-cap, and a common red shawl round his head and shoulders. Writing the wrong way is very hard work. It was curious to see Sheykh Yussuf's blush from shyness when he came in first; it shows quite as much in the coffee-brown Arab skin as in the fairest European—quite unlike the much lighter-coloured mulatto or Malay, who never change colour at all.

Wednesday, January 20th, 1864.—We have had a week of piercing winds, but yesterday was fine again, and I mounted old Mustafa's cob pony, and jogged over his farm with him, and lunched on delicious sour cream and fateereh at a neighbouring village, to the great delight of the Fellah. The scene was more biblical than ever; the people were all relations of Mustafa's, and to see Sidi Omar, the head of the household, and the young men "coming in from the field, and the flocks and herds and camels and asses," was like a beautiful dream. All these people are of high blood, and a sort of "roll of battle" is kept here for the genealogies of the noble Arabs, who came in with Amr, the first Arab conqueror and lieutenant of Omar. Not one of these brown men, who do not own a second shirt, would give his brown daughter to the greatest Turkish Pasha. This country *noblesse* is more interesting to me by far than the town people, though Omar, who is quite a cockney, and piques himself on being "delicate," turns up his nose at their beggarly pride, as Londoners used to do at bare-legged Highlanders. The air of perfect equality (except as to the respect due to the head of the clan) with which the villagers treated Mustafa, and which he fully returned, made it all seem so very gentlemanlike. They are not so dazzled by a little show, and far more manly than the Cairenes. I am already on visiting terms with all the "county families" resident in Luxor. The Nazir (magistrate) is a very nice person, and my Sheykh Yussuf, who is of the highest blood (being descended from Abul Hajjaj himself), is quite charming. There is an intelligent German here as Austrian consul, who draws well. I went into his house, and was startled by hearing a pretty little Arab boy, his servant, say, "Soll ich den Kaffee bringen?" What next? They are all mad to learn languages, and Mustafa begs me to teach his little child Zehneb, English.

Friday, January 22d.—Yesterday, I rode over to Karnac, with Mustafa's Sais running by my side; glorious hot sun and delicious air. To hear the Sais chatter away, his tongue running as fast as his feet, made me deeply envious of his lungs. Mustafa joined me, and pressed me to go to visit the sheykh's tomb for the benefit of my health, as he and Sheykh Yussuf wished to say a Fathah for me; but I must not drink wine at dinner. I made a little difficulty on the score of difference of religion, but Sheykh Yussuf, who came up, said he presumed I worshipped God and not stones, and that sincere prayers were good anywhere. Clearly the bigotry would have been on my side if I had refused any longer; so in the evening I went with Mustafa.

It was a very curious sight: the little dome illuminated with as much oil as the mosque could afford, and beneath it the tombs of Abul Hajjaj and his three sons; a magnificent old man, like Father Abraham himself, dressed in white, sat on a carpet at the foot of the tomb; he was the head of the family of Abul Hajjaj. He made me sit by him, and was extremely polite. Then came the Nazir, the Cadi, a Turk travelling on Government business, and a few other gentlemen, who all sat down round us, after kissing the hand of the old sheykh. Every one talked; in fact, it was a *soirée* for the entertain-

ment of the dead sheykh. A party of men sat at the further end of the place, with their faces to the kibleh, and played on a taraboukeh (sort of small drum stretched on earthenware, which gives a peculiar sound), a tambourine without bells, and little tinkling cymbals, fitting on thumb and finger (crotales), and chanted songs in honour of Mohammed, and verses from the Psalms of David. Every now and then, one of our party left off talking, and prayed a little, or counted his beads. The old sheykh sent for coffee and gave me the first cup—a wonderful concession; at last the Nazir proposed a Fathah for me, which the whole group round me repeated aloud, and then each said to me:—"Our Lord God bless thee, and "give thee health and peace, to thee and "thy family, and take thee back to thy "master and thy children;" every one adding "Ameen," and giving the salaam with the hand. I returned it, and said, "Our Lord reward thee and all the peo-"ple for kindness to strangers," which was considered a very proper answer.

After that we went away, and the worthy Nazir walked home with me to take a pipe and a glass of sherbet, and enjoy a talk about his wife and eight children, who are all in Foom-el-Bachr; except two boys at school at Cairo. In Cairo or Lower Egypt, it would be quite impossible for a Christian to enter a sheykh's tomb at all;—above all, at his birthday festival, and on the night of Friday.

Saturday.—My poor Sheykh Yussuf is in great distress about his brother, also a young sheykh (*i.e.* one learned in theology, and competent to preach in the mosque). Sheykh Mohammed is come home from studying in El-Azhar at Cairo,—I fear, to die. I went with Sheykh Yussuf, at his desire, to see if I could help him, and found him gasping for breath, and very, very ill; I gave him a little soothing medicine, and put mustard plasters on him, and, as they relieved him, I went again and repeated them. All the family and a number of neighbours crowded in to look on. There he lay in a dark little den with bare mud walls, worse off, to our ideas, than any pauper; but these people do not feel the want of comforts, and one learns to think it quite natural to sit with perfect gentlemen in places inferior to our cattle sheds. I pulled some blankets up against the wall, and put my arm behind Sheykh Mohammed's back, to make him rest while the poultices were on him; whereupon he laid his green turban on my shoulder, and presently held up his delicate brown face for a kiss, like an affectionate child. As I kissed him, a very pious old moollah said *Bismillah!* "In the name of God!" with an approving nod; and Sheykh Mohammed's father (a splendid old man in a green turban) thanked me with "effusion," and prayed that my children might always find help and kindness. This shows how much truth there is in "Mussulman bigotry, unconquerable hatred," etc.; for this family are Seyyids (descendants of the Prophet), and very pious.

Monday.—I have just heard that poor Sheykh Mohammed died yesterday, and was, as usual, buried at once. I had not been well for a few days, and Sheykh Yussuf took care that I should not know of his brother's death. He went to Mustapha Aga, and told him not to tell any one of my house till I was better, because he knew "what was in my stomach" towards them, and feared I should be made worse by the news. And how often I have been advised not to meddle with sick Arabs, because they are sure to suspect a Christian of poisoning those who die! I do grieve for the graceful handsome young creature and his old father. Omar was vexed at not knowing of his death, because he would have liked to help to carry him to the grave.

Friday, January 29th.—The last week has been very cold here, the thermometer 59° and 60°, with a nipping wind and bright sun. I was obliged to keep my bed for three or four days, as a palace without doors or windows to speak of was very trying, though far better than a boat. Yesterday and to-day are better—not much warmer, but a different air.

The Moolid (festival) of the sheykh

terminated last Saturday with a procession, in which the new cover of his tomb, and the ancient sacred boat, were carried on men's shoulders; it all seemed to have walked out of royal tombs, only dusty and shabby, instead of gorgeous. These festivals of the dead are such as Herodotus alludes to as held in honour of "Him whose name he dares not mention, Him who sleeps in Philæ;" only the name is changed, and the mummy is absent. For a fortnight every one who had a horse and could ride, came and "made fantasia" every afternoon for two hours before sunset, and very pretty it was. The people here show their good blood in their riding. For the last three days, all strangers were entertained with bread and cooked meat, at the expense of the Luxor people. Every house killed a sheep and baked bread. As I could not do that for want of servants enough, I sent a hundred piastres (about twelve shillings) to the servants of Abul Hajjaj at the mosque, to pay for the oil burnt at the tomb, &c. I was not well, and in bed, but I hear that my gift gave immense satisfaction, and that I was again well prayed for.

The Coptic bishop came to see me, but he was a tipsy old monk. He sent for tea, complaining that he was ill; so I went to see him, and perceived that his disorder was too much arrakee. He has a very nice black slave, a Christian (Abyssinian, I think), who is a friend of Omar's, and who sent Omar a handsome dinner, all ready cooked; among other things, a chicken stuffed with green wheat was excellent.

February 12*th*, 1864.—We are in Ramadan now, and Omar really enjoys a good opportunity of "making his soul." He fasts and washes vigorously, and prays his five times a day, and goes to mosque on Fridays, and is quite merry over it, and ready to cook infidels' dinners with exemplary good humour. It is a great merit in Muslims that they are not at all grumpy over their piety.

The weather has set in since five or six days like Paradise; I sit on my lofty balcony and drink in the sweet northerly breeze, and look at the glorious mountain opposite, and think, if only you and the children were here, it would be "the best o' life." The beauty of Egypt grows on one, and I think it far more lovely this year than I did last.

My great friend the Maōhn (he is not the Nazir, who is a fat little pig-eyed jolly Turk) lives in a house which also has a superb view in another direction, and I often go and sit "on the bench," *i.e.* the mustabah in front of his house, and do what little talk I can, and see the people come with their grievances. I don't understand much of what goes on, as the *patois* is broad, and doubles the difficulty, or I would send you a Theban police-report; but the Maōhn is very pleasant in his manner to them, and they don't seem frightened. We have appointed a very small boy our Bowab or porter, or rather he has appointed himself, and his assumption of dignity is quite delicious; he has provided himself with a huge staff, and he behaves like the most tremendous janissary. He is about the size of a child of five, as sharp as a needle, and possesses the remains of a brown shirt, and a ragged kitchen duster as turban. I am very fond of little Achmet, and like to see him doing *tableaux vivants* after Murillo, with a plate of broken victuals.

The children of this place have become so insufferable about backsheesh, that I have complained to the Maōhn, and he will assemble a committee of parents and enforce better manners. It is only here, and just where the English go. When I ride into the little villages, I never hear the word, but am always offered milk to drink; I have taken it two or three times and not offered to pay, and the people always seemed quite pleased.

Yesterday, Sheykh Yussuf came again, the first time since his brother's death; he was evidently deeply affected, but spoke in the usual way, "It is the will of God, we must all die." I wish you could see Sheykh Yussuf; I think he is the sweetest creature in look and manner I ever beheld, so refined and so simple, and with the animal grace of a gazelle. A high-bred Arab is as graceful as an Indian, but quite without the

feline *geschmeidigkeit*, or the look of dissimulation; the eye is as clear and frank as a child's.

Luxor, March 1st.—The glory of the climate now is beyond description, and I feel better every day. I go out as early as seven or eight o'clock on my tiny donkey, and come in to breakfast at about ten, and go out again at four. The sun is very hot in the middle of the day, yet the people in boats say it is still cold at night. In this large house I feel neither heat nor cold. . . .

I want to photograph Yussuf for you; the feelings and prejudices and ideas of a cultivated Arab, as I get at them, little by little, are curious beyond compare. It won't do to generalize from one man, of course, but even one gives some very new ideas. The most striking thing is the sweetness and delicacy of feeling, the horror of hurting any one (this must be individual, of course; it is too good to be general). For example, I apologized to him two days ago for inadvertently answering the "Salaam aleykoom," which he, of course, said to Omar on coming in, and which is sacramental to Muslims. Yussuf blushed crimson, touched my hand and kissed his own, and looked quite unhappy. Yesterday evening he walked in, and startled me by a "Salaam aleykee," addressed to me; he had evidently been thinking it over, whether he ought to say it to me, and had come to the conclusion that it was not wrong. "Surely it is well for all "the creatures of God to speak peace "(*Salaam*) to each other," said he. Now, no uneducated Muslim would have arrived at such a conclusion. Omar would pray, work, lie, do any thing for me—sacrifice money even: but I doubt whether he could utter "Salaam aleykoom" to any but a Muslim. I answered as I felt—"Peace, oh my brother, and God bless thee!" It was almost as if a Catholic priest had felt impelled by charity to offer the communion to a heretic.

I observed that the story of the Barber was new to him, and asked if he did not know the Thousand and One Nights. No; he studied only things of religion; no light amusements were proper for an Alim-el-deen of the religion. *We* Europeans did not know that, of course, as *our* religion was to enjoy ourselves; but *he* must not make merry with diversions or music or droll stories. (See the mutual ignorance of all ascetics.) He has a little girl of six or seven, and teaches her to write and read. No one else, he believes, thinks of such a thing out of Cairo; there many of the daughters of the Alim learn,—those who desire it. His wife died two years ago, and six months ago he married again a wife twelve years old! (Sheykh Yussuf is thirty, he tells me; he looks twenty-two.) What a stepmother, and what a wife! He can repeat the whole Koran without book; it takes twelve hours to do it. He has read the Tourach (the Old Testament), and the Gospels (el Aangele), of course. "Every Alim reads them: "the words of Seyyidna Issa are the "true faith; but Christians have altered "and corrupted their meaning. So we "Muslims believe. We are all the "children of God." I ask if Muslims call themselves so, or only the slaves of God. "It is all one—children or "slaves. Does not a good man care for "both tenderly alike?" (Pray observe the Oriental feeling here. *Slave* is a term of affection, not contempt; and remember the Centurion's "*servant* (slave), whom he loved.") "Had heard "from Fodl Pasha how a cow was cured "of the prevailing disease in Lower "Egypt by water, weighed against a "Mushaf (copy of the Koran); no "doubt it was true. Fodl Pasha had "tried it." Yet Yussuf thinks the Arab doctors, who also use verses of the Koran, of no use at all.

M. de Ronge, the great Egyptologue, came here one evening; he speaks Arabic perfectly, and delighted Sheykh Yussuf, who was much interested in the translations of the hieroglyphics, and anxious to know if he had found anything about Moussa (Moses) or Yussuf (Joseph). He looked pleased and grateful to be treated like "a gentleman and a scholar," by such an alim as M. de Ronge, and such an "elmeh" (for a

woman) as myself. As he acts as clerk to Mustafa, our consular agent, and wears a shabby brown shirt or gown, and speaks no English, I dare say he not seldom encounters great slights (from sheer ignorance). He produced a bit of old Cufic manuscript, and consulted M. de Ronge as to its meaning,—a pretty little bit of flattery in an Arab alim to a Frenchman; to which the latter was not insensible, I saw. In answer to the invariable questions about all my family, I once told him my father had been a great alim of the law, and that my mother had got ready his written book, and put some lectures in order, to be printed. He was amazed, first that I had a mother, as he told me he thought I was fifty or sixty, and immensely delighted at the idea. "God has "favoured your family with understand-"ing and knowledge. I wish I could "kiss the sheykhah, your mother's "hand. May God favour her."

M——'s portrait (as usual) he admired fervently, and said one saw his good qualities in his face;—a compliment I could have fully returned as he sat looking at the picture with affectionate eyes, and praying, *sotto voce*, for "el gaddar, el gemeel" (the youth, the beautiful), in the words of the Fathah, "Oh, give him guidance, and "let him not stray in the paths of "the rejected!" Altogether something in Sheykh Yussuf reminds me of Worsley.[1] There is the same look of *Seelenreinheit*, with far less thought and intelligence (indeed, little thought), of course, and an additional child-like innocence. I suppose some mediæval monks may have had the same look, but no Catholic I have ever seen looks so peaceful or so unpretending. I see in him, as in all people who don't know what doubt means, an easy familiarity with religion. I hear him joke with Omar about Ramadan, and even about Omar's assiduous prayers, and he is a frequent and hearty laugher. I wonder whether this gives you any idea of a character new to you; it is so impossible to describe manner, which produces so much of the impression of novelty.

Luxor, March 10th.—Yesterday was Bairam, and on Tuesday evening everybody who possessed a gun or a pistol banged away, every drum and taraboukeh was thumped, and all the children hallooed, *Ramadan Māt! Ramadan Māt!* "Ramadan is dead," about the streets.

At daybreak Omar went to the early prayer, a special ceremony of the day; there were crowds of people; so, as it was useless to pray and preach in the mosque, Sheykh Yussuf went out upon a hillock in the burying-ground, where they all prayed, and he preached. Omar reported the sermon to me as follows (it is all extempore):—First Yussuf pointed to the graves,—"Where are all those people?" and to the ancient temples, "Where are those who built them? Do not strangers from a far country take away their very corpses to wonder at? What did their splendour avail them?" &c. &c. What, then, O Muslims, *will* avail that you may be happy when that comes which will come for all? Truly God is just, and will defraud no man, and He will reward you if you do what is right; and that is, to wrong no man, neither in his person, nor in his family, nor in his possessions. Cease then to cheat one another, O men! and to be greedy; and do not think that you can make amends by afterwards giving alms or praying or fasting, or giving gifts to the servants of the mosques. *Benefits come from God; it is enough for you if you do no injury to any man, and, above all, to any woman or little one!*

Of course the sermon was much longer, but this was the substance, Omar tells me; and pretty sound morality too methinks, and might be preached with advantage to a meeting of philanthropists in Exeter Hall. There is no predestination in Islam, and every man will be judged upon his actions. "Even unbelievers God will not defraud," says the Koran. Of course, the belief in meritorious works leads to the same sort of superstition as it does among Catho-

[1] Philip Stanhope Worsley, the translator of the "Odyssey."

lics — the endeavour to "make one's soul," by alms, fastings, endowments, &c.; therefore Yussuf's stress upon doing no evil seems to me very remarkable and really profound.

After the sermon, all the company assembled rushed on Yussuf to kiss his head and his hands and his feet, and mobbed him so fearfully that he had to lay about him with the wooden sword, which is carried by the officiating alim. Yussuf came to wish me the customary good wishes soon after, and looked very hot and tumbled, and laughed heartily about the awful kissing he had undergone. All the men embrace on meeting on the festival of Bairam.

The kitchen is full of cakes, ring-shaped, which all my friends have sent me, just such as we see offered to the gods in the temples and tombs. I went and called on the Maōhn in the evening, and found a number of people all dressed in their best. Half were Copts, among them a very pleasing young priest, who carried on a religious discussion with Seleem Effendi,—strange to say, with perfect good humour on both sides.

A Copt came up with his farm-labourer, who had been beaten, and the field robbed. The Copt stated the case in ten words, and the Maōhn sent off his cawass with him to apprehend the accused persons, who were to be tried at sunrise and beaten, if found guilty, and forced to make good the damage.

March 12*th*.—Yesterday, we had a strange and unpleasant day's business. The evening before, I had my pocket picked in Karnac by two men who hung about me, one to sell a bird, the other, one of the regular "loafers" who lurk about the ruins to beg, and sell water or curiosities, and who are all a lazy, bad lot, of course. I went to Seleem, who wrote at once to the Sheykh el Beled of Karnac, to say that we should go over next morning at eight o'clock (two, Arab time), to investigate the affair, and to desire him to apprehend the men. Next morning Seleem fetched me, and Mustafa came to represent English interests, and as we rode out of Luxor, the Sheykh el Ababdeh joined us with some of his tribe, with their long guns, and many more with lances; he was a volunteer, furious at the idea of a lady and a stranger being robbed. It is the first time it has happened here, and the desire to beat was so strong, that I went to act as counsel for the prisoner. Every one was peculiarly savage that it should have happened to me, a person well known to be friendly to "*El Muslimeen*."

When we arrived we went into a square inclosure, with a sort of cloister on one side, spread with carpets, where we sat, and the wretched fellows were brought in in chains. To my horror, I found they had been beaten already; I remonstrated; "What if you have beaten the wrong men?" "Malesh, we will beat the whole village until your purse is found." I said to Mustafa, "This won't do; you must stop this." So Mustafa ordained, with the concurrence of the Maōhn, that the Sheykh el Beled and the "Gefieh," (the keeper of the ruins,) should pay me the value of the purse; as the people of Karnac are very troublesome in begging and worrying, I thought this would be a good lesson to the said sheykh to keep better order, and I consented to receive the money, promising to return it and to give a napoleon over, if the purse comes back with its contents ($3\frac{1}{2}$ napoleons). The Sheykh el Ababdeh harangued the people on their ill-behaviour to "Hareemat," and called them "Haramee" (rascals), and was very high and mighty to the Sheykh el Beled. Hereupon, I went away on a visit to a Turkish lady in the village, leaving Mustafa to settle. After I was gone they beat eight or ten of the boys who had mobbed me and begged with the two men; Mustafa, who does not like the stick, stayed to see that they were not hurt, and so far it will be a good lesson to them. He also had the two men sent over to the prison here, for fear the Sheykh el Beled should beat them again, and will keep them here for a time. So far so good; but my fear now is, that innocent people will be squeezed to make up the

money, if the men do not give up the purse. I have told Sheykh Yussuf to keep watch how things go, and if the men persist in the theft, and don't return the purse, I shall give the money to those whom the Sheykh el Beled will assuredly squeeze, or else to the mosque of Karnac. I cannot pocket it, though I thought it quite right to exact the fine as a warning to the Karnac *mauvais sujets.*

The whole thing distressed me horribly. If I had not been there, they would have beaten right and left; and if I had shown any desire to have any one punished, evidently they would have half killed the two men. Mustafa behaved extremely well; he showed sense, decision, and more feelings of humanity than I at all expected of him.

Pray do try to get him paid. The English consuls at Cairo are not nearly so civil, and old Mustafa has all the trouble and work of the Nile boats (eighty-five this winter), and he is boundlessly kind and useful to the English, and a real protection against cheating. When Mustafa was appointed, there were about five or six boats a year, now there are always from seventy to one hundred and twenty, and he does not get a farthing, and is really out of pocket. Pray do not fail to represent all these things to Mr. Layard.

April 6th.—I told you how my purse had been stolen, and the proceedings thereanent. Well! Mustafa asked me several times what I wished to be done with the thief, who spent twenty-one days here in irons. With my absurd English ideas of justice, I refused to interfere at all; and Omar and I had quite a tiff, because he wished me to say, "Oh! poor man, let him go; I leave the affair to God." I thought Omar absurd; it was I who was wrong. The authorities concluded that it would oblige me very much if the poor devil were punished with "a rigour beyond the law;" and had not Sheykh Yussuf come and explained the nature of the proceedings, the man would have been sent up to the mines in Fazogl *for life*, out of civility to me. There was no alternative between my forgiving him "for the love of God," or sending him to certain death by a climate insupportable to these people. Mustafa and Co. tried hard to prevent Sheykh Yussuf from speaking to me, for fear I should be angry and complain at Cairo, if my vengeance were not wreaked on the thief; but he said he knew me better, and brought the *procés-verbal* to show me. Fancy my dismay. I went to Seleem Effendi and to the Cadi with Sheykh Yussuf, and begged the man might be let go, and not be sent to Keneh at all. Having settled this, I said that I had thought it right that the people of Karnac should pay the money I had lost, as a fine for their bad conduct to strangers, but that I did not require it for the sake of the money, which I would accordingly give to the poor of Luxor in the mosque and in the church (great applause from the crowd). I asked how many were Muslimeen and how many Nazranee, in order to divide the three napoleons and a half according to the numbers. Sheykh Yussuf awarded one napoleon to the church, two to the mosque, and the half to the water-drinking place, the Sebeel, which was also applauded. I then said, "Shall we send the money to the Bishop?" but a respectable elderly Copt said, "Malesh, malesh (never mind), "better give it all to Sheykh Yussuf; "he will send the bread to the church."

Then the Cadi made me a fine speech, and said I had behaved like a great Ameereh (lady), and one that feared God; and Sheykh Yussuf said he knew the English had mercy in their stomachs, and that I especially had Mussulman feelings (as we say, Christian charity).

Did you ever hear of such a state of administration of *justice?* Of course, sympathy here, as in Ireland, is mostly with the "poor man" in prison,—in trouble, as we say. I find that, accordingly, a vast number of disputes are settled by private arbitration, and Yussuf is constantly sent for to decide between contending parties, who abide

by his decision rather than go to law; or else, five or six respectable men are called upon to form a sort of amateur jury, and to settle the matter. In criminal cases, if the prosecutor is powerful, he has it all his own way; if the prisoner can bribe high, he is apt to get off. All the appealing to my compassion was quite *en règle*;—another trait of Egypt.

The other day we found all our water-jars empty, and our house unsprinkled; on inquiry, it turned out that the Sakkas had all run away, carrying with them their families and goods, and were gone no one knew whither, in consequence of "some persons having authority," or one, a Turkish cawass (policeman), having forced them to fetch water for building purposes at so low a price that they could not bear it. My poor Sakka is gone without a whole month's pay—two shillings, the highest pay by far given in Luxor.

I am interested in another story. I hear that a plucky woman here has been to Keneh, and threatened the Moodir that she will go to Cairo, and complain to Effendina himself of the unfair drafting for soldiers; her only son taken, while others have bribed off. She will walk in this heat all the way, unless she succeeds in frightening the Moodir, which, as she is of the more spirited sex in this country, she may possibly do. You see these Sacedees are a bit less patient than the people in Lower Egypt; the Sakkas can strike, and a woman can face a Moodir.

Some one tried to put it into Omar's head that it was "Haran" to be too fond of us heretics and be faithful; but he consulted Sheykh Yussuf, who promised him a reward hereafter for good conduct to me, and who told me of it as a good joke; adding that he was "Ragul Ameen," the highest praise for fidelity,—the *sobriquet* of the Prophet. Omar kisses the hands of his Sidi el Keeber (the great master), and desires his best salaam to the little master and the little lady, whose servant he is. He asks if I too do not kiss Scander Bey's hand in my letter, as I ought to do, as his Hareem; or whether I make myself "big before my master," like some French ladies he has seen. Yussuf is quite puzzled about European women, and a little shocked at the want of respect to their husbands they display. I told him that the outward respect shown us by our men was *our veil*, and explained how superficial the difference was. He fancied that the law gave us the upper hand.

Omar reports yesterday's sermon,—"On Toleration," it appears. Yussuf took the text, "Thou shalt love thy brother as thyself, and never act towards him but as thou wouldst he should act towards thee." I forget the chapter and verse, but it seems he took the bull by the horns, and declared *all men* to be brothers,—not Muslimeen only,—and desired his congregation to look at the good deeds of others, and not at their erroneous faith; for God is all-knowing (*i.e.* He only knows the heart), and if they saw aught amiss, to remember that the best man needs say "Astalfer Allah" (I beg pardon of God) seven times a day.

I wish the English could know how unpleasant and mischievous their manner of talking to their servants about religion is. Omar confided to me "how bad it felt to be questioned and then to see the Englishman laugh, or put up his lip and say nothing." "I don't want to talk about his religion at all, but if he talks about mine he ought to speak of his own too. You, my lady, say, when I tell you things, 'that is the same with us,' or that is different, or good, or not good, in your mind; and that is the proper way, not to look like thinking, *all nonsense.*"

"THE RASH VOW."

A BED, four walls, and a swart crucifix—
Nought else, save my own brain and four small words!
Four scorpions! which, instead of cloistered death,
Have stung me into life! How long may't be
Since silver censers flung their incense up,
And in full choir a sound of voices rose,
Chaunting their even-song, and praising God—
"In that our brother here was dead, and lives?"
Then came the organ's surging symphony,
And I, a unit 'midst the tonsured crowd,
Passed on, a monk; while in my ear there rung
Those four short, burning words, "She was not false!"
Oh! fiend incarnate, that could urge me on,
E'en to the very brink and see me plunge—
Then, seeing, whisper what would else have saved
A life-long misery.
They brought me here
To pray, and keep the Vigil of St. John;
To make thanksgiving—What was it he said,
The reverend preacher who discoursed to-day?
"Many indeed are called, but chosen few."
Chosen! and this the Vigil of St. John,
When trembling maidens to the fountain come
To view their future husbands mirrored there:
She, too, perhaps, may be amidst the throng?
Ah! me, I shall go mad. How long is it
Since I have grovelled here? It seems to me
Well nigh a life-time since they came and brought
The dim oil-lamp, that flickers near my head.
How heavily their flabby, naked feet
Came whilom flapping through the corridor!
"Our brother prays," quoth one; the other said,
(Poking the lamp's wick with his finger-tip)
"In truth I marvel not that he is moved;
An angel's self might have been stirred to hear
My Lord the Bishop as he preached to-day."
Poor souls! if they could but have read my heart,
It would have seared even *their* inert gross flesh
Into a flame of fear. I recollect,
On my young sister Isa's wedding day,
Our mother smiled, and said it brought to her
Again the freshness of her buried youth.
Great God! see! here is my own youth, unspent,
Living a death. Alas! no more for me
The silvery laughter of fair mirthful girls,
Like distant bells across the breezy downs;
No more the soft hands' thrilling touch, that sends
The young hot life-blood rushing through the veins;

Never again that interchange of looks,
The key-note of two souls in unison.
"Out! puling mourner," cries the moralist:
"Is it a 'crumpled rose-leaf in thy path'
O'er which thou wailest?—what is youth and love?—
Hast thou not in thee something more than these—
Thy soul, immortal, indestructible?"
The words are but too true; though 'tis no "leaf;"
'Tis the whole flower I mourn, and mourn alone.
A young rose, dewy, budding in the morn—
I weep its fragrance lost, its beauty gone.
Life without love is naught,—'tis even as
The body without soul—a fleshy case
To carry aches and pains in. Soon will come
The first white hair, the harbinger of change,
To say, Time is, Time was, and Time is past.
Ay, past; for, love extinct, our life remains
(As 'twere a hearth where fire had blazed anon)
In ashes, and my youth is left to me
Like a pressed violet in a folded book;
A remnant of its fragrance breathing still,
To tell of spring-time past, ne'er to return.
Last May I roved with *her* into the woods:
The winter season o'er, the tender buds
Were shooting on the ash; the scent of Spring
Was round us, over us, and in our hearts;
The firmament a tender turquoise blue;
The cushat-dove was cooing in the grove;
All nature seemed as wooing, where we strayed
Along the sylvan glade. We passed the cairn,
The old grey, lichen-covered, mossy stones,
Where conies sport and graze, and at the foot
Of a tall chestnut-tree, upon a couch
Bedecked with primroses and branching ferns
(I at her feet), we sate. Anon there came
Athwart the thick and leafy canopy
Above us spread (now rich with vernal bloom),
A golden sunbeam, whose bright quivering ray,
Touching her brow with living amber glow,
And glancing on her deep, dark, liquid eyes,
Well-springs of truth and maiden purity——

Who calls? "Good brother, you are new as yet;
'Tis time for matins. All the brotherhood
Are now assembled, and the Prior waits:
Will't please you come?"

Thos. Herbert Lewin.

SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

On Mona's desolate shore, in a cavern by the sea, there dwelt long ages ago the last of the Druids. None knew whence he came or how long he had lived there alone; some said it was for a hundred years, and others that it was for a time far beyond the age of man, and that the Druid was no other than Merlin himself, who had seen Arthur die, and had dwelt in the halls of Caerleon, and worshipped in yet remoter time in the sun-temple of Stonehenge. Men and women travelled far to visit the solitary cavern where the Druid dwelt, and to ask him to reveal to them the mysteries of life and death; and kings came to consult him regarding war and the polity of states, and priests asked him concerning eternal things; and to all of them the Druid made response, and his words were wise and deep, and were treasured in many souls.

Now it came to pass one evening in the later autumn, when the air was still and shrouded, and the sere leaves were slowly dropping from the trees, and the salt green sea cast its tribute of wrack and shells at the door of the Druid's cave, that there came up together from different lands many suppliants, and they all entered into the cavern to entreat the seer to answer their questions and give them counsel. And behold the Druid sat on a stone in the depths of the cave, and the red firelight shone on his white raiment, and his hair and beard were white as snow, but his eye was blue and calm and sweet, and none who looked on him felt any more fear. And the suppliants drew near and saluted him reverently; and he bowed his head in token that they should speak, and each of them in turn spake; and the first said unto him:—

"O Druid! I am a queen of far-off islands, and my king, who loved me well, loves me no more, nor seemeth to heed me, and I have given him my father's crown, and loved him with my whole heart. What must I do to awaken his love?"

And the second suppliant spake and said:—

"O Druid! I am a knight and I loved a lady who once gave me her troth; and I have borne it on my helm through many a bloody field, and I have brought her back glory and fame; yet she loves me no more. What must I do to awaken her love?"

And the third suppliant spake and said:—

"O Druid! I am a rich man, and I loved my brother, and divided with him my lands and gold; but he loves me no more. What must I do to awaken his love?"

And the fourth suppliant spake and said:—

"O Druid! I am a bard, and I loved not one man only, but all the good and wise, and I poured out my soul in song; but they loved me not, nor responded to my words. What must I do to awaken their love?"

And the fifth suppliant spake and said:—

"O Druid! I am a seeker of knowledge, and I love my race, and have imparted to them the truths I have read in the stars and gathered from the ends of the earth; but they love me not, nor regard my lessons. What must I do to awaken their love?"

And the sixth suppliant spake and said:—

"O Druid! I am not great, nor wise, nor rich, nor beautiful; I am but a poor maiden, and I love not only the good and learned, but also the weak and the ignorant, and I give them all my tears, and all my life; but they love me not,

and, because they love me not, I cannot serve them as I would. What must I do to awaken their love?"

And the seventh suppliant spake and said:—

"O Druid! I am a mother, and I love my only son; and I had no crown, or honour, or lands, or art, or wisdom, to give him; but I gave him what was more precious than them all—a mother's love. Yet he loves me not. What must I do to awaken his love?"

Then the seven suppliants stood silent, and the Druid sat still for a little space. And the night had fallen while they spake, and the fire had burned low, and the cave of the Druid was dark. And it came to pass, as they waited patiently, that the depth of the cavern seemed to become light, as if a luminous mist were filling it. And, as they gazed at the mist, behold! as if reclining on clouds, lay a form as of a beautiful youth, more beautiful than any of the children of men; and he lay asleep. And the Druid spake to the suppliants and said:—"Behold now, and see how Love sleepeth; and how heavy are his slumbers; and who is he that shall awaken him?" And lo! there came through the mist a train of beautiful forms, and each of them passed by the couch of Love, and strove to waken him with kisses and with tears. And some tried hollow smiles, though their eyes were dim; and others were seen to wring their hands and kneel at his feet in agony; and others brought him crowns, and sceptres, and gold, and gems, and stars of honour, and wreaths of fame, and they cried with exceeding bitter cries, "O Love, awake! awake!" But Love slumbered on, nor heeded any, and his sleep was unbroken alike by their kisses, or gifts, or tears.

Then there came forth from the mist another form, pale and cold, and dressed in the cerements of the grave; and it passed slowly nearer and nearer to the couch, till its shadow fell like the shadow of a cloud over Love as he slept.

Then Love sprang up with a wild and terrible cry, and held forth his arms for those to return who had striven to waken him so long, but who now were passed away beyond his reach for ever. And the Druid turned mournfully to the suppliants and said:—"Only this solace have I for your aching hearts, SLEEPING LOVE WILL WAKEN WHEN OVER HIM FALLS THE SHADOW OF DEATH!"

SANREMO REVISITED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR ANTONIO."

PART I.

HAPPENING last autumn to make a short stay in the Riviera, one of my first thoughts was to go and pay a visit to Sanremo. I never fail to do so when I am in the neighbourhood.

I am very fond of Sanremo. I hope you have already an acquaintance with it; if not, let me tell you that it is as lovely a bit of land as any that graces the lovely western Riviera of Genoa; full at all seasons of sun, of warmth, of colour, of palm, and lemon, and orange trees. Ariosto had Sanremo in his mind when, describing the voyage of Gano's galley, he brings it in sight of—

> . . . "i monti Ligustici, e Riviera
> Che con aranci e sempre verdi mirti,
> Quasi avendo perpetua primavera,
> Sparge per l'aria i bene olenti spirti."

Sanremo's patent of beauty, you see, does not date from yesterday, nor is it signed by an obscure name. Between you and me, the verses quoted above are not among the most felicitous of the poet, but they are to the point, and therefore I transcribe them. What greater praise can be bestowed upon any spot than to say that it enjoys a perpetual

spring? By-the-bye, do not look for my quotation in the pages of the far-famed *Orlando Furioso*, but rather in the first of the less-known *Cinque Canti*, which Ariosto intended as a continuation of his celebrated poem.

Sanremo was the first romance of my boyhood. To it I owe some of the strongest and pleasantest emotions of my young life. My uncle, the canon, had a friend there, to whom he occasionally paid a visit, taking me with him. Now from Taggia to Sanremo it is only an hour-and-a-half's drive; but such was the fuss made about it, and the time of it, and the mode of it—so multifarious were the conditions to which its realization was subjected—that it could not but assume very remarkable proportions in the rather excitable imagination of a boy of eight years old. Indeed, had I had to cross the great Desert, I could not have set out with a keener sense of travelling in right earnest, that delight of all delights at my age, than I did on these occasions, especially the first two or three of them. Habit lessened, but did not wear out the impression.

Each of the trips formed quite an epoch in my life. I dreamed of nothing else for a whole fortnight previous—and oh! how my heart would leap into my mouth at every cloud that rose on the sky, lest it might interfere with our starting; and I dreamed of nothing else for a whole fortnight after. I can still imagine what must have been the peculiar joys of the road—the glory of a seat by the side of Bacciccin, the vetturino—a glory bought at the price of a fib (the fib that I felt sick inside); then the possession of the aforesaid Bacciccin's whip, and the consequent sweet delusion that I was really driving; the patronizing of the respectful peasant boys, who acknowledged my superiority as they passed, and the pulling faces at the disrespectful ones, who refused any such homage—nay, who dared to make fun of me; and last, not least, the trying my skill in making ducks and drakes in the sea during the frequent halts of Bacciccin, who was continually struggling to mend the harness, which was continually breaking, and such like.

As for the joys which I found at Sanremo—our stay there varied from a minimum of two to a maximum of four days—at this distance of time I am sorely puzzled to determine the elements of which they were composed. The palms certainly must have been one of the principal—the palms, the sight of which stirred within me all the poetic feelings of which I was possessed—the palms, on which I doated. As for the rest of the components of my happiness, they were most likely the excitement of novelty, the break in a dreary routine, the exemption from all scholastic tasks, and a *quant. suff.* of liberty of movement. Had the picturesqueness of the landscape, the glorious expanse of the sea, the soft mellowness of the air, anything to do with my enjoyment of Sanremo? I suppose they had, though I might not be conscious of it; the conditions of climate, and the natural beauties of the cosy valley close by—my temporary home—were too little inferior, if so at all, to those of Sanremo, for me to feel the difference; and, as to the sea, of which we had only a distant glimpse from our house, it was too familiar an object to the eyes of one born and brought up in a sea-port town, to produce any overpowering impression on me. I took it for granted, in my innocence, that the whole world was made in the same image as our infinitesimal one. It was only after a long tasting of the piercing fogs of the Thames, and of the bitter blasts of the Seine, that, restored to the land of the myrtle and orange-tree, the boy, now a mature man, could appreciate thoroughly the blessings of these mild Italian skies, and sunny bowers, where winter is only a name, and where, if one was wise, one ought to settle, and refresh both body and mind during at least six months of the year.

Would I might say that I had been that wise man, as I should now be spared the mortification of confessing that my last visit to Sanremo dates as far back as 1857, full seven years ago! The fact is, we do not shape our lives: force of circumstances and habit do it for us, not rarely at the cost of our own inclinations;

thus we arrive at the end of our journey with a sense of bitter wonderment at not having chosen better the stages of it.

Be this as it may, the Sanremo I visited in 1857 had as much improved on that of my boyhood, as the Sanremo of 1864 has improved on that of 1857. Wonderful, is it not, that the little town should have found seven years suffice for a stride forwards, to accomplish the like of which had previously cost her a period equal to that of the wandering of the Jews after their escape from bondage! Surely, to account for this result, there must have been something else at work besides the law of progress, some strong impellent motive. And it was so.

Have you never seen a beauty, strong in her native charms, disdain the aid of all ornaments so long as her heart is yet silent? Well, see that same beauty the moment her heart has spoken, and you will find her abounding in devices for pleasing. This was the case with Sanremo. Her heart, yet mute in 1857, suddenly began to speak in the following year, or thereabouts, and she grew coquettish at once. Yes, Sanremo fell in love with . . . . But I am betraying a secret before the proper time.

Let us return instead to the Sanremo of 1857. The change which struck me most was its new approach. Formerly you entered it by a narrow, irregular road; now it was by what the French would call a broad *boulevart*, running parallel to the sea, through the whole length of the town. The fashionables of the locality had chosen it, as well they might, for their favourite walk. But even the word *boulevart* does not give a just idea of its charms. Who knows of another *boulevart* flanked on both sides by such gardens as flourish there!—smiled upon by such a sky and sea as shine and sparkle there!—and which wears in its cap two such fine feathers as the two secular palm-trees waving yonder! Therefore allow me to say that the entrance, or *boulevart*, of Sanremo is indeed worth looking at.

The other welcome novelty which gladdened my eyes was a handsome new street, which, starting at right angles from the Boulevart of the Palms, goes straight towards the sea. The Sanremaschi have called it Via Gioberti—one of those excellent ideas which carry along with them their reward, for by doing honour to the memory of a great Italian they have done honour to themselves. I noticed, too, with pleasure, a good sprinkle of freshly-built houses—I was almost tempted to call them palaces, they were so large and handsome. Some were already finished, some only in course of construction. I remarked one, if not two *caffès*, of which I had no recollection; they seemed as clean as they were smart. Most of the shops looked as if they had lately adopted the habit of washing their faces: some few aimed even at elegance. The town had gained an unknown aspect of cleanliness—relative cleanliness, you understand.

But as to hotels it had remained sadly stationary; which, after all, was quite as it ought to be. At the time of which I am speaking, Sanremo was not yet in love—consequently had no desire to please anybody but itself. The improvements which it had realized had had exclusively in view its own comfort and pleasure, and not that of others; now, what could it care about hotels, to which it never went?

So the only hotel of Sanremo continued to be that kept by Signora Angelinin, the hotel "della Palma"—that very same, with the exception of some few microscopic changes for the better, to which in times of yore I had more than once accompanied my uncle, the canon, not to take up our quarters there, but to pay a visit to the landlady. The most that could be said in behalf of the hotel "della Palma" was, that it was decent. One certainly would not have chosen it as a place of abode for any length of time; but the traveller detained by business or stress of weather might easily have passed a week or so there, without being too much to be pitied. The cooking department of "La Palma" enjoyed a well-deserved renown, and Signora Angelinin had the reputation of

being very civil and attentive. As for the house itself, nothing could be uglier —outside it was like a barrack, and inside little better than its looks. The distribution of the rooms was inconvenient, and the furniture sparing.

I do not trust for these details to the recollections of my boyhood, but rather to impressions received at a far later date. Between 1847 and the present day I have had frequent opportunities of enjoying the good cheer of the "Palma," though I rarely passed the night there. The hostess had by that time gone to her long rest, and her son and heir reigned over the hotel in her stead. Signor Angelino, some fifteen years ago, was a very handsome young fellow, the very picture of careless content, withal extremely good-natured. He had a passion for fowling, to gratify which he brought up in cages all sorts of small birds, especially blackbirds and nightingales, a task which does not lack its difficulties. Nightingales are queer things to deal with; they rarely survive the loss of their liberty. Busy with his birds, Signor Angelino of course did not work himself to death for the benefit of his customers. Why should he? He had no competition to fear; the hotel was well frequented; the diligences from Nice and from Genoa stopped there daily for dinner; most of the vetturini did the same, and the young landlord's purse filled apace.

For me personally Signor Angelino was always overflowing with attention; and I must do him the justice to say that I invariably found at his house, besides an excellent dinner, an additional dish of *buona cera*, to use a picturesque Italian expression. With one exception, though; and this was on the occasion of my last visit to Sanremo in 1857. The fare was, as usual, excellent, but mine host's reception left something to be desired. Polite as it was, I was sensible that there was an absence of that hearty cordiality to which he had accustomed me. For instance, instead of bestowing on me the light of his countenance, as had been his habit, during the meal, he held entirely aloof. Even the dirty little fellow who waited on me, whistling all the while, showed me a clouded visage. It was not his whistling almost into my ear—not an unprecedented process—that gave me umbrage; it was his uncommunicativeness, so contrary to his nature, which struck me as premeditated. However, when I had paid my bill and left the hotel, I forgot these trifling incidents.

On my way to the convent of the Capuchins I stepped into a shop, where I was well known, to buy a cigar. The man behind the counter handed me the cigars in silence, as he would have done to a stranger. I thought he had not recollected me, and I told him so. He said that he remembered me perfectly. I asked about his wife and children. The answer was laconic: "They are well, I thank you." Surely the man was labouring under the same difficulty of speech that afflicted Signor Angelino and the little waiter of "La Palma." A strange coincidence, thought I; perhaps one of those epidemics, like typhus or miliary fever, which suddenly lay hold of a whole town, or even district. A benign malady, after all, this, which I was beginning to detect, for is it not written that in the "multitude of words there wanteth no sin"? We'll see, at all events, if Padre Tommaso has caught the infection.

I was ringing the bell of the convent door as I thus reflected. Padre Tommaso is a worthy Capuchin friar, and an old friend of mine. I made his acquaintance many, many years ago at Taggia; and, since he has been stationed at Sanremo, I never fail, whenever I go thither, to call on him. Well, was it a delusion on my part, or had Padre Tommaso really caught the infection? He said he was glad to see me, but he did not look as if he were so. He inquired if I intended to stay any time at Sanremo, and my reply in the negative seemed to relieve him. On former occasions he had always pressed me to stay. There were in his countenance and manner unmistakable signs of embarrassment. He found little to say, though it was evident he was doing his

utmost to be talkative; the conversation flagged so pitiably that after a few minutes of mutual discomfort I rose to go.

"By-the-bye," he said, rising also, speaking in a tone too careless not to be assumed; "by-the-bye, you have written a book; at least so I have been told."

"Quite true," I replied. "You have not read it, I see."

"Not I," said the padre; "but I have heard it spoken of by those who have. It appears that you make mention of this place."

"True again. I have described it, and many of the beautiful localities of the neighbourhood."

"I hope," continued the padre with more emotion than the occasion seemed to me to warrant, "that you have not treated Sanremo too harshly."

"Treat Sanremo harshly!" cried I astonished; then I added, half laughing, "Had I tried to do so I should have been in the predicament of Balaam, forced to bless in spite of himself."

Padre Tommaso did not look convinced by what I stated, and I frankly told him so.

A slight flush suffused the reverendo's features as he made answer that what I said he was bound to believe; he could not doubt my word; and upon this we separated.

That same evening, as we were taking a cup of tea together in my little den at Taggia, I communicated to my friend and doctor Signor Martini my impressions of the day at Sanremo, among which naturally figured those produced on me by the coldness of mine host of the "Palma" and the tobacconist, and especially by the alteration which I thought I had remarked in Padre Tommaso's manner to me.

Doctor Martini smiled his quiet smile, and said, "Since it has come to this, I may as well tell you all about it. Perhaps I have been stupid to conceal it from you; but the fact is that Sanremo has taken umbrage at a certain passage in 'Doctor Antonio,' which in their eyes is highly disparaging to their town and its environs."

(I ought to have said before that an Italian translation of "Doctor Antonio" had appeared towards the end of 1856.)

"A passage disparaging to Sanremo, or any inch of the Riviera!" cried I in amazement. "If you can show me a word anything but laudatory as to all this part of the country, I will go barefoot, a rope round my neck, and perform public penance to Sanremo."

"Give me a copy of 'Doctor Antonio,'" said the doctor, "and I will point out to you the paragraph incriminated. Here it is, at page six, first chapter:—'"What is the name of this 'place?" asks Miss Davenne. "San- 'remo," is the answer. Sir John Davenne 'does not approve of the name, at least 'one may argue as much from his pursed- 'up lips as he hears it. He looks up 'the street, and down the street, and 'finally draws in his head. Had Sir 'John Davenne kept a note-book, he 'would probably have made an entry of 'this sort: "Sanremo, a queer-looking 'place; narrow, ill-paved streets; high, 'irregular houses; ragged people; swarms 'of beggars;" and so on for a whole 'page. Fortunately for the public repu- 'tation of Sanremo, Sir John kept no 'note-book.'"

"But, my dear friend," said I, "it is as clear as the sun at noonday that the sentiment here expressed is not the author's; it is put in the mouth of a fastidious Englishman, who loathes every thing and every place that is not English. The very exaggeration of the expression 'swarms of beggars,' while there are in reality only two, not to speak of the context and the spirit of the whole sentence, points clearly to its prejudiced source."

"Just so," said the doctor; "and the trying to render which comprehensible to your critics has nearly given me a pneumonia; but I might as well have saved myself the trouble and risk. Passion is blind, you know; and there remains the passage with its ugly words."

"But there are other passages in the book," said I, taking it up, "which ought to have rectified any false impressions created by the one in question;

this, for instance, at page 202, eleventh chapter :—'Sir John had ridden over to 'Sanremo to inspect a garden recom-'mended to his notice by Dr. Antonio. 'The owner of the garden had himself 'shown Sir John over the grounds, and 'placed all the plants at the baronet's 'disposal. "A most gentlemanlike 'person," Sir John asserted. What 'a pity (says the author), what a pity, 'Sir John, you do not keep a note-book 'now!' Is not this tantamount to saying in so many words, 'Your first hasty judgment on Sanremo was the offspring of ignorance and prejudice; better taught by experience, you would do it more justice now?'"

The doctor, after musing a little, proposed that I should put in writing what I had just said, and send it to one of the Genoese newspapers popular at Sanremo, adding, "It would be an infinite satisfaction to the town."

I answered that I would think the matter over, and so I did; but before I had made up my mind I was called away from Italy. Other scenes, other occupations, other cares engrossed my attention; and, as time slipped on, so all about this *quid pro quo* slipped also out of my recollection, to loom on me again only the other day, when, as I have said at the beginning of this paper, happening to be again in the vicinity of Sanremo, my heart prompted me to go and pay it a visit.

PART II.

THERE being only five vehicles for hire at Taggia, to make sure of one, I sent word to Bernardino, the evening previous to my intended trip, to let me know if I could have his carriage for the next day. Bernardino is one of the five Automedons of Taggia. An answer in the affirmative had scarcely arrived when Doctor Martini entered, and exclaimed hurriedly, "I have this minute come from Sanremo, and I am commissioned to entreat you not to go thither to-morrow." The Doctor was heated, and, as it seemed to me, in a state of exasperation; seeing which, I jumped to the hasty conclusion that his errand might have some sort of connexion with that absurd story of seven years ago. I said accordingly, half laughing, half provoked, "Why shouldn't I go! Does Sanremo still thirst after my blood? Am I to be hanged or only pelted? Which is it to be?"

"Indeed, I would not guarantee your not being killed with—kindness,' said the Doctor, whose elation I had mistaken for exasperation. Doctor Martini has a weakness—that of seeing me not such as I am, but such as the magnifying-glass of his friendship represents me to be; and, whenever he sees what he calls justice done me, he sparkles like a glass of champagne. "Fancy," continued he, "they have planned to send their band to meet you!"

"Mercy on me!" cried I; "you were indeed quite right to advise me not to go."

"Not on account of the band—for, knowing your horror of anything like fuss, I battled hard against the band, and carried my point. They have another reason for wishing you to delay your visit. You must know that, as soon as it transpired that you were at Taggia—and the fact was only public yesterday morning—the Town Council met, and named a deputation of three members, the mayor and two councilmen, to wait upon and compliment you. Now, this deputation is to be here to-morrow, and would be plunged in the depths of despair if you were to be beforehand with them."

I was struck dumb—band, deputation, compliments! About what, I should like to know. All that I claimed from Sanremo was that it should be just, and behold! it chose to be generous to the verge of extravagance! There was nothing for it, however, but to take the wind as it blew, and send to Bernardino counter-order for the morrow, and a fresh order for the day after that.

Next day, in fact, about two in the afternoon, a carriage stopped at the door, and three gentlemen alighted—the deputation, of course. I gave orders that they should be instantly introduced,

and, taking for granted that the most portly of the three was the mayor—queer that he should have such an English face though?—I went up to him with outstretched hand, and said, "Signor Sindaco. . . ."

"I am no Sindaco," said the gentleman addressed, in the raciest English, "I am Doctor Whitley, an English resident at Sanremo, who . . ."

"Very glad to make your acquaintance; pray be seated," said I, and turning to his next neighbour, I reiterated, "Signor Sindaco."

"I am no Sindaco, but Mr. Congreve, also an English resident at Sanremo."

"Very glad to see you;" and, pointing to a chair, I turned to the remaining visitor, my last resource, and began once again, "Signor Sindaco," to which the answer this time came in good Italian, "Non sono il Sindaco, sono il Dottor Panizzi."

"Welcome," said I aloud, and thought *in petto*, "Where can this Sindaco be? What has become of the deputation?"

My fellow-countryman apparently read my perplexity in my face, for he hastened to explain how he and his two companions came to be where they were. But first I must tell the reader that Signor Panizzi is a physician in good practice at Sanremo, who does not give himself out to be the real and genuine Doctor Antonio, as I am told some others do, but rests satisfied with being himself—the modest, well-informed, and gentlemanly person that he is. And let me take this opportunity to declare that Doctor Antonio, good, bad, or indifferent as he may be, is an original picture of my own, and nowise a copy, and that consequently nobody sat for it, or could sit for it.

To return to Doctor Panizzi. He explained to me how, at the very moment of starting for Taggia, the mayor had received a telegram from Turin, which necessitated his immediately convoking the Town Council. The telegram concerned the payment in advance of the land-tax for 1865—a measure which, be it said *en passant*, created that noble race among the municipal bodies of the Peninsula, as to which should be foremost to pay. The mayor had politely expressed the wish that I should be informed of the delay and its cause, as well as of the intention of the deputation to present themselves without fail on the morrow; and Doctor Panizzi had kindly volunteered to bring me the message, upon which the two English gentlemen had proposed to accompany him.

I thanked the ambassador, as I best could, for his kindness, and also his companions, for the honour they had conferred on me by their visit, and then we had a little desultory chat on sundry subjects; and if, on after-thought, my visitors were only half as pleased with me as I was with them, I may thank my lucky stars indeed.

Bernardino, for the second time, received a counter-order for the following day, and a fresh order for the one after, with something else to boot to allay his just impatience.

The deputation kept its appointment this time; true to its word, it arrived next morning. The identification of the mayor proved the source of a fresh blunder on my part. The gentleman whom from his expansiveness I singled out as the chief magistrate turned out to be only a common councilman. He had been a great friend of my uncle the canon, and had known me as a boy, which accounted for the warmth of his greeting. The other councilman had been a schoolfellow of mine at Genoa. I was really touched and grateful for the pleasure they manifested at meeting me again after the lapse of so many years. The only stranger was the mayor, but in a twinkling we were excellent friends.

Many flattering things were said to me, which I need not repeat—among others, that Sanremo owed me a good deal already, and that it hoped to owe me still more. The good I had done Sanremo, they explained, was the sprinkle of English residents that I had sent thither—the good which they expected was the far greater number of British gentry whom they hoped I would send.

I answered, after returning thanks for such a flattering opinion of my influence in England, that I was sorry to see that the Sanremaschi were labouring under a delusion, which I must needs destroy; for, as I was in no way disposed to accept the responsibility of the future, so I must decline all credit for the past. The honest truth then was, that I had not had it in my power, nor, in all likelihood ever would have it in my power to send any one to Sanremo ("No, no," and other strong protests against this declaration). I insisted that I was stating a fact. I had perhaps contributed to some extent in attracting the attention of some foreign tourists towards the Riviera; that might be true (emphatic assent), but I was bound to say that, not for a whole cargo of Doctor Antonios would a single Englishman have stayed there for a week, had he not found a *quant. suff.* of the desiderata no Englishman ever dispenses with—salubrity, cleanliness, and comfort. Let Sanremo increase the amount of comfort which it can offer to its visitors, and a good harvest of them would not fail to Sanremo!

The deputation said *una voce* that my advice should be followed, but that I must promise to stand by them, and held to it more than ever that "I could an if I would" render them marvellous service. This *parti pris* of theirs to make me the pivot of their hopes astounded, nay alarmed, me the more that it was entertained not by ordinary people, but by gentlemen of education and learning, who ought to have known better. I know by sad experience that the Tarpeian rock lies close by the Capitol.

In the meantime my faithful steward and friend, Berenger, had by the luckiest chance disinterred from some nook a bottle of champagne—*rara avis* in those parts—and I challenged my guests to drink to the prosperity of Sanremo, which was done with enthusiasm. I next proposed the toast of the Town Council of Sanremo—that enlightened and deserving body, to whose intelligence, perseverance, and fine taste it was owing, that the charming town they represented had become such an eligible abode for the rich, the invalid, the searchers after novelty of all countries. Encouraged by the applause with which this preamble was received, I went on to say, not without a purpose, "Of course I speak from hearsay, for as yet I have had no opportunity of visiting Sanremo, and forming an estimate of what has been accomplished in improvements and embellishment; but from what I have been told, I do not hesitate even now to declare, and to declare emphatically, that the future of Sanremo is in the hands of Sanremo itself. . . ."

"No, no—*in yours*," shouted three voices in chorus.

"Gentlemen," I replied, "believe me when I say that it is given to no single individual to work out such collective results as you count upon from me . . ."

"But you can if you will," repeated the three voices.

I mused a little; then said, "I regret to observe that you still persist in greatly over-rating my influence, or abilities. It is my desire and intention that there should be no misapprehension between us. The little that I can do, I willingly promise to do, and it is this: I will go to Sanremo, keep my eyes wide open, and afterwards write down my impressions of all I have seen there, and then do my best to have them published."

This assurance put an end apparently to all divergence of opinion between the deputation and me—I say apparently, for at the bottom their estimate and my estimate as to the results likely to arise from the realization of my promise, were as wide apart as they could well be. However, they protested that it was just what they wished—they could desire nothing better; and we parted as cheerfully as we had met; no small boast, considering the errand on which they came.

This time, thank God, I had not to countermand the order for the carriage on the morrow. But man proposes and God disposes. The counter-order came from a quarter which there is no with-

standing; the whole of the following morning it did not rain but pour, and, the period of my staying at Taggia drawing towards an end, I began to entertain serious apprehensions lest I should have to put off my survey of Sanremo to next year, or indeed the next after that. Who could tell?

Yes, gentle reader, it rains at Taggia, and even at Sanremo. But be not alarmed; it rains very seldom—too seldom, I was going to say. In the last-named locality there are from 40 to 50 wet days in the year, divided thus: 15 to 20 in the autumn, 12 to 15 in the winter, 10 to 15 in the spring, and 5 to 6 in the summer. Altogether you may count on 250 fine days—really fine sunny days. One might be satisfied with less; what do you say?

Fortunately the weather got out of its fit of sulks quickly, as it generally does in these latitudes. The sky cleared towards the evening, and on the morrow there was not a cloud to intercept the brightness of the sun's rays. By ten o'clock in the forenoon, now in the warm sunshine, oftener under the light mysterious shade of the overhanging olive-trees, we had cleared at a brisk trot the short inland cut which separates Taggia from the high road to Nice, and, turning to the right, were traversing the small hamlet of Arma, the head-quarters at present of the engineers and workmen employed on the railroad, which, in a couple of years, is to bind in its iron grasp the whole of the Riviera from Genoa to Nice. Here is a change indeed from the days of my boyhood! —a change whose result will be nothing less in due time than a radical transformation for the better in the intellectual and economical conditions of the country.

At this point the wide sea bursts upon view, and one's spirits expand with the spreading horizon, and dance with the waves breaking softly on the beach, along which the road continues to wind. But what huge rock is that yonder rising from out the sea? I do not recollect having ever remarked it before. "That is Corsica," replied Bernardino, laughing in his sleeve. Bless me, so it was! I had seen it hundreds of times formerly from Genoa, looming in the distance, but never once in my life standing in such distinct relief against the sky. Some optical phenomenon made it appear so close that really one might have thought of hiring a boat in the belief that it could be reached in a couple of hours. It was a sight worth seeing.

In less than an hour after we were passing by the numerous country-houses which, scattered among vines and orange groves, form a smiling suburb to Sanremo, on this its eastern side. Here I stood up. . . . I have forgotten to say in its proper place, and I repair the omission, that I had left the inside of the carriage to my companions, who must excuse me if, for brevity's sake, I keep them out of sight, and that, to enjoy the prospect more fully, I had perched myself on the box by the side of Bernardino. So then I stood up, and, peering earnestly before and behind, to the right and the left, and up and down the road, and descrying not the least trace of the dreaded city band, I made bold to desire Bernardino to drive at a slow pace through the town, and not to stop for any call, or halt whatever, until we reached the Convent of the Cappucini, which lies quite at the western extremity of Sanremo.

I had a double motive for acting thus. First of all, I wished to pay my respects to my old friend Padre Tommaso, and I apprehended that, if I delayed my call until I had met Doctor Panizzi, whose guests we were to be, other calls and sight-seeing might interfere with my visit to the Capuchin. Padre Tommaso had last seen me under a threatening cloud, and I was not sorry to show myself to him now, basking in the sunshine of popularity, and taking "fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks."

My second motive was that the impressions I might receive from what I was about to see, should be quite spontaneous and perfectly uninfluenced by those of others.

The order to Bernardino had not been

given a minute before we came upon a building which I was sure was new. It was a beautiful mansion to our left, with a neat sweep up to the door, and shut off from the road by high iron rails. It bore inscribed on its front, "Hotel Victoria." Prepared as I was for something very handsome in the way of hotels, I confess that the reality surpassed my expectations; and I had not quite recovered from my agreeable surprise, when lo, and behold! another new house confronts me, this time on my right. This also has a nice sweep, and this also is an hotel, as an inscription in cubital letters—"Hotel d'Angleterre"—informs wayfarers. Another two minutes, and we enter Sanremo by the beautiful boulevart that you know. My eyes naturally search for the long and well-known Hotel della Palma, and instead of its grim familiar face find the . . . "Hotel de la Grande Bretagne." Where is the old barrack gone? With the new name, it seems, it has put on a new skin, and a very pleasing one. Upon my word, thought I, a much larger place than this might well be proud of three such hotels. I must have thought aloud, for Bernardino said, "There is a fourth, sir." "A fourth! let us go and look at it;" and at five minutes' distance, past a turning of the road, there towered above us what we might have taken for a palace, but for the name inscribed on its façade, "Hotel de Londres."

So we say Hotel de Londres, Hotel de la Grande Bretagne, Hotel Victoria, Hotel d'Angleterre—four titles which are tantamount to a formal declaration. The reader has not waited till now to guess Sanremo's secret. Yes, Sanremo is in love with the English—Sanremo has been in love with the English for many years past. There's nothing that Sanremo will not do to propitiate the English. Sanremo will build more hotels, will lay out more new streets, will commit any extravagance. Sanremo is ready, in order to make room for its wished-for guests, to do like the Romans of old, go and bivouac on any of the seven hills on which it is said to stand. But Sanremo must have plenty of English, or die.

On our way back to the Convent we met Doctor Panizzi in hot chase of us; so we got out of the carriage, and, after a cordial greeting given and received, it was agreed that my companions should go shopping (Sanremo is a little capital for Taggia and the surrounding small towns), and that the Doctor should accompany me to Padre Tommaso. We rang, and rang, and rang the Convent bell for a quarter of an hour at least without succeeding in bringing anybody to the door. It was the hour, I suppose, of the monks' meditation; so, our time being short, I gave up in despair Padre Tommaso, and went instead, as it was my duty to do, to pay my respects to the Mayor and the gentlemen of the deputation. This done, we joined our shopping friends on the boulevart, as we had previously settled, and walked *viribus unitis* to our head-quarters to be, the Hotel d'Angleterre.

Had I had any option in the matter, which was not the case, and, as it seems, could not be the case, it would have been the hotel of my choice for the simple reason that the landlord was my old acquaintance, Signor Angelino of the "Palma." But Doctor Panizzi, when he had done me the honour of coming to see me at Taggia, had explained to me that I could not go to any one of the Sanremo hotels upon my own account without the certainty of offending, if not injuring, the other three,—an inconvenience that might be remedied, however, if I, with my party of course, would consent to be his guests at an hotel of his own choosing. I confess I did not much see the difference: still, considering the earnestness with which the proposal was urged, I thought it wise to comply with it. Perhaps it was only a blind to induce me to accept of the Doctor's hospitality.

Be this as it may, here we were at the Hotel d'Angleterre, shaking hands with Signor Angelino, who was waiting for us at the door, and whose reception of me did not lack in cordiality this time. Dinner would be on the table within

ten minutes — a not unwelcome announcement—and perhaps in the meantime, suggested the landlord, it might amuse us to take a look at the internal arrangements of the Hotel. We asked for nothing better. We accordingly went over the whole house: it is not large, and it was therefore easy to inspect all the details; and the more we saw the greater our surprise and gratification. It was like a dream to me, who could contrast the past with the present, to find myself in a Sanremo hotel replete with every comfort which characterizes a good Swiss inn, that perfection of its kind. Carpets everywhere, stairs included, well-furnished sitting-rooms, nice white-curtained bedrooms, good iron bedsteads, mirrors and dressing-tables, washhand-stands with every appliance for ablutions, all other proper arrangements, fireplaces in every room, and abundance of arm-chairs and sofas. Some of the windows open into balconies, and all command a fine view, over intervening sloping wooded banks, of the sea, and of the town, climbing pyramid-like up its verdant hills; not to mention the sight of the road below, which, being a thoroughfare, and, besides, a favourite lounge of the residents, is not wanting in animation and attraction, especially at certain hours. The Hotel d'Angleterre seems built on purpose for persons of a sociable, yet shy temperament, who, though appreciating the advantages of an isolated position, and of the free play of the air, and the absence of bad smells which it secures, yet enjoy feeling themselves in some sort of communication with their fellow-creatures. Sketchers especially, and lovers of picturesque groups, will find here ample and not-to-be-despised pabulum for their brush or pencil.

Nothing could be more cheerful than the *salle à manger*, where we sat down to dinner, with its fine prospect and gaily-painted ceiling—nothing more inviting than the dinner-table, with its rich display of snow-white damask, silver, and glass, all glancing in the reflex of a bright Italian November sun. Signor Angelino, dressed in a smart black coat, took his place at the hospitable board, and did the honours in excellent style, and in a most cordial spirit. We were waited upon no longer by the dirty whistling little fellow, but by a couple of good-sized, clean-looking, black-coated, regular waiters.

The dinner was capital, and so were the wines. At dessert we had a plentiful supply of champagne, and hearty were the toasts we drank to the prosperity of the Hotel d'Angleterre. Might all the expense and care lavished on it be repaid four-fold; might it soon be chokeful with guests from cellar to attic!

"May God hear you!" said Signor Angelino, with emotion; "for, if the English don't come, I don't know how it will fare with me; or rather, I know too well. I have staked upon this undertaking my all, and their all," pointing to his wife and daughters, who just then entered.

As he spoke, I for the first time remarked a certain alteration in his appearance. He had still the open blue eye of yore, and the frank, good-humoured face, but its once careless expression had fled from it. It was the same landscape, only there was no longer any sun on it.

"God will help us, and so will Signor Giovanni," said Signora Angelino, with an appealing glance to me. (It is customary in those parts to address people by their Christian names.)

"My dear signora," I replied, "I have only good wishes to give, and those are sincerely yours."

"Ah, Signor Giovanni, you can give something better than wishes, if you have the will," urged Signor Angelino. "You know the English; you can bring them to us; you brought the first who ever came here, you know."

It was as touching as it was absurd to see these simple-minded people pinning their success upon a retired student, as though he was a lord of the land, or a potent star of fashion. It was of no use to argue the point; so I contented myself with a still stronger declaration of my utter want of power, and at the same time of my good will.

We were just on the move to go and visit the other hotels, as I had been invited to do through Doctor Panizzi, when a messenger brought me a very nicely engraved plan of Sanremo, sent by the Marquis Borea, together with a request that I would do him the favour to come and pay him a visit. Straitened for time as I was, I could not refuse an old schoolfellow—one, moreover, nearly connected with a much-valued cousin of mine; so I went first to the marquis. Besides the natural and sincere wish to shake hands with an old friend, I found that the marquis had a second object in view in inviting me to his palazzo, for palazzo it is. He was desirous of showing me a part of it, which he had at last been persuaded to think of letting. Only the year before he had declined to let it to a very distinguished English lady, the Lady Herbert. But since then the current had become too strong even for him to resist, and he now also put in his claim for my patronage. My former schoolfellow, to my sorrow, shared in the general infatuation as to my powers of attraction.

I went over the apartment in question, a description of which, if at all adequate to its merits, would take more space than I can dispose of. I will only say that it is a princely suite of rooms, and that everything about it, size, pictures, furniture, &c. has that impress of grandeur which is a distinctive trait of a real Italian palace. It has an interest of another kind; it was there that Napoleon I. and Pope Pius VII. each passed a night. You can see the bedchamber unaltered in any respect since those personages occupied it. Annexed to the apartment is an enormous terrace, which brings to mind the Hanging Garden of Babylon.

As I came out of the Borea Palace, I was met by a priest, who wished me to go and inspect Villa Gnecco, a country house not more than ten minutes' walk from the town, and I was apologizing for my inability to do so, when a gentleman accosted me, and said he hoped I would honour with my presence the Casino, or Reading-room; and following close on the heels of this gentleman came another, with a third application on behalf of the School, or Liceo as they call it, of the town. I felt somewhat in the predicament of *Figaro* in the "Barbière"—

"Figaro qua, Figaro la;
Uno alla volta, per carita."

In the impossibility of satisfying all demands, I determined in favour of knowledge; that is, I paid a flying visit to the Liceo. The establishment is airy, spacious, and clean, and I have it on good authority that it is well conducted. I can myself bear witness to the kindly manners of the principal, and of the professor of natural philosophy, who received us, as well as to the satisfactory appearance of the rooms appropriated to chemical and physical experiments. Indeed, we had nothing better at the University of Genoa in my time. Parents anxious that their youngsters should not lose their Latin, or forget their rules of three, or whatever they may have learnt as to electricity, may take the hint, and unite *utile dulci*.

On our way back towards the Victoria, my notice was called to a number of eligible houses both in the town and out, and more were mentioned to me, where lodgings could be had. So that persons inclined to prefer the quiet of a private lodging to the life more or less in common of an hotel, will have an *embarras du choix*.

The Hotel Victoria is a noble edifice indeed, one that would not disgrace a great metropolis. It is on a far larger scale than the Hotel d'Angleterre, a little further from the town, say five minutes more, and very comfortably and elegantly arranged in every respect. It possesses the advantage of a spacious garden on the side of the house facing the sea, from which the grounds are only separated by a belt of olive-trees. A more quiet, more sunny, or more lovely retreat one cannot imagine for persons in delicate health, who either cannot, or do not care to walk in streets or roads. To such I especially recommend the ground-floor, which opens into

the garden. It is delightful. Here also the landlord had a long and anxious face, and of course appealed to me for help—"Mi raccomando a Lei, Signor Dottore." I verily believe that he took me for Doctor Antonio. May Heaven help him and his hotel!

Our next visit was to have been for the Hotel de la Grande Bretagne; how or why it was that we postponed it till after we had been to the Hotel de Londres, I cannot say; this I know, that the inspection of the Hotel de Londres took up so much more time than we had anticipated, and, when at last we had done with it, it was so late, and we were so tired, that we had to give up seeing the Grande Bretagne ourselves. I can therefore only speak of it from report, and report, I am glad to say, speaks highly in its favour.

As we were walking past it on the Boulevart of the Palms, Doctor Panizzi pointed out to me, first, the spot where is to be erected a Protestant chapel—the Municipality have already granted a piece of land for that purpose—and, secondly, the sites of an intended new casino, or reading-room, and of a theatre. There is also a project for opening a new street parallel to Via Gioberti, leading from the boulevart to the sea, and for making a public walk along the edge of the beach—a modest imitation of the "Promenade des Anglais" at Nice—which is certainly one of the most remarkable among the beautiful things of Europe. But, to realize these plans, a little time and a good deal of money are requisite, and encouragement on the part of those for whose sakes Sanremo chiefly wishes to beautify itself.

To speak only of the present. There already exists at Sanremo a promising germ of an English colony. Last winter it could boast of no less than fifteen families from Great Britain, amounting to nearly one hundred individuals; and let us hope that this present winter will see its numbers doubled. The colony counts among its members an English clergyman—who, until there shall be a chapel, performs divine service in a room—and an English physician, that same Dr. Whitley, who favoured me with his visit at Taggia. Visitors inclined to consult local doctors will find skill, experience, and every care and attention from Doctor Panizzi, of Sanremo, and Doctor Martini, of Taggia—the valued friend and family physician of the writer of these lines. Both are very cautious as to bleeding, and both understand English. I have already said that there is a reading-room or a casino; I must add that there is also a bookseller's shop; both of which might certainly be better provided, the one with newspapers, the other with books; but with them, as with everything else, the supply will increase with the demand. There must be a beginning, you know. There are numerous pleasant walks in the town itself, and in its environs—one especially, that to the Madonna della Costa, which I recommend to all lovers of fine views. They will realize from thence that fine word-picture of Coleridge:—

> ". . . Stand on that sea-cliff's verge
> Where the pine just travail'd by the breeze above
> Makes one soft murmur with the distant surge,
> And *shoot thy* being through earth, sea, and air,
> Possessing all things with intensest love."

But we must not forget that we are bound for the Hotel de Londres. I visited it from top to bottom, and I cannot speak too highly of all its internal arrangements; they are neatness, comfort, and elegance combined. This Hotel is in a somewhat isolated position, to the west of Sanremo, though only ten minutes from it; but a bend of the road hides Sanremo from view. The prospect is very fine—the eye glides down a gentle verdant declivity till it rests upon the sea—the wide sea spreading to the horizon. To the right a promontory feathered with wood to its utmost edge shuts in a little bay, along whose base lie two dark rocks, against which breaks the silver spray of the waves. The spot would be melancholy, if anything in this bright, smiling atmosphere could look otherwise than cheerful.

The Hotel de Londres, I will venture to say, will be a favourite resort for persons of a romantic disposition, and especially for poets. It was my good fortune to meet there and be kindly greeted by one. I hope I commit no indiscretion in naming Mr. Sydney Dobell. Mr. Dobell had some years ago heard of me and my family from a common friend; and, my name coming to his ears as I was paraded through the Hotel, he sent me his card. He was doubly welcome, for his own sake and for that of the absent. We spoke, of course, of Sanremo, and I was very glad to hear him say that, much pleased as he had been with Spain, and the south of France, which he had lately visited, nowhere had he found so sheltered and charming a nook as Sanremo. He inquired affectionately about my mother and brother—both, alas! gone from me —and I was grateful to him for the evident shock of pain which my sad answer gave him. He was silent for a while, and, when he spoke again, it was to quote a passage from Fichte about sons who had made the name of their mothers venerated by every one—a sentiment which went straight to my heart. We parted with a warm shake of the hand, and a good-bye, which conveyed, I am sure, a blessing from both hearts.

The winter sun had set, and it was time to think of a speedy retreat homewards. So our two last visits had to be hurried through—the one to Doctor Panizzi's family, the other to the warm-hearted councilman, the friend of my uncle, the Canon, whom I had missed in the morning. After a cordial farewell, and manifold thanks to Doctor Panizzi for all he had done for us in his double capacity of host and guide, we entered our one-eyed calessino—true it is that the one lamp was big enough for two—and were off. Night by this time had quite closed in—the road was dark, and, owing to the collateral railway works, was here and there rough and rugged, which made prudent Bernardino drive cautiously. The lights of the pretty little town gleaming along the shore and up the hill were the last I saw of it. I waved my hand in token of farewell; then I sank into a vague reverie of its past, present, and future, out of which I was not roused till I arrived at home, and passed from outer darkness to the bright light of my fire and lamp.

And now, gentle reader, if this my chat has succeeded in transfusing into your mind any portion of the charm and poetry with which Sanremo has always been invested in mine, I shall rest satisfied that not in vain have I fulfilled my promise to my friends of Sanremo to bring them before the notice of my English friends.

A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART XVI.

CHAPTER XLVI.

It was, as we have said, a lovely summer morning when Colin set out on his excursion, after the fatigues of the winter and spring. His first stage was naturally Ramore, where he arrived the same evening, having picked up Lauderdale at Glasgow on his way. A more beautiful evening had never shone over the Holy Loch; and, as the two friends approached Ramore, all the western sky was flaming behind the dark hills, which stood up in austere shadow, shutting out from the loch and its immediate banks the later glories of the sunset. To leave the eastern shore, where the light still lingered, and steal up under the shadow into the soft beginning of the twilight, with Ramore, that "shines where it stands," looking out hospitably from the brae, was like leaving the world

of noise and commotion for the primitive life, with its silence and its thoughts; and so, indeed, Colin felt it, though his world was but another country parish, primitive enough in its ways. But then it must not be forgotten that there is a difference between the kingdom of Fife, where wheat grows golden on the broad fields, and where the herrings come up to the shore to be salted and packed in barrels, and the sweet Loch half hidden among the hills, where the cornfields are scant and few, and where grouse and heather divide the country with the beasts and the pastures, and where, in short, Gaelic was spoken within the memory of man. Perhaps there was something of the vanity of youth in that look of observation and half amused, half curious criticism which the young man cast upon the peaceful manse, where the minister, who had red hair, had painfully begun his career when Colin himself was a boy. It was hard to believe that anything ever could happen in that calm house, thus reposing among its trees, with only a lawn between it and the church, and looking as peaceful and retired and silent as the church itself did. It is true Colin knew very well that things both bitter and joyful had happened there within his own recollection; but that did not prevent the thought striking him, as he glided past in the little bustling steamer, which somehow, by the contrast, gave a more absolute stillness to the pretty rural landscape. Perhaps the minister was walking out at that moment, taking his peaceful stroll along the dewy road,—a man whose life was all fixed and settled long ago, to whom nothing could ever happen in his own person, and whose life consisted in a repetition over and over of the same things, the same thoughts, pretty nearly the same words. To be sure, he had a wife, and children, and domestic happiness; but Colin, at his time of life, made but a secondary account of that. He looked at the manse accordingly with a smile as he passed on out of sight. The manse of Lafton was not nearly so lovely, but—it was different; though perhaps he could not have told how. And the same thought was in his mind as he went on past all the tranquil houses. How did they manage to keep existing, those people for whom life was over, who had ceased to look beyond the day, or to anticipate either good or evil? To be sure this was very unreasonable musing; for Colin was aware that things did happen now and then on the Holy Loch. Somebody died occasionally, when it was impossible to help it, and by turns somebody was born, and there even occurred, at rare intervals, a marriage, with its suggestion of life beginning; but these domestic incidents were not what he was thinking of. Life seemed to be in its quiet evening over all that twilight coast; and then it was the morning with Colin, and it did not seem possible for him to exist without the hopes, and motives, and excitements which made ceaseless movement and commotion in his soul. To be sure, he too was only a country minister, and was expected to live and die among "his people" as peaceably as his prototype was doing on the Holy Loch; and this thought somehow it was that, falling into his mind like a humorous suggestion, made Colin smile; for his ideas did not take that peaceful turn at this period of his existence. He was so full of what had to be done, even of what he himself had to do, that the silence seemed to recede before him, and to rustle and murmur round him as he carried into it his conscious and restless life. He had even such a wealth of existence to dispose of that it kept flowing on in two or three distinct channels, a thing which amused him when he thought of it. For underneath all this sense of contrast, and Lauderdale's talk, and his own watch for the Ramore boat, and his mother at the door, No. 1 of the *Tracts for the Times* was at the same time shaping itself in Colin's brain; and there are moments when a man can stand apart from himself, and note what is going on in his own mind. He was talking to Lauderdale, and greeting the old friends who recognised him in the boat, and looking out for home, and

planning his tract, and making that contrast between the evening and the morning all at the same moment. And at the same time he had taken off the front of his mental habitation, and was looking at all those different processes going on in its different compartments with a curious sense of amusement. Such were the occupations of his mind as he went up to the Loch, to that spot where the Ramore boat lay waiting on the rippled surface. It was a different homecoming from any that he had ever made before. Formerly his prospects were vague, and it never was quite certain what he might make of himself. Now he had fulfilled all the ambitions of his family, as far as his position went. There was nothing more to hope for or to desire in that particular; and, naturally, Colin felt that his influence with his father and brothers at least would be enhanced by the realization of those hopes, which, up to this time, had always been mingled with a little uncertainty. He forgot all about that when he grasped the hands of Archie and of the farmer, and dashed up the brae to where the Mistress stood wistful at the door; but, notwithstanding, there was a difference, and it was one which was sufficiently apparent to all. As for his mother, she smoothed down the sleeve of his black coat with her kind hand, and examined with a tender smile the cut of the waistcoat which Colin had brought from Oxford—though, to tell the truth, he had still a stolen inclination for "mufti," and wore his uniform only when a solemn occasion occurred like this, and on grand parade; but, for all her joy and satisfaction at sight of him, the Mistress still looked a little shattered and broken, and had never forgotten—though Colin had forgotten it long ago—the "objections" of the parish of Lafton, and all that her son had had "to come through," as she said, "before he was placed."

"I suppose a's weel now?" Mrs. Campbell said. "No that I could have any doubts in my own mind, so far as you were concerned; but, the mair experience a person has, the less hope they have in other folk—though that's an awfu' thing to say, and gangs against Scripture. Me that thought there was not a living man that could say a word of blame to my Colin! And to think of a' the lees that were invented. His father there says it's a necessary evil, and that we maun have popular rights; but for me I canna see the necessity. I'm no for doing evil that good may come," said the Mistress; "its awfu' papistry that—and to worry a poor callant to death, and drive a' that belongs to him out o' their wits—"

"He's not dead yet," said the farmer, "nor me out of my ordinary. I'll not say it's pleasant; but so long as they canna allege onything against a man's morality I'm no so much heeding; and it's a poor kind of thing to be put in by a patron that doesna care a pin, and gangs to another kirk."

"I'm awfu' shaken in my mind about that," said the Mistress; "there's the Free Kirk folk—though I'm no for making an example of them—fighting among themselves about their new minister, like thae puir senseless creatures in America. Thamas, at the Millhead, is for the ane candidate, and his brother Dugald for the tither; and they're like to tear each other's een out when they meet. That's ill enough, but Lafton's waur. I'm no for setting up priests, nor making them a sacerdotal caste as some folk say; but will you tell me," said Mrs. Campbell, indignantly, "that a wheen ignorant weavers and canailye like that can judge my Colin? ay, or even if it was thae Fife farmers driving in their gigs. I would like to ken what he studied for and took a' thae honours, and gave baith time and siller, if he wasna to ken better than the like of them. I'm no pretending to meddle with politics that are out of my way—but I canna shut my een," the Mistress said, emphatically. "The awfu' business is that we've nae respect to speak of for onything but ourselves; we're so awfu' fond of our ain bit poor opinions, and the little we ken. If there was ony change in our parish—and the minister's far from weel, by a' I can hear

—and that man round the point at the English chapel wasna such an awfu' haveril—I would be tempted to flee away out of their fechts and their objections, and get a quiet Sabbath-day there."

"I'm no for buying peace so dear, for my part," said Lauderdale; "they're terrible haverils, most of the English ministers in our pairts, as the Mistress says. We're a' in a kind of dissenting way now-a-days, the mair's the pity. Whisht a moment, callant, and let a man speak.—I'm no saying onything against dissent; it's a wee hard in its ways, and it has an awfu' opinion of itsel', and there's nae beauty in it that it should be desired; but, when your mind's made up to have popular rights and your ain way in everything, I canna see onything else for it, for my part. It's pure democracy—that's what it is—and democracy means naething else, as far as I'm informed, but the reign of them that kens the least and skreighs the loudest. It's no a bonnie spectacle, but I'm no a man that demands beauty under a' conditions. Our friend the curate yonder," said Lauderdale, pointing his finger vaguely over his shoulder to indicate Wodensbourne, "was awfu' taken up about his auld arches and monuments—that's what you ca' the chancel, I suppose; but as for our young minister here, though he's just as caring about thae vanities, it's a' filled up with good deal boards and put behind his back like a hidie-hole. There's something awfu' instructive in that; for I wouldna say that the comparison was ony way in the curate's favour," said the philosopher, with a gleam of suppressed pride and tenderness, "if you were to turn your een to the pulpit and take your choice of the men."

Mrs. Campbell lifted her eyes to her son's face and regarded him solemnly as Lauderdale spoke; but she could not escape the influence of the recollection that even Colin had been objected to. "Nae doubt the like of him in a kirk should make a difference," she said with candour, yet melancholy, "but I dinna see what's to be the end of it for my part—a change for good is aye awfu' slow to work, and I'll no live to see the new days."

"You'll live to see all I am good for, mother," said Colin; "and it appears to me you are all a set of heretics and schismatics. Lauderdale is past talking to, but I expected something better of you."

"Weel, we'll a' see," said big Colin, who in his heart could not defend an order of ecclesiastical economy which permitted his son to be assaulted by the parish of Lafton, or any other parish, "if it's the will of God. We're none of us so awfu' auld; but the world's aye near its ending to a woman that sees her son slighted; there's nae penitence can make up for that—no that he's suffered much that I can see," the farmer said with a laugh. "That's enough of the Kirk for one night."

"Eh, Colin, dinna be so worldly," said his wife; "I think whiles it would be an awfu' blessing if the world was to end as some folk think; and a' thing cleared up, and them joined again that had been parted, and the bonnie earth safe through the fire—if it's to be by fire," she added with a questioning glance towards her son; "I canna think but it's ower good to be true. When I mind upon a' we've to go through in this life, and a' that is so hard to mend; eh, if He would but take it in His ain hand!" said the Mistress with tears in her eyes. No one was so hard-hearted as to preach to her at that moment, or to enlarge upon the fact that everything was in His hand, as indeed she knew as well as her companions; but it happens sometimes that the prayers and the wishes which are out of reason, are those that come warmest, and touch deepest, to the heart.

But, meanwhile, and attending the end of the world, Colin, when he was settled for the night in his old room, with its shelving roof, took out and elaborated his *Tract for the Times*. It was discontent as great as that of his mother's which breathed out of it; but then hers was the discontent of a life which had nothing new to do or to look for, and which had found out by experience how

little progress can be made in a lifetime, and how difficult it is to change evil into good. Colin's discontent, on the contrary, was that exhilarating sentiment which stimulates youth, and opens up an endless field of combat and conquest. At his end of the road it looked only natural that the obstacles should move of themselves out of the way, and that what was just and best should have the inevitable victory. When he had done, he thought with a tenderness which brought tears to his eyes, yet at the same moment a smile to his lips, of the woman's impatience that would hasten the wheels of fate, and call upon God to take matters, as she said, in His own hand. That did not, as yet, seem a step necessary to Colin. He thought there was still time to work by the natural means, and that things were not arrived at such a pass that it was needful to appeal to miracle. It could only be when human means had failed that such a resource could be necessary; and the human means had certainly not failed entirely so long as he stood there in the bloom of his young strength, with his weapons in his hand.

He preached in his native church on the following Sunday, as was to be expected; and from up the Loch and down the Loch all the world came to hear young Colin of Ramore. And Colin the farmer, the elder, sat glorious at the end of his pew, and in the pride of his heart listened, and noted, and made inexorable criticisms, and commented on his son's novel ideas with a severe irony which it it was difficult to understand in its true sense. The Duke himself came to hear Colin's sermon, which was a wonderful honour for the young man, and all the parish criticised him with a zest which it was exhilarating to hear. "I mind when he couldna say his Questions," said Evan of Barnton; "I wouldna like to come under ony engagement that he kens them noo. He was aye a callant awfu' fond of his ain opinion, and for my part I'm no for Presbyteries passing ower objections so easy. Either he's of Jowett's school or he's no; but I never saw that there was ony right decision come to. There were some awfu' suspicious expressions under his second head — if you could ca' yon a head," said the spiritual ruler, with natural contempt; for indeed Colin's divisions were not what they ought to have been, and he was perfectly open to criticism so far as that was concerned.

"A lot of that was out of Maurice," said another thoughtful spectator. "I'm aye doubtful of thae misty phrases. If it wasna for hurting a' their feelings, I would be awfu' tempted to say a word. He's no' that auld, and he might mend."

"He'll never mend," said Evan. "I'm no' one that ever approved of the upbringing of these laddies. They have ower much opinion of themselves. There's Archie, that thinks he knows the price of cattle better than a man of twice his age. She's an awfu' fanciful woman, that mother of theirs—and then they've a' been a wee spoiled with that business about the English callant; but I'll no say but what he has abilities," the critic added, with a national sense of clanship. The parish might not approve of the upbringing of the young Campbells, nor of their opinions, but still it had a national share in any reputation that the family or any of its members might attain.

Colin continued his course on the Monday with his friend. He had stayed but a few days at home, but it was enough, and all the party were sensible of the fact. Henceforward that home, precious as it was, could not count for much in his life. It was a hard thing to think of, but it was a necessity of nature. Archie and the younger sons greeted with enthusiasm the elder brother, who shared with them his better fortunes and higher place; but, when the greeting was given on both sides, there did not remain very much to say; for, to be sure, seen by Colin's side, the young Campbells, still *gauche*, and shamefaced, and with the pride of a Scotch peasant in arms, looked inferior to what they really were, and felt so—and the mother felt it for them, though Colin was her own immediate heir and the pride of her heart. She bade him

farewell with suppressed tears, and a sense of loss which was not to be suppressed. "He has his ain hame, and his ain place, and little need of us now, the Lord be praised," the Mistress said to herself as she watched him going down to the boat; "I think I would be real content if he had but a good wife." But still it was with a sigh that she went in again and closed the door upon the departing boat that carried her son back to the world.

CHAPTER XLVII.

As for Colin and his friend, they went upon their way steadily, with that rare sympathy in difference which is the closest bond of friendship. Lauderdale by this time had lost all the lingerings of youth which had hung long about him, perhaps by right of his union with the fresh and exuberant youth of his brother-in-arms. His gaunt person was gaunter than ever, though, by an impulse of the tenderest pride—not for himself but for his companion—his dress fitted him better, and was more carefully put on than it had ever been during all his life; but his long hair, once so black and wild, was now grey, and hung in thin locks, and his beard, that relic of Italy, which Lauderdale preserved religiously, and had ceased to be ashamed of, was grey also, and added to the somewhat solemn aspect of his long thoughtful face. He was still an inch or two taller than Colin, whose great waves of brown hair, tossed up like clouds upon his forehead, and shining brown eyes, which even now had not quite lost the soft shade of surprise and admiration which had given them such a charm in their earlier years, contrasted strangely with the worn looks of his friend. They were not like father and son, for Lauderdale preserved in his appearance an indefinable air of solitude and of a life apart, which made it impossible to think of him in any such relationship; but perhaps their union was more close and real than even that tie could have made it, since the unwedded childless man was at once young and old, and had kept in his heart a virgin freshness more visionary, and perhaps even more spotless, than that of Colin's untarnished youth—for, to be sure, the young man not only was conscious of that visionary woman in the clouds, but had already solaced himself with more than one love, and still meant to marry a wife like other men, though that was not at present the foremost idea in his mind; whereas, whatever love Lauderdale might have had in that past from which he never drew the veil, it had never been replaced by another, nor involved any earthly hope. This made him naturally more sympathetic than a man who had gone through all the ordinary experiences of life could have been; and at the same time it made him more intolerant of what he supposed to be Colin's inconstancy. As they crossed the borders, and found themselves among the Cumberland hills, Lauderdale approached nearer and nearer to that subject which had been for so long a time left in silence between them. Perhaps it required that refinement of ear natural to a born citizen of Glasgow to recognise that it was "English" which was being spoken round them as they advanced—but the philosopher supposed himself to have made that discovery. He recurred to it with a certain pathetic meaning as they went upon their way. They had set out on foot from Carlisle, each with his knapsack, to make their leisurely way to the Lakes; and, when they rested and dined in the humble roadside inn which served for their first resting-place, the plaintive cadence of his friend's voice struck Colin with a certain amusement. "They're a' English here," Lauderdale said, with a tone of sad recollection, as a man might have said in Norway or Russia, hearing for the first time the foreign tongue, and bethinking himself of all the dreary seas and long tracts of country that lay between him and home. It might have been pathetic under such circumstances, though the chances are that even then Colin, graceless and fearless, would have laughed;

but at present, when the absence was only half a day's march, and the difference of tongue, as we have said, only to be distinguished by an ear fine and native, the sigh was too absurd to be passed over lightly. "I never knew you have the *mal du pays* before," Colin said with a burst of laughter:—and the patriot himself did not refuse to smile.

"Speak English," he said, with a quaint self-contradiction, "though I should say speak Scotch if I was consistent;—you needna make your jokes at me. Oh ay, it's awfu' easy laughing. It's no *that* I'm thinking of; there's nothing out of the way in the association of ideas this time, though they play bonnie pranks whiles. I'm thinking of the first time I was in England, and how awfu' queer it sounded to hear the bits of callants on the road, and the poor bodies at the cottage doors."

"The first time you were in England —that was when you came to nurse me like a good fellow as you are," said Colin; "I should have died that time but for my mother and you."

"I'm not saying that," said Lauderdale; "you're one of the kind that's awfu' hard to kill—a dour callant like you would have come through a' the same; but it's no that I'm thinking of. There are other things that come to my mind with the sound of the English tongue. Hold your peace, callant, and listen; is there nothing comes back to you, will you tell me, when you hear the like of *that?*"

"I hear a woman talking in very broad Cumberland," said Colin, who notwithstanding began to feel an uncomfortable heat mounting upwards in his face; "you may call it English, if you have a mind. There is some imperceptible difference between that and the Dumfriesshire, I suppose; but I should not like to have to discriminate where the difference lies."

As for Lauderdale, he sighed; but without intending it, as it appeared, for he made a great effort to cover his sigh by a yawn, for which latter indulgence he had evidently no occasion, and then he tried a faint little unnecessary laugh, which sat still more strangely on him. "I'm an awfu' man for associations," he said; "I'm no to be held to ony account for the things that come into my head. You may say it's Cumberland, and I'm no disputing; but for a' that there's something in the sound of the voice——"

"Look here," said Colin impatiently; "listen to my tract. I want you to give me your opinion now it is finished; turn this way, with your face to the hills, and never mind the voice."

"Oh ay," said Lauderdale, with another sigh; "there's nae voice like his ain voice to this callant's ear; it's an awfu' thing to be an author, and above a' a reformer; for you may be sure it's for the sake of the cause, and no because he's written a' that himsel'. Let's hear this grand tract of yours; no that I've any particular faith in that way of working," the philosopher added slowly, settling into his usual mode of talk, without consideration of his companion's impatience; "a book, or a poem, or a tract, or whatever it may be, is no good in this world without an audience. Any man can write a book; that's to say, most men could if they would but take the trouble to try; but, as for the audience, that's different. If it doesna come by nature, I see nae way of manufacturing that; but I'm no objecting to hear what you have got to say," Lauderdale added impartially. It was not encouraging perhaps to the young author; but Colin was sufficiently used by this time to his friend's prelections, and for his own part was very well pleased to escape from memories more perplexing and difficult to manage. It was with this intention that he had taken out No. I. of the *Tracts for the Times.* If any of the writers of the original series of these renowned compositions could but have looked over the shoulder of the young Scotch minister, and beheld the different fashion of thoughts, the curious fundamental difference which lay underneath, and yet the apparent similarity of intention on the face of it! Rome and the Pope were about as far off as Mecca and the prophet from

Colin's ideas. He was not in the least urgent for any infallible standard, nor at all concerned to trace a direct line of descent for himself or his Church; and yet withal his notions were as high and absolute and arbitrary on some points as if he had been a member of the most potent of hierarchies—though this might perhaps be set down to the score of his youth. It would, however, be doing Colin injustice to reproduce here this revolutionary document: to tell the truth, circumstances occurred very soon after to retard the continuation of the series, and, so far as his historian is aware, the publication of this preliminary[1] address was only partial. For, to be sure, the young man had still abundance of time before him, and the first and most important thing, as Lauderdale had suggested, was the preparation of the audience—an object which was on the whole better carried out by partial and private circulation than by coming prematurely before the public, and giving the adversary occasion to blaspheme, and perhaps frightening the Kirk herself out of her wits. Having said so much, we may return to the more private and individual aspect of affairs. The two friends were seated, while all this was going on, out of doors, on a stone bench by the grey wall of the cottage inn, in which they had just refreshed themselves with a nondescript meal. The Cumberland hills—at that moment bleaching under the sunshine, showing all their scars and stains in the fulness of the light—stretched far away into the distance, hiding religiously in their depths the sacred woods and waters that were the end of the pilgrimage on which the two friends were bound. Lauderdale sat at leisure and listened, shading the sunshine from his face, and watching the shadows play on the woods and hills; and the same force of imagination which persuaded the unaccustomed traveller that he could detect a difference of tone in the rude talk he heard in the distance, and that that which was only Cumberland was *English*, persuaded him also that the sunshine in which he was sitting was warmer than the sunshine at home, and that he was really, as he himself would have described it, "going south." He was vaguely following out these ideas, notwithstanding that he also listened to Colin, and gave him the fullest attention. Lauderdale had not travelled much in his life, nor enjoyed many holidays; and, consequently, the very sense of leisure and novelty recalled to him the one great recreation of his life—the spring he had spent in Italy, with all its vicissitudes, prefaced by the mournful days at Wodensbourne. All this came before Lauderdale's mind more strongly a great deal than it did before that of Colin, because it was to the elder man the one sole and clearly marked escape out of the monotony of a long life—a thing that had occurred but once, and never could occur again. How the Cumberland hills, and the peasant voices in their rude dialect, and the rough stone bench outside the door of a grey limestone cottage, could recall to Lauderdale the olive slopes of Frascati, the tall houses shut up and guarded against the sunshine, and the far-off solemn waste of the Campagna, would have been something unintelligible to Colin. But in the meantime these recollections were coming to a climax in his companion's mind. He gave a great start in the midst of Colin's most eloquent paragraph, and jumped to his feet, crying, "Do you hear that?" with a thrill of excitement utterly inexplicable to the astonished young man: and then Lauderdale grew suddenly ashamed of himself, and took his seat again, abashed, and felt that it was needful to explain.

"Do I hear what?" said Colin; and, as this interruption occurred just at the moment when he supposed he had roused his hearer to a certain pitch of excitement and anxiety, by his account of the religious deficiencies of Scotland, which he was on the point of relieving by an able exposition of the possibilities of reform, it may be forgiven to him if

[1] Numbers I. and II. of the Scotch *Tracts for the Times*, together with fragments of subsequent numbers uncompleted, will be given, if desired by Colin's friends, in the appendix to the second edition of this biography.

he spoke with a little asperity. Such a disappointment is a trying experience for the best of men. "What is it, for Heaven's sake?" said the young man, forgetting he was a minister; and, to tell the truth, Lauderdale was so much ashamed of himself that he felt almost unable to explain.

"She's singing something, that's a'," said the confused philosopher. "I'm an awfu' haveril, Colin. There's some things I canna get out of my head. Never you mind; a' that's admirable," said the culprit, with a certain deprecatory eagerness. "I'm awfu' anxious to see how you get us out of the scrape. Go on."

Colin was angry, but he was human, and he could not but laugh at the discomfiture and conciliatory devices of his disarmed critic. "I am not going to throw away my pearls," he said; "since your mind is in such a deplorable state you shall hear no more to-day, Oh, no. I understand the extent of your anxiety. And so here's Lauderdale going the way of all flesh. Who is *she?* and what is she singing? The best policy is to make a clean breast of it," said the young man, laughing; "and then, perhaps, I may look over the insult you have been guilty of to myself."

But Lauderdale was in no mood for laughing. "I'm not sure that it wouldna be the best plan to go on," he said; "for notwithstanding, I've been giving my best attention; and maybe if I was to speak out what was in my heart——"

"Speak it out," said Colin. He was a little affronted, but he kept his composure. As he folded up his papers and put them away in his pocket-book, he too heard the song which Lauderdale had been listening to. It was only a country-woman singing as she went about her work, and there was no marked resemblance in either the voice or the song to anything he had heard before. All that could be said was that the vôice was young and fresh, and that the melody was sad, and had the quality of suggestiveness, which is often wanting to more elaborate music. He knew what was coming when he put up his papers in his pocket-book, and it occurred to him that perhaps it would be well to have the explanation over and be done with it, for he knew how persistent his companion was.

"It's no that there's much to say," said Lauderdale, changing his tone; "a man like me, that's little used to change, gets awfu' like a fool in his associations. There's naething that ony reasonable creature could see in thae hills, and a' the sheep on them, that should bring *that* to my mind; and, as you say, callant, it's Cumberland they're a' speaking, and no English. It's just a kind of folly that men are subject to that live their lane. I canna but go a' through again, from the beginning to—— Well, I suppose," said Lauderdale with a sigh, "what you and me would call the end."

"What any man in his senses would call the end," said Colin, beginning to cut his pencil with some ferocity, which was the only occupation that occurred to him for the moment; "I don't suppose there can be any question as to what you mean. Was it to be expected that I would court rejection over again for the mere pleasure of being rejected?—as you know I have been, both by letter and in person; and then, as if even that was not enough, accused of fortune-hunting; when Heaven knows ——" Here Colin stopped short, and cut his pencil so violently that he cut his finger, which was an act which convicted him of using unnecessary force, and of which, accordingly, he was ashamed.

"It is no *that* I was thinking of," said Lauderdale, "I was minding of the time when we a' met, and the bit soft English voice. It's no that I'm fond of the English, or their ways," continued the philosoper. "We're maybe no so well in our ain country, and maybe we're better; I'll no say. It's a question awfu' hard to settle. But, if ever we a' foregather again, I cannot think there will be that difference. It wasna to say musical that I ken of, but it was aye soft and pleasant—maybe ower soft, Colin, for the like of you—and

with a bit yielding tone in it, as if the heart would break sooner than make a stand for its own way. I mind it real weel," said Lauderdale, with a sigh. "As for the father, no doubt there was little to be said in his favour. But, after a', it wasna him that you had any intention to marry. And yon Sabbath-day after *he* was gone, poor man!—when you and me didna ken what to do with ourselves till the soft thing came out of her painted cha'amer, and took the guiding of us into her hands. It's *that* I was thinking of," said Lauderdale, fixing his eyes on a far off point upon the hills, and ending his musing with a sigh.

Colin sighed, too, for sympathy—he could not help it. The scene came before him as his friend spoke. He thought he could see Alice, in her pallor and exhaustion, worn to a soft shadow, in her black dress, coming into the bare Italian room in the glorious summer day, which all the precautions possible could not shut out from the house of mourning—with her prayer-book in her hand; and then he remembered how she had chidden him for reading another lesson than that appointed for the day. It was in the height of his own revolutionary impulses that this thought struck him; and he smiled to himself in the midst of his sigh, with a tender thought for Alice, and a passing wonder for himself, what change might have been wrought upon him if that dutiful little soul had actually become the companion of his life. Colin was not the kind of man who can propose to himself to form his wife's mind, and rule her thoughts, and influence her without being sensible of her influence in return. That was not the order of domestic affairs in Ramore; and naturally he judged the life that might have been, and even yet might be, by that standard. The Mistress's son did not understand having a nullity, or a shadow of himself, for a wife; and insensibly he made his way back from the *attendrissement* into which Lauderdale's musings had led him, into half-amused speculation as to the effect Alice and her influence might have had upon him by this time. "If *that* had happened," he said with a smile, bursting out, as was usual to him when Lauderdale was his companion, at that particular point of his thoughts which required expression, without troubling himself to explain how he came there—"if *that* had happened," said Colin, with the conscious smile of old, "I wonder what sort of fellow I should have been by this time? I doubt if I should have had any idea of disturbing the constituted order of affairs. Things are always for the best, you perceive, as everybody says. A man who has any revolutionary work to do must be free and alone. But don't let us talk any more of that—I don't like turning back upon the road. But for that feeling I should have settled the business before now about poor Arthur's 'Voice from the Grave.'"

"I was aye against that title," said Lauderdale, "if he would have paid any attention; but you're a' the same, you young callants; it's nae more a voice from the grave than mine is. It's a voice from an awfu' real life, that had nae intention to lose a minute that was permitted. It would be something, to be sure that he was kept informed, and had a pleasure in his book; but then, so far as I can judge, he maun ken an awfu' deal better by this time—and maybe up there they're no heeding about a third edition. It's hard to say; he was so terrible like himself up to the last moment; I canna imagine, in my own mind, that he's no like himself still. There should be a heap of siller," said Lauderdale, "by this time; and sooner or later you'll have to open communication, and let them ken."

"Yes," said Colin, with a momentary look of sullenness and repugnance; and then he added, in a lighter tone, "heaps of money never came out of a religious publisher's hands. A third edition does not mean the same thing with them as with other people. Of course, it must be set right some time or other. We had better set off, I can tell you, and not talk idle talk like this, if we mean to get to our journey's end to-night."

"Oh, ay," said Lauderdale, "you're aye in a hurry, you young callants. As

for me, I've aye found time to finish what I was about. Is it the father that makes you so unwilling for any correspondence?—but it's awfu' easy to settle a thing like that."

"I think you want to try how far my patience can go," said Colin, who had grown crimson up to the hair. "Do you think a man has no feeling, Lauderdale? Do you think it is possible to be treated as I have been, and yet go back again with humility, hat in hand? I don't feel myself capable of that."

"If you're asking me my opinion," said Lauderdale, calmly, "I've nae objection to tell you what I think. You're no vindictive, and you've nae pride to speak of—I'm meaning pride of *that* kind. It's no in you to bear a grudge at onybody beyond, maybe, the hour or the day. So I'm no heeding much about that question, for my part. If you had an awfu' regard for the man, he might affront you; but no being indifferent. I'm telling you just my opinion, with my partial knowledge of the premises—but for *her*, I cannot but say what is in my ain mind. I've a kind of longing to see her again; we used to be awfu' good friends, her and me. I had you to take care of, callant, and she had *him*; and whiles she had a moment of envy, and grudged terrible in her heart to see the air and the sun, that are for baith the good and the evil, so hard upon him, and so sweet to you; there was little in her mind to hide, and her and me were good friends. I'll never forget our counts and our reckonings. It's awfu' hard for the like o' me to divine wherefore it is that a' that has come to an end, and her and you dropped out of one another's life."

"Lauderdale," said Colin, with a little choking in his voice; "I will tell you what I never told you before——" and then the young man stopped short, as if he had received a blow. What was it that came over him like an imperious sudden prohibition, stopping the words upon his lips the first time he had ever dreamt of uttering them to mortal ear? He had a feeling somehow as if one of those flying shadows that kept coming and going over the mountains had taken another shape and come before him, and put a cold hand on his lips. He was about to have confessed that his love had been no more than tender compassion and kindness; he was about to have said what Lauderdale perhaps might have guessed before, what Colin had kept secret and hidden in his breast—that Alice never was nor could be the ideal woman of his thoughts, the true love who waited for him somewhere in the future. But perhaps, after all, it was no shadow nor unseen influence, but only the young man's magnanimous heart that spared that humiliation to the name of Alice—solely to her name; for, now that all was over between them, it was only that abstract representation of her that was concerned.

"Ay," said Lauderdale, after a moment, "you were going to tell me——" and then he rose as Colin had done, and threw his knapsack on his shoulder, and prepared to resume his march.

"We shall have an hour's walking in the dark, if we don't make all the better progress," said Colin; "which is uncomfortable when one does not know the way. And now to return to No. I." he said with a laugh, as they went on along the dusty road. There was not another word said between them of the confession thus abruptly stopped. Perhaps Lauderdale in his heart had a perception of what it meant; but, however that might be, both fell at once with eagerness, as if they had never digressed for a moment, upon the first number of Colin's *Tracts for the Times*.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

This conversation, however, as was natural, had a certain effect upon both the friends. It threw Colin, who, to be sure, was chiefly concerned, into a world of confused imaginations, which influenced even his dreams, and through his dreams reacted upon himself. When he was alone at night, instead of going to sleep at once, as would have been natural after his day's journey, he kept

falling into absurd little dozes, and waking up suddenly with the idea that Alice was standing by him, that she was calling him, that it was the marriage-day, and that somebody had found him out, and was about to tell his bride that he did not love her; and at last, when he went to sleep in good earnest, the fantastic *mélange* of recollection and imagination carried him back to Frascati, where he found Arthur and Alice, as of old, in the great *salone*, with its frescoed walls, and talked to them as in the former days. He thought Meredith told him of an important journey upon which he was setting out, and made arrangements in the meantime for his sister with an anxiety which the real Arthur had never dreamt of exhibiting. "She will be safe with you at present," the visionary Arthur seemed to say, "and by-and-by you will send her to me——" And when Colin woke it was hard for him to convince himself at first that he had not been in actual communication with his friend. He accounted for it, of course, as it is very easy to account for dreams, and convinced himself, and yet left behind in some crevice of his heart a dumb consciousness, which hid itself out of sight that it might not be argued with, that after all Arthur and he in the dark had passed by each other, and exchanged a word or thought in passing. Colin took care not to betray even to himself the existence of this conviction; but deep down in the silence it influenced him unawares. As for Lauderdale, his thoughts, as might have been expected, had taken another direction. Perhaps he was past the age of dreaming. Colin's revelation which he did not make had possibly told his friend more than if it had been said out in words; and all the thoughts of the elder man had fixed upon the strange problem which has been discussed so often with so little result—how there are some people who can have love for the asking, and reject it, and how there are some who would die for that dear consolation, to whom it does not come. To be sure, he was not philosophical on this subject, and the chances are that he attributed to Alice feelings much deeper and more serious than any that had actually moved her. The chances were, indeed, for all that Lauderdale knew, that she had accepted her position, as Colin thought, dutifully, and obeyed her father, and ceased to think anything about the romantic projects and strange companionship of their Italian life. But the friend was more faithful than the lover, and had a more elevated idea of Alice and her capabilities; and he took to talking in his vague way, hovering round the subject in wide circles, now and then swooping down for a moment on some point that approached, as closely as he thought it right to approach, to the real centre of his thoughts.

"Thae great hills are awfu' in the way," said Lauderdale. "I'm no saying but they're an ornament to a country, and grand things for you, and the like of you, that make verses; but I canna see any reason why they should come between me and the sun. I'm no so high, but I'm maybe mair important in the economy of creation. Yet, for a' that, there's yon bald fellow yonder, with a' those patches on his crown, puts himself right between us and the light without even asking pardon. It's no respectful to you in your position, Colin. They're awfu' like men. I've seen a man standing like that across another man's life—or whiles another woman's," said the philosopher. "It's not an encouraging spectacle. I'm no heeding about Nature, that kens no better; but for a man—"

"Perhaps the man, too, might know no better," said Colin, laughing; but his laugh was slightly uneasy, for he, too, had been thinking, and it seemed to him that the subject was an unfortunate one to start with. "I don't see that he is much more responsible than the mountain. It may be in pursuing his own path, simply enough, that he shadows another man's for the moment—or another woman's, as you say, Lauderdale," he said, breaking off and laughing again. Somehow a little absurd colour had come to his face, he could not tell why.

"Ay," said Lauderdale, "and you're thinking that above a', that's real danger-

ous for a minister. When he's popular like you he has so many paths to cross—and young—and a kind of genius in his way—and no to call bad-looking neither," said the critic, turning upon Colin a somewhat savage look; "and then the women part of them, they're often awfu' haverils, and a young minister canna be uncivil. It's nae fault of the hill, but it's awfu' silly of me to let myself be kept in the shade."

"Hit fair," said Colin, laughing; "none of your blows in the dark. I am an innocent man; besides, there are no interesting pathways in my way to cross," the young man added, with natural pathos; for, indeed, since the days of Matty Frankland and Alice, his opportunities on the whole in that particular had been small.

"It's grand when he does not lose his road himself," said Lauderdale. "That's an awfu' advantage on the part of the hills. They've nae responsibility, no being voluntary agents; but I've seen a man lose his ain way that had been a shadow on another man's road—or woman's, as you were saying. We're done with that now," said the philosopher; "the shadows are no so lingering in the morning—but I am real glad to be clear of it myself. You see, after a', we're no in Italy, though we're coming south. I dinna understand a country that makes you hide in the midday, and lose your time in a' the corners. Here a man can walk in the sun."

"Even in another man's sun," said Colin, "or woman's, according to what you have just been saying. But we will have enough of it to-day, before we get to our journey's end."

"Ay," said Lauderdale; "there's something awfu' unreasonable in this life, take it at the best. As for logic, I never was great on that point. The grand thing of a man is, that you never can tell what he'll do the next moment. I'm no denying the force of character. It's the only thing in this world that gives a kind of direction; but I wouldna even put my trust in character. I ken you very well, for example," he continued; "wonderful well, considering you're a human creature like myself. I have a kind of idea what you would be likely to think on most subjects, and could very near run the risk of prophesying what you would *say;* but, when you turn that corner out of my sight, I ken no more what may be the next thing you'll do than if I had never heard your name. No, I'm no tired at this hour of the morning—but I've an awfu' objection to dust, and the road is as powdery as a mill. My intention is to take a seat on this brae and let that carriage pass."

"Wait a little, then; it comes on very slowly; there must be some invalid in it, for the horses look good enough," said Colin, and he turned his back to the carriage which was approaching, in order to survey the green slope, covered with trees and brushwood, upon which Lauderdale meant to rest. They were separated a little when the carriage came up, and neither of them paid much attention to it. Lauderdale was already half way up the slope, and Colin was standing by the side of the road, looking after him. The horses had quickened their pace at the last moment, and had passed before Colin could turn round to see who the travellers were; but at that moment, as the carriage rolled along behind him, he gave a start so violent that the stones under his feet seemed suddenly to get in his way and trip him up, and Lauderdale for his part came down from the brae with a long leap and strange exclamation. "What was that?" they said to each other, in the same breath, and paused for a moment, and looked into each other's faces, and listened. The carriage went on faster, raising a cloud of dust, and nothing was to be heard except the sound of the horses' hoofs and the wheels. It was Colin that was the first to break the silence. He detached himself from among the stones and bushes, where he had got entangled in that moment of agitation, and sprang back again to the high road which lay before him, veiled in a cloud of dust. "It is simply absurd," said Colin. "Lauderdale, I cannot imagine what you mean; you are enough to drive a man mad. Some one gives a chance outcry in passing, and you make up your mind that it is—— Good heavens! I never

knew such folly!" cried the young man. He took off his hat without knowing it, and thrust his hair up over his forehead, and made an effort to take courage and regain his composure as he took breath. But it was very clear that Lauderdale had nothing to do with Colin's excitement. He had himself heard the cry, and felt in his heart that it was no imagination. As he stood there in his pretended indignation the impulse of flight came upon him—a certain terror, which he could not explain nor comprehend, came over him. There was not a man in existence before whom he would have flown; but that little cry of recognition took away all his courage. He did not feel in himself the strength to go forward, to venture upon a possible meeting. The blood which had rushed to his face for the first moment seemed to go back upon his heart and stifle it. He had made a step or two forward without thinking; but then he arrested himself, and wavered, and looked upon the road which lay quite tranquil behind him in the shadow of the hills. It seemed to him for the moment as if his only safety was in flight.

As for Lauderdale, it took him all the time which Colin had occupied in these thoughts to get down from his elevation and return to his friend's side. He for his part was animated and eager. "This is no *her* country," said Lauderdale; "she's a traveller, as we are. The carriage will stop at our next stage, but there's no time to be lost;" and as he said these words he resumed his march with his long steady step without remarking the hesitation of Colin or what he had said. The young man himself felt that saving impulse fail him after the first minute. Afterwards, all the secondary motives came into his mind, and urged him to go on. Had he allowed that he was afraid to meet or to renew his relationships with Alice Meredith, supposing that by any extraordinary chance this should be she, it would be to betray the secret which he had guarded so long, and to betray himself; and he knew no reason that he could give for such a cowardly retreat. He could not say, "If I see her again, and find that she has been thinking of me, I shall be compelled to carry out my original mistake, and give up my brighter hopes,"—for no one knew that he had made any mistake, or that she was not to his eyes the type of all that was dearest in woman. "The chances are that it is all a piece of folly—a deception of the senses," he said to himself instead—"something like what people have when they think they see ghosts. We have talked of her, and I have dreamed of her, and now, to be sure, necessity requires that I should hear her. It should have been seeing, to make all perfect;" and, after that little piece of self-contempt, he went on again with Lauderdale without making any objection. The dust which had been raised by the carriage came towards them like a moving pillar; but the carriage itself went rapidly on and turned the corner and went out of sight. And then Colin did his best to comfort and strengthen himself by other means.

"Don't put yourself out of breath," he said to Lauderdale; "the whole thing is quite explainable. That absurd imagination of yours yesterday has got into both our heads. I don't mind saying I dreamt of it all last night. Anything so wild was never put into a novel. It's an optical illusion, or, rather I should say, it's an ocular illusion. Things don't happen in real life in this kind of promiscuous way. Don't walk so quick and put yourself out of breath."

"Did you no hear?" said Lauderdale. "If you hadna heard I could understand. As for me, I canna say but what I saw as well. I'm no minding at this moment about my breath."

"What did you see?" cried Colin, with a sudden thrill at his heart.

"I'll no say it was *her*," said Lauderdale; "no but what I am as sure as I am of life that she was there. I saw something white laid back in the carriage, somebody that was ill; it might be her or it might be another. I've an awfu' strong opinion that it was her. It's been borne in on my mind that she was ill and wearying. We mightna ken *her*, but she kent you and me."

"What you say makes it more and more unlikely," said Colin. "I confess

that I was a little excited myself by those dreams and stuff; but nothing could be more improbable than that she should recognise you and me. Bah! it is absurd to be talking of *her* in this ridiculous way, as if we had the slightest reason to suppose it was her. Any little movement might make a sick lady cry out; and, as for recognising a voice at such a distance of time!—All this makes me feel like a fool," said Colin. "I am more disposed to go back than to go on. I wish you would dismiss that nonsense from your thoughts."

"If I was to do that same, do you think you could join me?" said Lauderdale. "There's voices I would ken after thirty years instead of after three; and I'm no likely to forget the bit English tone of it. I'm a wee slow about some things, and I'll no pretend to fathom your meaning; but, whether its daft-like or no, this I'm sure of, that if you make up to that carriage that's away out of our sight at this moment, you'll find Alice Meredith there."

"I don't believe anything of the kind. Your imagination has deceived you," said Colin, and they went on for a long time in silence; but at the bottom of his heart Colin felt that his own imagination had not deceived him. The only thing that had deceived him was that foolish feeling of liberty, that sense that he had escaped fate, and that the rash engagements of his youth were to have no consequences, into which he had deluded himself for some time past. Even while he professed his utter disbelief in this encounter, he was asking himself how in his changed circumstances he could bear the old bridle, the rein upon his proud neck? If it had been a curb upon his freedom, even at the moment when he had formed it—if it had become a painful bondage afterwards while still the impression of Alice's gentle tenderness had not quite worn off his mind—what would it be now when he had emancipated himself from those soft prejudices of recollection, and when he had acknowledged so fully to himself that his heart never had been really touched? He marched on by Lauderdale's side, and paid no attention to what his friend said to him; and nothing could be more difficult to describe than the state of Colin's mind during this walk. Perhaps the only right thing, the only sensible thing, he could have done in the circumstances would have been to turn back and decline altogether this re-awakening of the past. But then at six-and-twenty the mind is still so adverse to turning back, and has so much confidence in its own power of surmounting difficulty, and in its good star, and in the favour and assistance of all powers and influences in heaven and earth; and then his pride was up in arms against such a mode of extricating himself from the apparent difficulty, and all the delicacy of his nature revolted from the idea of thus throwing the wrong and humiliation upon the woman, upon Alice, a creature who had loved him and trusted him, and whom he had never owned he did not love. Underneath all these complications there was, to be sure, a faint, sustaining hope that an encounter of this kind was incredible, and that it might turn out not to be Alice at all, and that all these fears and embarrassments might come to nothing. With all this in his mind he marched on, feeling the sweet air and fresh winds and sunshine to be all so many spectators accompanying him perhaps to the turning-point of his life, where, for all he knew, things might go against him, and his wings be clipped and his future limited for ever and ever. Perhaps some of Colin's friends may think that he exhibited great weakness of mind on this occasion, as, indeed, it is certain that there are many people who believe with some reason that it is next thing to a sin to put honour in the place of love, or to give to constancy the rights of passion. But then, whatever a man's principles may be, it is his character in most cases that carries the day. Every man must act according to his own nature, as says the Arabian sage. Sir Bayard, even, thinking it all over, might not approve of himself, and might see a great deal of folly in what he was doing; but, as for a man's

opinion of himself, that counts for very little; and he could only go on and follow out his career in his own way.

Lauderdale, on his side, had less comprehension of his friend at this point of his character than at any other. He had discouraged as far as he was able the earlier steps of the engagement between Colin and Alice; but when things "had gone so far" the philosopher understood no compromise. He hastened on through the dust, for his part, with a tender anxiety in his heart, concerned for the girl who had approached him more nearly than any woman had done since the days of his youth; who had been to him that mingled type of sister, daughter, dependant, and ruler, which a very young, very innocent, woman sometimes is to a man too old to fall in love with her, or even to think of such a weakness. Such love as had been possible to Lauderdale had been given early in his life—given once and done with; and Colin had filled up all the place in his heart which might have been left vacant as a prey to vagrant affections. At present he was occupied with the thought that Alice was ill, and that the little cry she had uttered had a tone of appeal in it, and was in reality a cry for help to those who had succoured her in her loneliness, and been more to her for one little period of her life than father or family. And Colin's friend and guardian pursued his way with great strides, going to the rescue of the tender little suffering creature, the mournful, yet dutiful, little woman who had borne her grief so courageously at Frascati, where they two were all the protectors, all the comforters she had. Thus the friends went on with their different sentiments, saying little to each other, and not a word upon this particular subject. They had meant to pause at a village which was on their way to Windermere to rest during the heat of the day and refresh themselves; and it was here, according to all likelihood, that the carriage which had passed with the invalid would also stop, to repose the sick lady if she was a stranger—to await the approach of the two pedestrians if it was Alice, and if she was free to take such a step. Lauderdale had no doubt either of the one or the other of these facts; and, to tell the truth, Colin, regarding the matter under an altogether different aspect, had little doubt on his part that the moment of fate had arrived.

Nevertheless, when he saw the first straggling houses of the hamlet—rude little Westmoreland houses, grey and simple with a moorland air, and no *grand Seigneur* near at hand to trim them into model cottages—— It is so hard to believe what goes against one's wishes. After all, perhaps, the end would be a laugh, an exclamation of surprise, a blessed sense of relief; and no dreadful apparition of old ties and old vows to bind the freed-man over again in cold blood and without any illusion. Such feverish hopes came into Colin's mind against his will, as they drew nearer. The road was as dusty as ever, but he did not see the broad mark of the carriage wheels; and with a great throb of relief found when they came in sight of the little inn that there was no carriage, nothing but a farmer's gig before the door. He began to breathe again, throwing off his burden. "It might be one of my farmers for anything one could tell to the contrary," said Colin, with a short laugh and a sense of relief past describing. "You see now what fools we were to suppose——"

At that moment, however, the young man stopped short in the midst of his sentence. A man was coming to meet them who might have been, for anything, as Colin said, that one could say to the contrary, the farmer to whom the gig belonged. He was at present but a black figure against the sunshine, with his face shaded by his hat; but notwithstanding Colin stopped short when he came in sight of him, and his heart stopped beating,—or at least he thought so. He had seen this man once in his life before,—but once, and no more. But there are some circumstances which sharpen and intensify the senses. Colin recognised him the moment his eyes rested on him. He stopped short,

because what he was saying was proved to be folly, and worse than folly. It was a denial of the certainty which had suddenly appeared before his eyes. He stopped without explaining why he stopped, and made a step onwards in a confused and bewildered way. Henceforward Lauderdale had nothing to do with it. It was Colin himself as the principal and contracting party who was concerned.

And the stranger, for his part, who had also seen the young man but once in his life, recognised Colin. It had only been for a moment, and it was nearly four years ago, but still Mr. Meredith knew, when he saw him, the young man whom he had bidden to begone for a fortune-hunter; who had closed his son's eyes, and laid Arthur in his grave; and given to Alice in her desolation the tenderest guardianship. He did not know Lauderdale, who had his share in all but the last act of that sad little domestic drama; but he recognised Colin by intuition. He came forward to him with the courtesy of a man whom necessity compels to change all his tactics. "Mr. Campbell, I think?" he said. "I feel that I cannot be mistaken. Alice was sure she saw you on the road. I came back after I had taken her home, to try whether I could meet you. Will you do me the favour to introduce me to your friend. I believe I am almost as much indebted to him as to you."

"There is no debt on one side or the other," said Lauderdale, interposing, for Colin found it difficult to speak. "Tell us how she is, which is far more important. We heard her give a cry, and since then we've been hurrying on to see."

"She is not at all well," said Mr. Meredith. "I hope you will consent to gratify my daughter by going back to dine with me. My house is close by here, and I came on purpose. Mr. Campbell, you may think you have a just grievance against me. I hope you will overlook it at present, and hear my explanation afterwards. We can never be sufficiently grateful for all you have done for my son, both before his death and after. It was a terrible dispensation of Providence; but I cannot be thankful enough that my poor boy lived to produce a work which has been of value to so many; and but for you it never could have been successfully published. My dear sir, I hope you will not suffer any personal feeling to me—— I beg you to believe that what I said was said in ignorance—I mean, I trust that you will not refuse to gratify Alice. She is almost all I have left," Mr. Meredith said, with a faltering voice. "I have had great losses in my family. She has not been so much interested about anything for a long time. You will come with me, will you not, for Arthur's and for my daughter's sake?"

If any man could have said No to that appeal, Colin was not the man. He made little answer except by a bow, and Mr. Meredith turned with them, and they all got into the country vehicle at the door of the little inn, and drove off silent enough to the house where Alice was awaiting them. Colin had scarcely a word to say as he drove along by her father's side. The gaiety, and freedom, and happy thoughts with which he had set out on his journey seemed to detach themselves from his mind, and abandon him one by one. His fate had encountered him where he had least expectation of meeting it. And yet at the same time a compunction awoke in his heart to think that it was in this way, like a captive brought back to her presence, that the man whom Alice loved was going to her. He could have felt aggrieved and angry for her sake, if the claim of his own reluctance and dread had not been nearer, and gained upon the more generous feeling. And yet withal he had a longing to see her, a kind of inclination to carry her off from this man, who had but a secondary claim upon her, and heal and cherish the wounded dove. It was this singular chance which changed the course of the excursion which the two friends had planned into the lake country, and made that holiday expedition of so much importance in the history of Colin's life.

To be continued.

WAITING.

Under the silent trees,
Here in the noontide glow,
Watching the winding Line
Threading the valley below;

Waiting for one who is coming
Hitherward, early to-day—
Fair as a lily in moonlight,
Sweeter than milk-white may.

Near me the river flows
Silently on, like Love:
Yonder the kingfisher dips,
Dragon-flies glisten above.

Leaves are green, and the blue
Is soft as a wing overhead;
Shoots, like a beam, the trout
O'er the gold of the river's bed.

How have I longed for to-day,
With an aching void at my heart—
Can I believe she is coming,
Never again to depart?

Grant it, O thou bright Heaven!
For life without her at best
Is a weary, aimless dream,
Dreamed in a night of unrest.

Yonder the quick white steam—
Oh! should she not be there!
Peace, wild heart, for I see
The gleam of her golden hair!

ESSAYS AT ODD TIMES.

III. OF TRUE PERSPECTIVE IN ART AND LIFE.

It has been said that the incidents of the homeliest and least eventful life, if they were only set down faithfully and honestly, would be read with interest and instruction by the world. And, of course, this dictum has some measure of truth in it. The main hopes and fears of all men are similar. Human lives are dramas in which the actors are the same, the stage is the same; it is only the scenery and dresses which are different.

But, when it is said that a narration of the homely details of common life would be of interest to us all, I think it must be understood that these details shall be rendered in their true perspective. And it is in this art that the ordinary run of narratives, whether fact or fiction, is so deficient. The writers of them have not, as a rule, that seeing eye which can take in a *whole*, as well as its minutest parts, in their true relationship to each other and to that whole. They have, for the most part, either the fly's eye, which sees individual parts, and parts only, or the eagle's, which takes in a hemisphere, but with all its details blurred and confused. It was only a few days back that I was looking at a work of fiction which lay on the drawing-room table, which professed to give the fortunes of a family of young folk growing up around their father, a widower, who lived in a small country town, and, being a man of business, left them to shift very much for themselves. The interest of the book, of course, lay in the development of character in the children under such circumstances. But the dialogue —and the book was mainly dialogue— through which this was to be worked out was in some places out of all perspective. I will give an instance of what I mean from memory. Scene—the breakfast-table; elder sister cutting bread and butter. Elder brother speaks:—
"Emily, why will you cut the bread
"and butter so thick! if it fell down on
"the children's toes I am sure it would

"break them." Emily goes on cutting bread and butter. "Pray, John, get "up and stir the fire, and make yourself "useful; we all know you are ornamen- "tal enough. By the way, did the "Joneses call yesterday, when I was "out?—do any of you know? Amelia "said something about it when I saw "her last week. But the Tomkinsons "are with them, and that might have," &c. &c. Now, no doubt this sort of talk goes on, more or less, at every breakfast-table in the United Kingdom. But it has no business to be written down in a work of fiction. A novel is the epitome of events which run over many years, perhaps a whole life-time; and to give in a novel the daily twaddle which is talked by all civilized beings is to write out of all perspective. Man, indeed, can no more live upon concentrated talk than he can upon concentrated meat. The essence of meat must be taken with a bulk of other food to be nourishing; and in every life strong thought expressed in words must be diluted with a certain amount of twaddle about the weather, about the crops, about friends. But with this sort of talk the novelist has no business, unless, indeed, he wishes to present us with the character of a silly person, who never says a wise thing; but then, at least, he should make the talk of that person absurd and grotesque, and so amusing. A novel, as I have said, is generally the epitome of a life-time, the events of years to be concentrated into the reading of an hour or two; and the first rule of a good epitome should be that, whilst every event is given on a smaller scale, it shall still preserve its relative position with regard to every other event, and so the whole picture be set before us in its true perspective. To see and describe the true relationship between events and persons is the characteristic of genius.

In painting the same rule holds good. The learner's colouring is feeble because he forgets that he has to concentrate, on a few square inches of paper, the colour which in nature was diffused over whole miles of landscape.

And, indeed, I was led into this train of thought by a sketch which my little boy (ætat. four) showed me just now upon his slate—the portrait of a dog, and a very fat dog too, which is his constant companion and devoted slave. This portrait he had given, and not unskilfully, I think, with two strokes of his pencil, an inner circle and an outer, which stood for the dog's head and body. And it seemed to me that he gave the idea of a fat and lazy dog very happily, considering the means which he employed. At any rate, his perspective was true and right.

We are told that rules for teaching perspective are not of much practical use to the artist. Such rules are to be found, I believe, in most drawing-books. But I fancy that all which students of art in general care to know about perspective is supplied by that common-sense rule which teaches that the farther an object is removed from the spectator the smaller it becomes. And, *teste* Mr. Ruskin, the painters and architects of the day have no larger acquaintance with perspective than this. He declares that, with the exception of Mr. Roberts's pictures (alas, that we must say *Fuit!*), he has scarcely ever seen an architectural picture or drawing on the walls of the Academy which was in true perspective, and that he has never met but with two men in his life who knew enough of perspective to draw a Gothic arch in a retiring plane, so that its lateral dimensions and curvatures could be calculated to scale from the drawing.

But I beg to observe that this is a moral essay, and not a treatise upon the fine arts. And, from a moral standpoint, a true perspective, whether in art or life, is a matter of no little consequence. Now, to obtain a true perspective in life seems to me to call into play that faculty of the seeing eye—alas, how rare a faculty it is!—which looks upon things and facts as they really are, and notes the relationship which exists between them. And a true perspective in art seems to be the work of a faculty, no less rare, which enables men to describe things as they

are; to set them down in their true positions without distortion or exaggeration. Both these faculties, then, it will be seen—the one receptive, and the other productive—are nearly allied to veracity, to that virtue which "trows the truth."

There are some people unfortunately so constituted that it is almost impossible for them to take a true view of things or persons. There are, at any rate, certain facts and certain persons whom they can only look at through a distorting medium. They choose to live in low and marshy ground, where the river mists crawl and reek; and, looking up through these mists, they see a poor innocent sheep grazing upon the hillsides above, and straightway declare that it is a wild beast of prey. These are people of strong prejudices. They take likes and dislikes to certain of their acquaintance; one half of whom can do no wrong, whilst the other half can never do right. They see nothing in its true perspective, because every action is deflected and thrown out of its place by the distorting medium through which they view it. There is another class of persons, who, if they trow the truth, can never for the lives of them utter it. Their minds are like a piece of Labrador spar, and distort every image that passes through. If they have to relate any incident or series of incidents, they cannot place the facts before you in their true perspective, but jumble them all together, till they seem like a pack of cards which a child has been building houses with to knock down again. And this is done either through perverseness of disposition—the love of magnifying facts, which is, indeed, in other words, lying—or more commonly, perhaps, through puzzle-headedness. "My dear madam," said Johnson in his bow-wow manner to poor Mrs. Thrale, who was an offender after this sort, "do have more regard to veracity. "Accustom your children constantly to "this: if a thing happened at one "window, and they, when relating it, "say it happened at another, do not let "it pass, but instantly check them. "You do not know where deviation "from truth will end."

Under certain circumstances it sometimes happens that all things about us appear out of perspective. Little worries become great worries. We begin to look with suspicion on our friends' sayings and doings. We fancy evil where no evil is. This sometimes happens to people who live retired lives, who have shut themselves up much alone, whether for brain-work or idleness; and it is, of course, a very dangerous and unwholesome state for the mind to be in. As far as I know, there is but one cure for the disease—change of scene and occupation. Blessings on railways and tourists' tickets! A change even for a few days will set all to rights, restore the balance of the mind, and place things in their true perspective.

THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTION FOR BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.[1]

A UNION of the provinces of British North America under a new constitution, is a subject of which it may be said, not as a hackneyed phrase, but in earnest, that its importance needs no exaggeration. Perhaps, in most minds, it derives a part of its interest from the tacit conviction that it is a step towards a further change.

No further change, however, is contemplated, professedly at least, by the

[1] Report of Resolutions adopted at a Conference of Delegates from the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, and the Colonies of Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island, held at the city of Quebec, 10th October, 1864, as the basis of a proposed Confederation of those Provinces and Colonies.

framers of the document, but the reverse. One of their assigned motives for adopting the particular constitution which they select, is the desire of "perpetuating "the connexion of the colonies with the "mother country." And, in fact, the scheme which they have proposed is based on the continuance of the connexion, and, if it was removed, would necessarily fall to the ground. For no Executive government is provided but that which "is vested in the Sovereign "of the United Kingdom of Great Britain "and Ireland." It is true that this government is "to be administered "according to the well-understood prin-"ciples of the British constitution;" in plain English, that the name of the Crown or its representative is to be a mere mask, under which the real power is to be exercised by the heads of the dominant party in the colonies: but, as will appear hereafter, the mask is indispensable. Its removal would reveal what few would care to embrace.

We do not propose here to discuss the political connexion of the colonies in general, or that of the North American colonies in particular, with the mother country. But, before the connexion is solemnly ratified anew, and the future prosperity of a great community built upon that foundation, let the question be fairly and manfully looked in the face. These colonies are separated from us by three thousand miles of ocean. They are inaccessible for the purposes of military co-operation during nearly half the year. They are brought into intimate relations, diplomatic and commercial, with the communities of a different continent from ours. Their fundamental institutions—the principle of social and political equality, the absence of hereditary rank, of primogeniture and entails, their free churches and common schools, —are essentially those of the New, not those of the Old World. They are so far from being identified with us in commercial interest that they impose protective duties on our goods. At the present moment, both the mother-country and the colony are brought by the connexion into gratuitous peril: for the angry Americans, though they have no desire for Canada as a territorial acquisition, are tempted to pick quarrels with us by its opportuneness as a battle-field; while the Canadians would be perfectly safe if they were not involved in the danger of a collision between us and the Americans. The hope of a Canadian force, able fairly to share with us the burden of defence, must by this time have passed away. The Canadians will not bear the taxation requisite for a regular army; and, in a country where the people are so thinly scattered and so much occupied, an effective militia or volunteer force is almost out of the question. On the other hand, supposing the political connexion to be dissolved, all the effective ties of kinship would remain; nor does there seem to be any objection to our abrogating, as against Canadians, all the legal and political disabilities of aliens, so that a Canadian coming to reside in England might be at once, in every respect, an English citizen. Under these circumstances, does not true wisdom, with which sound sentiment is never at variance, dictate the friendly and cautious termination of the present connexion? This is the question which it is the duty—the hard duty, no doubt—of those who have the destinies of the two communities in their keeping now to determine; and to determine with reference to the real interests of those concerned, not under the influence of mere tradition, mere phrases, or such empty fancies as the notion of *prestige*. Does the "*prestige*" of having the defence of Canada on our hands at this moment form a safeguard, in the opinion of any human being, against the danger which is present to every one's mind, and the occurrence of which was easily foreseen from the commencement of the great volcanic eruption in the adjoining States?

To proceed to the projected constitution. The first clause proposes a *federal* union of the colonies; and the next clause speaks of the *federation* of the British North American Provinces. But the third clause avows the desire, in framing the scheme of Government, "to

"follow the model of the British consti-"tution, so far as circumstances will per-"mit." Now the British constitution is not the constitution of a federal union, or of a federation, but of a kingdom. There is a good deal of local government exercised under the authority of the sovereign power; but Great Britain is, nevertheless, a kingdom and not a federation. If, therefore, the framers of the Canadian constitution really intend to create a federation, the model which they have chosen for their constitution would seem inapplicable to their case.[1]

The fact, however, seems to be, that they intend to create not a federation, but a kingdom, and practically to extinguish the independent existence of the several provinces. The governors of the provinces, instead of being elected like those of the American States, are to be appointed by the Central Government; the Central Government is to have the power of disallowing any Bills which the local legislature may pass: and though the powers bestowed on those legislatures are considerable, they are not very materially greater, in their practical scope, and regard being had to this central power of disallowance, than those delegated to local authorities in the United Kingdom. But the apprehension of some sentiment of independence in the several provinces, based, perhaps, on certain peculiarities of interest, leads the framers of the constitution to stop short in their work, and, instead of avowing and carrying out the design of an incorporating union, to adopt the phraseology, and, to some extent, the actual structure of a federation. They hope, no doubt, that the course of events will practically decide the ambiguity in favour of the incorporating union. So did the statesmen who formed the constitution of the United States. And the result is, that a large portion of the Southern people (those not immediately interested in slavery) are fighting like demons for State independence, not without the sympathy of a considerable minority at the North, while the majority of the Northerners are struggling to put them down as rebels.

The sentiment of provincial independence among the several provinces of British North America is at this moment merged in the desire of combining against the common danger, which their unwise exhibition of antipathy to the Americans, and their improvident encouragement of Southern refugees, have contributed to create. But, when the danger is overpast, divergent interests may reappear, and the sentiment of independence may revive. This will probably be the case, especially in the French and Catholic province. The framers of the constitution, therefore, ought not to evade the difficulty of deciding clearly between a federation and a kingdom, and thus to leave the object of the citizens' ultimate allegiance in ambiguity, in the confidence, based on the present state of feeling, that all will hereafter settle itself in the right way.

If we look not to the mere tendency of the hour, but to the permanent interests of these colonies, there is, perhaps, not a little to be said in favour of a real federation, as a constitution for communities occupying a vast extent of territory, with necessarily a good many varieties of interest, and probably of character, but in need of mutual protection against enemies without, and of internal tranquillity and free trade. This arrangement combines independence, emulation, comparative experience, all that is valuable (or rather invaluable) in numerous centres of civilization, with all that can be rationally desired in a consolidated empire. It is not, like an empire, suited for the purposes of aggression, because, happily, a group of states have seldom a common interest in an aggressive enterprise, but historical experience shows that it is well suited for the purposes of defence; for the four great federations, the Achæan, the Swiss, that of the United Provinces, and that of the American colonies, all had their origin in memorable defences; and, if the

[1] They would do well to read the opening chapter of Mr. Freeman's History of Federal Governments, where the character of such Governments is thoroughly explained.

Achæan League was not positively successful in repulsing the overwhelming power which assailed it, it was successful compared with the great monarchies of the time—even the Macedonian—and enjoyed before it fell a period of happiness and glory.[1] The tendency of the Teutonic race, as the stronger and more independent, has been, both in the old world and the new, towards federal government, though in the old world the tendency has been a good deal thwarted by the pressure of military necessities; while the tendency of the weaker Celt has been, and seems to be almost incurably, towards the centralization from which he derives collective strength, or rather force, at the expense of all the higher objects of human association. A federal union also most easily admits of the peaceful extension of territory, a prospect which of course opens before the North American Confederation as well as before the United States. Finally, it leaves everything more open and susceptible of modification; an advantage not apt to be appreciated by the framers of constitutions, but, nevertheless, a considerable one in the case of a continent which is still in course of settlement, and the final divisions and arrangement of which cannot at present be certainly foreseen. It would be somewhat rash, at least, to assert positively that Nature will finally ratify the political accident which has cut off from the rest of the continent the long ribbon of territory stretching from Nova Scotia to the British Colonies on the Northern Pacific.

[1] "How practically efficient the federal principle was in maintaining the strength and freedom of the nation is best shown by the bitter hatred which it caused, first in the Macedonian kings, and then in the Roman senate. It was no contemptible political system against which so many kings and consuls successively conspired; it was no weak bond which the subtlest of all diplomatic senates expended so many intrigues and stratagems to unloose."—Freeman's *History of Federal Governments*, vol. i. (on the *Greek Federations*), p. 710. And see the quotation from Justin in the note. Kent absurdly includes the Amphictyonic League among his instances of the weakness of Federations.

Hamilton, the principal framer of the Washingtonian constitution, was a man of great ability, and of great though honourable ambition, who had been accustomed through the Revolution to act upon an ample scene. He aspired to found a great national Government, the rival of the great national Governments of Europe, in the administration of which a first-rate statesman might find full scope for his capacity. He did not know, and could hardly be expected to know, that as civilization advances the importance and dignity of government, the function of which is compulsion, diminish, while those of voluntary association and spontaneous action increase. Nor, as the position selected for his national capital shows, did he anticipate the extension of the United States beyond the limits hitherto assigned by nature to a centralized nation. His destined capital, the "city of magnificent distances," stands a ghastly and ridiculous monument of his mistake. That his political structure was conceived in error is a fact not so palpable, yet, perhaps, not less certain. There is nothing in the world so sound as American society, with its intimate union of all classes, its general diffusion of property, its common schools, and its free religion. The danger of communism, or of anything like a war of classes, is never felt; and even strikes were almost unknown till the Legal Tender Act multiplied them by causing a frightful derangement of prices. The local institutions also, in which the people administer their own affairs, or elect officers to act under the eye of the constituency and in conjunction with it, are perfectly healthy, and form, in themselves and by their effect in training the political character of the people, the sheet-anchor of the constitution.[1] But the central institutions are full of faction and corruption. In a busy community, which, happily for itself, has no idle class of hereditary

[1] The municipality of New York is very corrupt: but New York with its great Irish and German mob is quite an exceptional case, though regarded by newspaper correspondents and their readers as the type of America.

proprietors, the most respectable citizens, under ordinary circumstances, when there is no great question on foot and no great call for patriotic exertion, are too much occupied in their own commercial and domestic concerns to be candidates for an office which would oblige them to reside at the capital. Their places are taken by a class of professional politicians, needy men for the most part, who too often go to Washington to make the fortunes which others are making through industry, by the trade of political intrigue. The character and habits of these men, the machinery of caucuses and wire-pulling by which their system is carried on, and the general tone of the newspaper press which ministers to their competition for place, still further repel the best men from the political sphere. It is not astonishing that those who come in contact only with the politicians of America, or with what emanates from the politicians, should form, as they are apt to do, a ludicrously unjust estimate of the American people.

The framers of the scheme before us style their work a copy of the British constitution; but, as a plan of a central government for a federation, it may be called rather a copy of the constitution of the United States. Ottawa, as a factitious capital, is the exact counterpart of Washington; and at Ottawa, as at Washington, we shall too probably see the least worthy citizens of the Federation collected together, during several months in each year, without even the tempering and restraining influences which the mixed society of a real capital affords, an unadulterated element of professional politicians, devoting their whole time to the undivided work of corruption and intrigue.

If the Federation is to have a central government and a capital, the question should at all events be considered whether it is not desirable to place the capital in a city, such as Montreal, where there will be some social interests and influences, to temper the pursuits of which Willard's Hotel and the boarding-houses at Washington are the classic scene. Even the amenities of Washington debate might be a little controlled by the presence of a more enlarged and cultivated circle in the gallery.

A writer, himself a colonist, and one who has had considerable experience in colonial politics, lays it down as one of a series of axioms for the guidance of colonial legislators, "that "it is a fallacy to assume that there will "be found in the colonies, as in England, "a class of statesmen sufficiently above "the influence of sordid motives to take "the management of public affairs from "public spirit and patriotic motives "alone; or that men who, by securing "the votes of the majority of a colonial "legislature, can obtain the handling of "the colonial revenue, and the dispensing "of the patronage of office, in addition "to the distinction which it confers, "will scruple at any sacrifice of the "public interests which may be necessary "to secure those objects." If there is any truth in this somewhat plain-spoken summary of a colonist's political experience, it betokens no vice or malady in colonial society, but, on the contrary, a general prevalence of industry, and an equal diffusion of wealth. It does, however, make it desirable, before instituting a great central government with a vast amount of patronage, and an unlimited command of money, to pause and inquire, whether under the existing conditions of colonial society competent and disinterested candidates for the places in that government are likely to be found. If they are not, it might be a sounder, though a less imposing policy, to be content with a simple federation for the purpose of mutual protection, confining the Federal Assembly to purely federal functions, giving its members as little patronage as possible, and assigning to them only the power of calling for the necessary contingents from the different States in place of the power of raising taxes by their own authority, and expending them with their own hands.

These reflections press upon us with peculiar force when we observe the

extensiveness of the powers assigned to the General Parliament in relation to public works :—" Lines of steam or " other ships, railways, canals, and other " works, connecting any two or more of " the provinces together, or extending " beyond the limits of any province ;" " lines of steamships between the federal " provinces and other countries ;" " tele- " graph communication and the incor- " poration of telegraph companies." All these, and the patronage connected with them, together with an unlimited power of borrowing money, as well as of raising it by taxation, are to be assigned to that particular class of men who in America and the colonies seek their fortune in political life. And their powers are extended by a sweeping provision to " all such works as shall, although lying " wholly within any province, be specially " declared by the Acts authorizing them " to be for the general advantage." Either the Canadian press is extremely calumnious, or the apprehensions which on perusing these clauses reason suggests will not be dispelled by reference to experience. The members of the British House of Lords are not needy men, and their virtue is fortified by every safeguard which their own position or the sensitiveness of public opinion can afford ; yet they and the county members used the political power entrusted to them in extorting " compensation " and other advantages from railway companies to an extent which reminded the world of feudal barons levying black mail on passengers along the Rhine ; while the history of the Galway contract is a pretty strong proof that " lines of steam or other ships," as well as land communications, may produce political combinations not exclusively directed to the promotion of the public service. The apprehension that provincial intelligence and the interest of the companies will not suffice to secure connexion between lines of railroad without the control of a central authority, seems to be unfounded ; since even the independent nations of Europe have managed to arrange an international system of railways, of which no great complaint is made ; and the service between London and Paris is as speedy and convenient as though the line of road and packets had been laid down by an European Congress. Federal fortifications, and other military or naval defences, are, in truth, the only kind of public works which it is obviously necessary to place in federal hands.

The advocates of a simple federation will probably be met by objections derived from the present state of affairs in Germany and the United States : but the first of these examples is, in truth, irrelevant, while the moral of the second, if it be closely looked into, is the opposite of that which, at first sight, it may appear to be. In the case of Germany, the federation is completely overridden and in effect destroyed by the domineering influence of two great military monarchies, the territories of one of which, Austria, are mainly situated outside of the confederacy, and form the fulcrum of a force external to federal interests, though exerted with tyrannical effect in the federal councils. There is no reason to believe that, abstracted from these alien elements, and considered in its natural operation, the federal compact fails to answer the purpose of its institution. As to the American Confederation, it may be thought, on a superficial view, that the present disruption is caused by the looseness of the tie ; and such evidently is the prevalent notion among the Americans themselves, who are at this moment bent upon the abolition of State rights, and the exaltation of the Central Legislature and Government. But the fact is the very reverse. Had the United States been a simple federation, with a federal council limited in its functions to strictly federal subjects, Slavery, the subject on which they have split, never would have been a national question ; nor would it have given rise to a struggle between national parties, culminating in a national election. Humanity can hardly deplore anything which has led practically to the destruction of slavery: but the moral to be deduced by the framers of

constitutions from that which has taken place in the United States is that, where divergent interests or tendencies in relation to questions other than those of peace and war exist among the members of a confederacy, despotic coercion being out of the question in an association formed on the principle of freedom, the safeguard against disruption is to be sought in local independence rather than in centralization—in the elasticity rather than in the tightness of the federal bond.

The framers express their desire to follow the model of the British constitution so far as their circumstances will permit. Their circumstances are those of an American community, which, like the other Anglo-Saxon communities of America, has left behind it, in its passage over the ocean, the cerements of the feudal system—hereditary aristocracy, primogeniture, entails, and the Established Church—institutions peculiarly characteristic of the structure of British society, to which, under the general law connecting the political system of a nation with its social state, the British constitution is adapted. The Established Church has been deliberately rejected by the Canadians; and aristocracy, the introduction of which was distinctly provided for by Mr. Pitt's Canadian Act, has been, if not deliberately rejected, decisively repelled by the nature of the case. In no form has the hereditary principle, so essential to the orthodox creed of British constitutionalists, found its way into the colonies; for the impotence of the hereditary sovereign, who receives at a distance the nominal homage of a self-governed dependency, is delegated to a representative on the spot; and this representative is not hereditary, but the nominee of those who represent the majority in the British Parliament for the time being.

The new North American Parliament is to consist of two Houses. The Upper House is called the Legislative Council; the Lower House is called the House of Commons—a relative term, in itself unmeaning, to which the authors of the scheme would probably think it too adventurous to give a meaning by calling the Upper House a House of Lords.

The members of the Legislative Council are to hold their seats for life, and are to be nominated by the Executive. This arrangement certainly avoids the objection to which a double chamber in a popular government is generally liable as a futile attempt to make the sovereign people put a check upon itself, which is apt to result rather in a dissipation of the sense of responsibility than in the imposition of a real restraint upon the action of the Lower House. But, on the other hand, it is one the nature and consequences of which ought to be fairly looked in the face before it is irrevocably adopted. It involves, as was before hinted, an important, though indirect, and, perhaps, unconscious fulfilment of the wish expressed by the framers to perpetuate the connexion of the dependency with the mother country. The absolute nomination of a whole branch of the Legislature by the Executive may, perhaps, be endured while the power is exercised by the representative of a monarch, and in the monarch's name. But such a power, exercised by the Executive nakedly and without disguise, would scarcely be tolerated by any community accustomed to responsible government and attached to popular liberty. If the governor-general should ever be withdrawn, this part of the constitution remaining as it was, nobody could step into his place but a king.

The members of the Council are required to have a continuing qualification of four thousand dollars; and (except in the case of Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland) it is to be in real property. The political distinction between real and personal property was, of course, intelligible enough in feudal times, and as connected with feudal duties and services; and it is not surprising that it should be found remaining, together with other traces of feudalism, in the semi-feudal constitution of England. But with reference to modern institutions it would seem to be obsolete,

and devoid of meaning. Real property no longer discharges any duties to the State which are not discharged equally by personal property; and the holder of a sum in railway stock, or (still more palpably) the holder of a sum in the public funds, has just as great a stake in the welfare of the country, and offers as sufficient a guarantee in every way for his integrity and patriotism, as the holder of an equal sum in land. Even in England this fact has been perceived, and not only have we accepted chattel interests in land as property qualifications, but the recent projects of parliamentary reform have contemplated the admission of stock and deposits likewise. And assuredly it is not on the ground of special certainty or stability that, in a colony like Canada, political distinctions in favour of real property ought to be drawn: for there are few places, we apprehend, where the value of land and houses is more uncertain and variable. The value of real property in Toronto, for example, has fluctuated enormously within the last twenty years. Any kind of stock or funds would, in truth, have been a far more solid possession. But there seems to be a notion that because land itself is stable, property in it, though it may be the wildest of all possible speculations, is stable also: a mere illusion, as we need scarcely observe.

The object, however, of this peculiar provision is no doubt to be explained simply by the desire of imitating the British constitution. It is an attempt on the part of the framers to create a territorial aristocracy, so far as their circumstances will permit. Perhaps they are scarcely aware how adverse those circumstances are, or how truly their instinct guided them when they refrained from styling their Legislative Council a House of Lords. In England we have a social and proprietary order of men really eminent for wealth as the holders of large, entailed, and in many cases ancestral, estates. Out of this number the bulk of our peers are chosen; and they have a real qualification as members of a great plutocracy (for that is the true designation of the body), independent of their mere nomination by a Minister of the Crown. In a colony such as Canada, no such proprietary or social order exists; no set of men there are really eminent for wealth; no property is ancestral or entailed; and the riches even of the wealthiest are but the creation of the day, which in the strange vicissitudes of colonial trade may again vanish on the morrow. The highest property qualification which the framers of the Constitution venture to name is for their purpose almost a nullity. Twenty thousand a year strictly entailed is wealth if it is not merit. Four thousand dollars a year is neither wealth nor merit. The qualification of persons who have no higher territorial position than this will rest upon the minister's nomination, and upon that alone.

It is constantly said by the advocates of the House of Lords that it is a representative institution; and this statement is true in a very important, though not in the most popular sense. The members of the House of Lords do represent, and most effectually represent, the interests of the great class of landlords, upon the support of which, as well as on their personal wealth and position, their authority is based. In a colony there is no such class, and therefore the strength derived by the House of Lords from its virtually representative character would be entirely wanting to the Legislative Council.

It will perhaps be said that in the case of a House not hereditary, but consisting entirely of members nominated for life, there will at all events be no "tenth-transmitters of a foolish force;" and that personal merit will supply the place of territorial and social distinction. But, unless a complete change comes over the political spirit of these communities, the chief seat of power, and the scene of the great party struggles, will always be in the popular branch of the Legislature, and a minister will not be able to afford the removal of his most effective supporters into the Upper House. The most he will be able to afford to that calm repository will probably be respectable mediocrity and

superannuation; and, if a more powerful man sometimes demands a nomination as the price of support at a political crisis, this will not materially mend the matter. Cromwell, as Protector, finding his Parliament difficult to manage, thought to alleviate the difficulty by creating an Upper House of nominees, into which, to give it respectability, he was obliged to transfer his most eminent supporters. The consequence was, that the Lower House became utterly uncontrollable, and the Parliament broke up in a storm.

"The elective constitution of the Upper House," says Mr. Thring, in his recent pamphlet on Colonial Reform, "is a matter of necessity. No other way "can be devised of preventing gratings "between the two Houses, that may re- "tard, and at last put out of gear, the "whole machinery of government. No "system of nomination will create a "House of Peers, with its traditions, its "experience, and its ancient prestige." It is believed that, where nominee councils have been tried in the colonies, the result of the experiment attests the truth of Mr. Thring's position.

The property qualification of the members of the Council, as was said, is to be continuous: on its failure (an incident too common amidst the changes and chances of colonial life) the member is to forfeit his seat and his position. The constitution provides that, if any question arises as to the qualification of a councillor, it shall be determined by the Council; and it is not very likely that those who sail in the same somewhat fragile bark will be extreme to mark the failure of their colleague's qualification, unless it be in a time of great party excitement. Otherwise it is hard to imagine a severer test of a man's veracity and integrity than a law threatening him with what would be in fact a penal degradation upon his ceasing to make a return of his income above a certain amount. Our own property qualification for the House of Commons was relinquished, it is believed, partly on the ground that the qualifications tendered were sometimes of a merely colourable kind.

There seems good reason to doubt whether Providence, in ordering the course of man's political development, has willed that aristocracy should be extended to the New World, which appears to present on the one hand none of the conditions historically known as essential to the existence of such an institution; and, on the other hand, none of the political exigencies which, in the progress of a feudal monarchy in Europe towards constitutional liberty, the action of the nobility, as an intermediate power between the king and the people, unquestionably supplied. And, if this institution is really alien to these communities, it will be, when infused into their veins, a political and social poison, which nature may perhaps expel by an effort as violent and terrible as that by which the poison of slavery is now being thrown off. It behoves the legislator, therefore, before he takes any step in this direction, to cast all prejudice and everything that is merely of the hour aside, and deliberately to assure himself that his work will be permanently good.

There lies before us a pile—literally a pile — of documents, embodying the recent constitutions of European notions framed in mistaken and unseasonable imitation of the institutions which political circumstances of a very peculiar kind have established in this country, and the balance of which a national temperament almost equally peculiar enables our people to preserve. Europe is covered with the wreck of these imitations, and, what is still more deplorable, with the wreck of political faith. After ages will moralize on the hallucination under which an exceptional and transitional state of things, marking the last phase in the existence of an old feudal monarchy, has been regarded, and confidently propagated, as the normal and final state of man. The result in each case is that affairs have come or are coming to a dead-lock, through which a way is violently made, according to the relative magnitude of the political forces entangled in it, either by popular revolution or military usurpation. In the case of British North America, if an

Executive with a nominee senate is placed in opposition to a popular assembly, the Executive having no standing army, the chances are that when the nominee senate has become sufficiently obstructive and corrupt to provoke general hatred, the Government will be overturned.

It has been hinted that the arrangement of two chambers in a popular government is futile as an attempt to make the sovereign people, whose will is inevitably supreme, place a check upon itself. It is perfectly true that this arrangement is in fashion, and that in some of the States of America, where there was not originally a second chamber, it has been adopted after experience of the other plan. But the virtue of the double chamber really lies, it is apprehended, not in its being double, but in the different periods for which the members of the two Houses are elected. While this is the case, though the whole Legislature is an emanation of the will of the people, and will be so, contrive what machinery you will, it is not an emanation from their momentary passion. The surest way to secure this vital object is to avoid general elections. In the early period of our constitution the King and his Council were the Government: the Parliament was summoned only to confer with them on special subjects, and to grant them supplies in special exigencies; and general elections were then natural and harmless. Now, the Parliament is the Government, the Cabinet being in fact a standing committee of its members; and the system which exposes the whole Government to the liability of being changed in an hour under the influence of a transient gust of national opinion is a manifest evil. The mischief is completed by the practice of penal dissolutions. Both practices are faithfully adopted into the British American constitution.

Government by party, according to the English model, is also distinctly contemplated; for a rather *naïve* provision is made that the claims of the Opposition shall not be overlooked in the first appointment of members to the Legislative Council. The parties of England are great historical parties, and embody real principles; or rather, the Liberal party represents the modern and Protestant element of the nation in its protracted and wavering effort to throw off the remains of the feudal system, and place society and religion on a rational foundation. This both lends stability to the parties and to the governments which they produce, and saves their conflict from degenerating into a merely factious or mercenary struggle for place and power. In colonies there are no historical parties, nor, as the feudal principles on which the Tory party rests have never obtained a footing, is there any difference of principle, on which a real party division can be based. The so-called parties are consequently mere cabals, and, if a tithe of what the colonial journals say is to be believed, cabals, not only of the most factious, but of the most mercenary kind. The governments which emanate from these are for the same reason totally devoid of stability; and if any really great questions were concerned the consequences would be disastrous. In the United States, in like manner, the parties were devoid of significance and dignity till the question of slavery, long suppressed and excluded from legislative discussion, forced itself into the foreground, when the struggle of factions for office merged at once in a civil war. The frequent changes of government, which characterize all the British colonies, were prevented in the case of the United States by the existence of an Executive emanating from the popular will, independently of the Legislature, and powerful enough to carry on the administration for its four years of office by its own authority, even in the teeth of an adverse majority in Congress.

The executive government is, in words before quoted, "vested in the "sovereign of the United Kingdom of "Great Britain and Ireland," and is "to be administered according to the "well-understood principles of the "British constitution, by the sovereign "personally, or by the representative "of the sovereign duly authorized."

The authors of this solemn declaration know perfectly well that they would never permit the representative of the British sovereign, much less the sovereign personally, to perform a single act of government. In England, their original seat, these constitutional fictions, tacitly interpreted by practice, are comparatively unobjectionable. They are analogous to the legal fictions by which the spirit of our old law was liberalized, when prejudice would not permit an alteration of its consecrated forms. But when they are transplanted, and embodied in the written enactments of a new constitution, they become at once degrading and injurious. Put the reality in place of the figment in the case before us—say, in plain and honest terms, that an executive power of limits undefined by the constitution, together with the power of nominating the Upper House of the Legislature, shall be vested in the leader of the party having the majority for the time being, whose acts shall be called those of the Crown—and the whole arrangement will assume a very different complexion. Politics are not so opposite in their nature to any other department of human action as to admit of the advantageous or even the innocuous use of hypocrisy and self-delusion.

And this brings us to the last point we have here to mention. The powers of the North American Parliament are expressed to be conferred with a due reservation of the "sovereignty of England." It has become necessary without further delay to ascertain in what, practically speaking, this sovereignty consists. We have referred to the pamphlet on Colonial Reform, by Mr. Thring, which comes into our hands while we are writing these remarks. Mr. Thring is, if we may venture to say so, under the full influence of the natural but delusive metaphor which has so deeply infected common ideas and general legislation respecting the colonies. Because England is in a poetical sense the mother of her colony, he, like other writers, thinks it necessary to provide a political apparatus for nursing and weaning the child; the truth being that the English constituencies which make up the "mother country" are quite incapable of discharging maternal functions towards colonists far removed from the range of their observation and interest, and at least as intelligent and as fitted for self-government as themselves. But he distinctly sees that, so much having been recently conceded to the colonies, it must be settled what the mother country has retained for herself, and what authority she is to enjoy in return for the heavy expense and still more onerous danger of the connexion. His view of colonial independence is liberal enough, but among the powers which he reserves as essential to the sovereignty of the mother country is that of regulating commerce between the different colonies and other parts of Her Majesty's dominions. This he justly deems requisite "in order to prevent "the imposition of improper duties on "imports and exports, in contravention "of free trade and common sense." That a British dependency claiming to be an integral part of the empire, and requiring to be defended as such by British arms, should impose protective duties on British goods, is surely not only injurious to the Imperial Government, but ignominious. Yet this Canada does, and she laughs all complaints to scorn. Assuredly a complete resettlement of the North American colonies ought not to be ratified without an express engagement, one way or the other, on this point.

Mr. Thring would also take security for the provision by the colony of a reasonable quota of men and money in case of war. He exercises his charity in finding an excuse for the absence in the present resolutions of any proposition to that effect. Hope is inextinguishable. We are now in the fifth year of the American civil war. We have been coaxing and scolding Canada, and she has been making the most gallant and satisfactory professions all the time. Mr. Thring can easily learn whether she has now, or whether there is any practical prospect of her having, a single man or gun ready to take the field.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

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THE DANGER OF WAR WITH AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE House of Lords was the scene, the other day, of a somewhat undisguised display of panic on the subject of an American war. The Peers when thus fluttered scarcely correspond to the aristocratic ideal. They are expected by the admirers of their order to meet everything, however disagreeable, with the same impassive calmness and dignity of demeanour with which they would receive the Ambassador of the American Republic. They offend our sense of congruity when they give way to their emotions like a set of ordinary mortals in a state of gregarious excitement; and, what is a more practical evil, their exhibitions of alarm aggravate the danger which they desire to avert.

Let us endeavour calmly to estimate the real magnitude of the supposed peril.

The end of the civil war apparently approaches. When it comes, the Americans will have a large, veteran and victorious army under good generals, and a fleet formidable in its number of vessels, and commanded by brave officers, though hastily, and as competent judges think, not durably built, and, as to the bulk of it, rather adapted for the coast service on which it has been engaged than for ocean war. Will they be tempted to employ these forces in an attack upon any foreign country?—and, if so, will England be the country attacked?

It is not to be denied, nor ought it to be concealed, that the sudden acquisition of great military and naval power by a people previously pacific has produced (as it was sure to produce) a considerable development of the war spirit among them. This spirit finds its utterance in the despatches of swaggering officers and the speeches of still more swaggering demagogues, as well as in a press which, like the press of other countries, and at least as much as the press of any other country, subsists by pandering to the most violent among the passions of the hour. But those who have seen America know that swaggering officers—though, unhappily, they are often allowed to talk in a style which degrades the character of the nation as well as their own—will not be allowed to act against the national interest. They know that behind the demagogues and the press there is the American people. Of this fact no one can fail to be conscious who witnessed the great spontaneous swell of public opinion which bore Mr. Lincoln for the second time into the Presidential chair. All the professional politicians and journalists in America put together could not have prevented that event. It was distinctly the resolution of the nation.

The American people, as a whole, are highly educated, moral, religious, industrious, prudent, and calculating; of a temper fully to appreciate their own material prosperity (though they have now shown themselves not incapable of great and even heroic sacrifices), and well aware of the sources from which that prosperity springs. Like other nations, they are liable to be swayed, by momentary gusts of passion, and to dis-

play the passion which sways them in a somewhat undignified style; but it may be said of them more confidently than of any other nation, that when it comes to the point they will be governed by their interests. Englishmen, ignorant of America, naturally find it difficult to present to themselves, as it really is, a form of society so different from our own; and amongst other things they are unable to estimate the effect produced by universal education, combined with the almost universal possession of property, on the political character of a people.

Does the interest of America lead, or is the nation likely to imagine that it leads, to war? What could the Americans gain, or what could they fancy themselves likely to gain, by such a course?

It is the North that will be left masters of the national councils, and territorial aggrandizement has never been the passion of the North. All the territorial acquisitions have been made at the South, and, with the possible exception of the purchase of Louisiana, manifestly in the interest of slavery, which, as Professor Cairnes has shown in his "Essay on the Slave Power," is inherently cursed with an insatiable ravening for land. The Mexican war, in which alone the American people have been guilty of actual aggression, was entirely a Southern enterprise, carried on, against the wishes of New England, through the predominance of the slave-owning, and, what is the same thing, the filibustering element in the councils of the nation. The Ostend manifesto emanated from the same source; and so did the buccaneering project for the conquest of Cuba, and the less definite but equally criminal designs upon the West Indies. Nothing has been more reprehensible in the conduct of our self-styled public instructors than the reckless disregard of facts with which they have identified the Republican Government now installed at Washington, with all the misdeeds and diplomatic outrages of the Democratic party which for the thirty years preceding the civil war had been sitting at Washington, but is now installed at Richmond. The mass of our people might be excused for being ignorant even of the leading facts of American history; but the journalists who undertook to inform and guide the people could not share the excuse.

We have had boundary questions immediately concerning the interests of the North, one of which (the St. Juan boundary question) is unluckily still open. But hitherto these questions have been settled peacefully, to the satisfaction of all reasonable and right minded men upon both sides; and when Sir Robert Peel was accused by Lord Palmerston of having betrayed the interests of this country in the Oregon affair, the accusation was put down, and Sir Robert Peel's settlement sustained, without regard to party, by the good sense of Parliament and the nation.

Slavery can never have territory enough, because its ruinous mode of culture rapidly exhausts all the land that it occupies; but the free labourer of America has territory enough and to spare. Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and other Western States still afford unoccupied lands, boundless in extent and almost miraculous in fertility. But besides this, slavery having been abolished, the Southern States will be thrown open to emigration, against which they have hitherto been absolutely closed; and the rich soil and fine climate of Virginia, Tennessee, and parts of the Carolinas will attract the Northern emigrant, and not only satisfy, but glut, for many a year to come, the greediest desires of territorial extension. It must be not only a passion, but a delirious mania, for aggrandizement that should lead the Northern people, having all this in their undisputed possession, to rush into a great war in order to wrest the wintry and not very fertile region of Canada from its hardy and high-spirited population. An alderman on his way to a civic banquet does not turn aside to fight a bulldog for its less delicious fare, though the bulldog sometimes puts himself into a fierce attitude of defiance to repel an imaginary aggression.

Nor have the Americans reason to

desire the forcible annexation of Canada on political any more than on territorial grounds. They know that, though a nominal dependency of England, the country is virtually independent; and that they can deal with it, and have long been dealing with it, diplomatically and commercially, as a neighbouring American community, not as a part of the British dominions. They are so far from disliking its independence, that they look upon it as a security for their own nationality and cohesion: they feel, to use the phrase of one of their own statesmen, that it "hoops them in," and helps to preserve their vast confederacy from disruption. This feeling is stronger in their minds than ever at the present juncture, when centralized nationality is their passion, and the tendency to disruption from extent of territory and divergence of interest their great dread. They have the sense to see that a Canadian war, however harassing and expensive to us, would be almost equally expensive and (except as a mode of punishing this country) utterly unprofitable to them: that, if we were obliged to leave the open country at their mercy, they might still find a Sebastopol at Quebec; and that the only practical result of an occupation and devastation of the open country would be to make the Canadians, who are now friends, customers, and almost fellow-countrymen, their mortal enemies for a century to come. The forcible incorporation of the Canadian population, as the sequel of an invasion, into the United States, would be simply the introduction into the vitals of the nation of a deadly element of disaffection and disruption. What Ireland is to England, that would a conquered Canada be to the United States. And, exaggerated as are the notions commonly entertained as to the internecine and inexpiable character of the feud between the Northern and Southern people, and the impossibility of reconciling the Southerners, if conquered, to political union with their conquerors, it is certain that there will be fire enough smouldering under the ashes of the suppressed rebellion to give employment to American statesmanship for many a year to come[1]. The only conceivable object that the Americans could have in annexing Canada would be the extension of their commercial frontier with a view to the increase of their import duties (which form their chief fiscal resource of a permanent kind), and still more to the suppression of smuggling, for which the long Canadian frontier offers great facilities. And this, unquestionably, is a rock a-head, for which our diplomatists will have to keep a look-out. But in the first place the whole smuggling interest in the States, which is large, and, when the commercial spirit regains its ascendancy over the passionate patriotism evoked by the rebellion, will be still larger, would be opposed to a war on this ground; and in the second place the Americans are long-headed enough to set the cost of the war against the fiscal advantage attainable by it, and to perceive that the former would immensely preponderate.

If ill-feeling, arising from other sources, prevails between England and America, Canada is a most dangerous point of contact; and from its openness to invasion a temptation, and even a positive incentive, to war. But it is not because the Americans covet Canada as a possession that we need apprehend unprovoked hostility on their part.

Setting the idea of territorial aggrandizement aside, will the Americans go to war for any other object?

Will they go to war with a foreign nation to smother up their internal quarrels, and bury the memory of the civil war? That this truly diabolical policy has been not only conceived, but constantly propounded by the South, is as certain as it is that the South by their proceedings in Canada and their *Alabamas* have deliberately attempted to involve us in hostilities with the North. But it requires all the literary artifice at the command of the *Times* to produce the

[1] Let the writer remark, in passing, that he has never proposed the "abandonment" of the Canadians, against their will, to American dominion. What he has proposed is, that their independence should be guaranteed by this country for a sufficient number of years, from the time of their becoming a separate nation.

impression that it has been propounded or entertained by the rulers or negotiators of the North.[1] The assertion of a Richmond paper (the object of which cannot be mistaken) is the sole evidence in support of the charge. The absurdity, as well as the immorality, of such a course, must be quite apparent to minds less acute than those of the American people. They must be aware that it would make ten holes for the one which it might possibly mend. It would, of course, absolutely suspend the import trade, at present active in spite of, and partly through, the rebellion; and thus, as the import duties are the main source of future revenue, it would bring on a financial crisis of the most disastrous kind, and one which would certainly breed causes of internal discord and confusion at least as formidable as the memory of the civil war. It could, moreover, scarcely fail to lead to a further concentration of arbitrary power for military purposes in the hands of the Central Executive, thereby placing in jeopardy the constitution for which so much blood and treasure has been poured out, and which already feels the strain of military government, though a civil war, in which a political object remains distinctly predominant, is less productive of sabre-sway than one made merely from the motive of military ambition. But the great and prevailing argument against the policy of attacking foreign nations for the purpose of self-relief, and as an outlet for domestic passion, with the great body of the American people, would, we are convinced, be its wickedness; and if this seems to imply a high estimate of their character, compared with that of nations who under the same circumstances have chosen the evil course, we can only confess with perfect frankness that we do, on the whole, rate the character of the Northern people very high. As a nation, though destitute of religious institutions considered indispensable in this country, they feel that there is a God, and that the crimes of nations, as well as those of men, infallibly fall in the end on their own heads. They not only say with their lips, but are really convinced in their hearts, that their present calamities are sent by the retributive justice of Heaven for their politic complicity with slavery: and they will not be so ready as their detractors imagine to commit another politic crime, equally dark in its dye, and to bring down upon themselves again a similar retribution. There are bad men—men capable of sacrificing the great interests of humanity to their own mean and contemptible ambition—at Washington, as well as at London or Paris; but, happily, these men cannot with justice be taken as the representatives of the nation.

Will the American Government be forced to go to war by the necessity of finding employment for its army? There might be some danger of this if the American army consisted of mercenaries, with no home but the camp, and no trade but war. But, on the contrary, it consists for the most part of husbandmen and artisans, drawn with reluctance from their regular employment, and eager to return to it. The soldiers who have served for short terms are every day returning by thousands, and falling back at once into their old habits of life. Those who have served for longer terms will receive, at the close of the war, grants of land, together with gratuities and small pensions, besides what they may have saved out of their enormous bounties and high pay. They will at once be landowners, with capital enough to set about the cultivation of their land. Such of them as prefer hired labour, agricultural or mechanical (and not a few of them are skilled mechanics) will find a market, in which, owing to the drain of the war, wages are extravagantly high. All of them read their newspapers in the camp, and almost on the battle-field, and retain their civil cha-

[1] God speed the Atlantic Telegraph! It would have obviated, by prompt contradiction of false reports, half the bitterness that has arisen between the two nations. The *Times* publishes an unfounded charge against the Federal Government or one of its officers. The charge is believed, and the impression sinks into people's minds. Three weeks or a month afterwards comes the contradiction: the charge is then dropped, though not retracted, but the bad impression remains.

racter and interests. Few men probably can follow the drum for three or four years under victorious generals without growing rather too fond of the sound. But the danger to the peace of the world from this source is very small compared with what it would be in the case of an army of Prætorians or Zouaves; and what, in fact, it constantly is from the army of Prætorians or Zouaves on the other side of the Channel, of which we think so little, while our minds are absorbed by an imaginary danger on the other side of the Atlantic.

Will any successful general force the republic into war to make work for his own trade? Bonaparte forced his country into a series of reckless and aimless wars, which brought down upon her at last the vengeance of mankind, for the gratification of his own military ambition. But in that case the successful general was master of the republic. In the present case a civilian is master of the republic, and will remain so, unless the constitution is violently overturned, for the next four years; and his re-election in the midst of war showed that the people were not disposed to sink under military sway. But there is not the slightest reason to believe that either Grant or Sherman (by one of whom, if by anybody, the part of Bonaparte must be played) is possessed with the essentially mean ambition which inspired Bonaparte's bloody and mischievous career. On the contrary, there is good reason for believing that both of them are men of high moral qualities, and men who feel that carnage can be justified only by such an object as the salvation of their country. Grant has given on more than one occasion the most signal proofs of magnanimity and self-sacrifice; and prodigal as he is of blood when he thinks such prodigality indispensable to victory, he is not the man to gloat, as Bonaparte did, over the agony and the loathsomeness of battle-fields, or to see without a pang of generous compunction such scenes as filled the line of retreat from Moscow and from Leipsic. The meed of honour and affection paid by a great, intelligent, and warm-hearted people to the preservers of the Republic will probably be as great as ever a soldier won; and Washington has fortunately left a signal example not only of unambitious and unselfish duty, but of the happiness which is its reward. It is needless to add that a great commander does not estimate relative forces and the chances of success as they are estimated by enthusiastic aides-de-camps and hot-headed subalterns, many of whom are, no doubt, thoroughly persuaded that a great and veteran war power, animated by the most intense national spirit, and combining much of the military vigour of an earlier and more warlike age with the commercial wealth and the science of the present day, would fall an easy prey to their irresistible arms.

The political and financial difficulties which must arise from the civil war, once surmounted, there opens before the American people—now emancipated from the yoke of the slave-owner and wonderfully elevated in character and quickened in intellect by the struggle—a course at once of material prosperity, and of moral and intellectual greatness which may well surpass the Periclean or the Elizabethan age. This hope is present to their minds: and they will, at all events, not suffer it to be marred by the rashness or cupidity of minor performers in the great drama, who may desire to relieve themselves of their superabundant valour, or to make, by raids upon the commerce of other nations, private fortunes which would be counted by thousands of dollars while the public loss by war would be counted by thousands of millions.

The President is the real head of the Republic; and he is, Heaven be praised, an honest man, one who fears God and desires to leave a name blessed and not cursed by mankind. After the stream of slander that has been poured upon him and every one connected with him, even on his wife, by the leading organs of the English press and by correspondents who have violated every rule of social decency as well as every rule of veracity in purveying the article which their employers required, it is not to be

supposed that he can be a very ardent friend to England. But he has never, like some politicians of higher moral pretensions, degraded himself by pandering to the Anglophobia; nor is he the man to gratify his own resentment, or to serve his own interests (if it were possible that his own interests could be served) by plunging his country into war. To preserve the Constitution and restore the happiness of the nation is his single aim; and, whatever may be the defects of his political education, and however much he may at certain times, and on certain subjects, be led by the consciousness of these defects to yield to the influence of less judicious men than himself, he has that in his breast which, when a great choice between good and evil is to be made, will probably keep him in the right path.

Had the so-called Democratic party been victorious in the Presidential election the case would have been entirely changed. This party would, as their candidate's address avowed, have endeavoured to make peace on the basis of a compromise with slavery; and they would have sought to reconcile the pride of the nation to that compromise, and to make matters smooth at home, by a spirited foreign policy; in other words, by a war with England, England being, with very good reason, the traditional object of antipathy to the party formed of the slave-owners, with their humble admirers and allies. We should then have had our adored heroes of the South cutting our throats and rifling our merchantmen as a punishment for having sympathised with their rebellion and allowed them to send out rovers from our ports. And this was the happy consummation so ardently desired by the party in this country who arrogate to themselves an exclusive regard for English interests, and denounce their opponents every morning and evening as traitors, and enemies to their country. England can afford to have a few traitors in her bosom while she has so many sincere, disinterested and veracious advisers to guard her against the treason.

The supporters of Lincoln are the heirs of those who sacrificed power by opposing the profligate war of 1812. The supporters of M'Clellan are the heirs of those who made that war, and who strove to embitter the last years of Washington by charges of friendship to England and treasonable love of English institutions. Each party, so far as regards its foreign sympathies and antipathies, is the same in these days as it was in those: and we in our wisdom take to our bosom our ancient enemies and revile our hereditary friends.

The real causes of danger are those which have produced ill-feeling between the two nations. And these, after bringing us to the brink of war, are now in course of diminution. The blockade-running was most galling, and while it lasted made every friend to the general interests of English commerce wish Nassau at the bottom of the sea; though it was unquestionably lawful, and the Americans themselves have never scrupled to make as much profit as they could out of any foreign war. It is now at an end. So, we may trust, will soon be the Confederate privateering, with the cessation of which the ocean commerce of America will revive, and that great pledge will again be given to peace.[1] The Canadians, at least those of the Upper Province, were at first led by border antipathies and stimulated by the Southern press of this country into very irritating demonstrations of Secessionism, which naturally fostered Secessionist conspiracies in Canada and led to the piracies on the Lakes and the St. Alban's raid: but the Canadian Government has throughout done its duty, and its efforts to preserve its own neutrality and honour are now heartily seconded by the great mass of the people. Our own Government, now at all events, holds the language which becomes it towards a kindred, suffering, and somewhat injured nation; and it is only to be regretted that this language was not held when it could by no possibility have been ascribed to any motives but those of good feeling and honour. But in the case of America, as in the case

[1] The American commerce on the lakes is very large as it is, and would of course be ruined by a Canadian war.

of Turkey, our present Prime Minister calculates without any reference to the moral forces: and as these after all go for something in the world, his calculations are somewhat liable to be disappointed. The victories of the North have already caused a trimming movement to become visible in the *Times*, which a continuance of those victories will soon convert into a complete circumgyration: and if the Americans do not much value the present civility, they may at least have the sense to despise the former abuse. It is a proud thought for England that she should be thus represented by her wealthiest journal to foreign nations as trampling on misfortune and cringing to success.

The only dangerous question at all likely to arise between the two governments (besides the interminable controversy about St. Juan) is that of compensation for the ravages of the *Alabama*. And here, since the re-publication of the Artigas correspondence (a service done, in the first instance, by the *Manchester Examiner and Times*), the Americans seem completely estopped by their own precedents, and, still more, by the doctrine formally laid down by the head of their republic. We have, however, not so much respect either for mere precedents (though in this case they could be multiplied, if more were required), or for the authority from which the doctrine emanates, as to desire that either the one or the other should absolutely rule international morality at the present day; and we trust that the question, if raised, will be dealt with on our part in such a spirit that no shadow of discredit may remain on the character of England, and that no evil memory may be left rankling in the heart of the American people. With this view, and still more with a view to the maintenance of a constitutional principle of the highest importance, Parliament is bound, in case the question arises, thoroughly to satisfy itself as to the conduct of our Executive with regard to the *Alabama*, and to ascertain whether there was any neglect of international duty requiring acknowledgment or reparation. It would be too much that a minister should be allowed at his discretion to cover his own *laches* by a war. But the natural and, unless some very unstatesmanlike act is committed, the certain solution of the *Alabama* question is not a war, but an improvement of international law on a subject the dangerous nature of which these occurrences have revealed, and which is of the most vital importance to all commercial nations.

The American press (at least, the less worthy part of it) and the stump orators swagger, and will continue to swagger; but, we must repeat, the press and the stump orators are very far from being the American people. "Do not take too "seriously," says the American correspondent of a French journal, "the fan-"faronades of certain newspapers which "liberate Mexico and conquer Canada "every morning. You would easily "find some that, to round a period, "would throw in England and half "Europe. Do not forget that we have "thousands of journals, which fill from "twenty-eight to forty columns every "day, and that whoever would have his "voice distinguished amidst this formid-"able concert is obliged to have recourse "to the sharpest and most discordant "notes. People of sense smile at these "extravagances; nothing more. It is "the same with our popular orators in "this land of endless harangues and "perpetual elections. When a man "has to perorate before 15,000 or "20,000 electors, who have already "heard candidates by dozens, how can "one stimulate this jaded audience, "how can one elicit applause, unless "it be by addressing to the multitude "the most excessive eulogies, by intoxi-"cating it with the picture of American "greatness, and immolating the whole "world, and good sense into the bargain, "to the dictates of the national vanity? "All our political utterances are pitched "in the same key. Some days ago, "Admiral Porter, in his report on the "capture of Fort Fisher, had to sing "the praises of one of his ironclads, "the *Monadnoc*. He could find no "other mode of expressing himself than "by saying that if the *Monadnoc* could "be sure of coaling, she would burn

"the ports of England and France, and "recross the Atlantic without any fleet "being able to arrest her. The gallant "admiral wished to make an effective "report; he employed the universal "method; but as he is a man of sense "as well as courage, if he was ordered "to burn Portsmouth, not with the "*Monadnoc* alone, but with the whole "fleet under his orders, he would as-"suredly ask for a reinforcement of "ironclad frigates." This is a perfectly true account of the matter, and we may add that the class of "people of sense who smile at the extravagances" of the journals includes the great mass of the farmers, who, when they choose to exert themselves, as they certainly would in a case so nearly touching the solvency of the State, are able to overrule the mob of the cities and decide the policy of the nation. There are no entails or rules of primogeniture in America, but there is a landed interest, the worth of which we are glad to see Mr. Disraeli appreciates.

British commanders, fortunately for the character of our service, are not so wanting in dignity and self-control as to bluster in their official despatches about burning the ports of nations in alliance with their own government; nor are British subordinates so little under proper restraint as to take into their own hands, unbidden, questions of peace and war. But no American journal screaming for its bread can seek to distinguish itself "amidst the formidable concert" of its rivals by shriller or more disgusting accents of violence than some of the wealthiest journals of this country; and the stump oratory of American demagogues, though it may be much coarser, cannot be much more inflammatory or full of worse feeling than the harangues of some British peers. Both nations are concerned to guard against these influences, contemptible, yet dangerous, which, before we are aware of it, may bring disaster on us all. And especially, we are bound to say, are the Americans concerned in listening to their journalists and stump orators to guard against that most poisonous flattery of themselves which consists in the calumnious vituperation of other nations. They are isolated, they are somewhat ignorant of history (a defect in their generally excellent education), and their ear is liable to be, and frequently is, most grossly abused on subjects touching the conduct and character of their neighbours. A great moralist raised the question whether a nation as well as a man could go mad. Certainly it can, if it gives way to uncontrolled egotism, to crazy jealousies and suspicions, to habitual perversion of the actions or motives of those with whom it has to deal. It can go mad, and be brought in the end by its madness into fatal collision with the justice which rules the world, and the presence of which it is the evil trade of stump orators and sensation journalists, as well as of the flatterers of an eastern despot, to conceal.

We have spoken of the revival of American commerce as a great pledge of peace. Another, and, perhaps, at this moment still more effectual pledge (if our prejudices do not interfere with the course of nature), is emigration. The demand for labour in America at this moment is immense, and of all European nations we can furnish the largest and the best supply. Three weeks' journey, or less, which will carry an English peasant from England to Illinois, will place him at once not only in the midst of abundance, but in a social station at least as much above that which he at present holds in this country as that which he at present holds in this country is above the serfdom of the middle ages. If economical considerations were allowed to rule an economical question, there can be no doubt that those who guide the English labourer in his choice of a new country would send him to Illinois instead of sending him to the Antipodes. But the economical considerations are made to give way in this matter to the political; and the whole influence of our benevolent landowners and rectors is exerted, with the kindest intentions, to divert the emigrant from the United States, and to direct him to countries blessed, as they fancy, with English institutions, though,

in fact, more ultra-democratic than the United States themselves. Were this not the case, and were the current of emigration allowed to flow in that which is its natural channel, two political advantages of no small importance would be gained. In the first place, the United States would be bound over to keep the peace with England by a material guarantee, the magnitude of which will now be greatly enhanced by the necessity of developing, as rapidly as possible, the natural resources of the country, in order to meet the increased burden of taxation. In the second place, we should strengthen a moral bond, which is being dangerously loosened by the paucity of English and the abundance of Irish emigration. The Irishman in the United States is, to the second generation at least (by which time they generally become Americanised), the mortal enemy of England. The Irish and the slave-owners together, during their combined ascendancy under the much-abused name of the Democratic party, have, in fact, established the dominant Anglophobia, to which even politicians at heart friendly to England have sometimes, in the delusive hope of curing the mania by vaccination, condescended outwardly to bow. This is the natural, and we may some day find it the bitter, fruit of maintaining in Ireland a system under which religion is a source of savagery, and government a type of injustice. It is very fortunate that at this moment the influence of the Irish on American politics is greatly reduced, both by the loss of their confederates, the slave-owners, and by their own unpatriotic conduct in the war; for, though they have butchered some negroes, and burnt a negro orphan asylum at New York, it is the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that they have supplied the armies, or that their valour has gained the victories of the North. Every Anglo-American, on the other hand, however much cause he may have to be angry with us for the moment, is capable of being made our friend. At the bottom of his heart he feels the tie of nature, and is proud of the race from which he is sprung. If he abuses us more than other nations which have failed to sympathise with him, it is partly, at least, because he cares a great deal more for our sympathy than for that of any other nation. If he wants to thrash us, it is partly that we, whose appreciation he most covets, may be taught better to appreciate his greatness. No worse policy for England can be imagined than that which tends to diminish the English element in the population of the United States, and to make them an Irish nation.

We must repeat, in conclusion, that wild cries of alarm are sure to aggravate any danger that may exist. The English people need no goading to make them feel, in case of need, that they are Englishmen. They are as ready as ever they were, perhaps readier, to fight for the safety and honour of their country, though they may not be so ready as they once were to fight for the exclusive interest or the antipathies of a class. Nor is England defenceless: on the contrary, never in the course of her history has her power been so great as, if put forth in a cause that united all her sons, and wielded by the man, not by the shadow, it would be now. Suppose a good and an evil spirit are really contending for mastery in the breast of the American people, the way to give the victory to the good spirit (which we must assume to be the object in view) is the reverse of that which was adopted by the Tory peers. Such at least would be the case if the same contest were going on in the breast of a man; and, if the ordinary rules of social conduct were more often followed in dealing with the collective humanity of a nation, there would perhaps be more good-will in the world and fewer wars.

Since these pages were in type we have had the debate in the Commons, which shows that what have been called "the passions of an *un*popular assembly" may sometimes find an antidote in the reason of one which is more popular. The incident, besides its obvious importance, is not devoid of instruction when we are trying to divine whether passion or reason will govern the American people.

SCENES IN AN AFRICAN SLAVE PRESERVE.

BY HORACE WALLER, F.R.G.S.

In the year 1861 I reached East Africa with Bishop Mackenzie and his party. The scheme we had in view was, not only to introduce Christianity into a land hitherto devoid of every influence for good, but also to counteract, by our presence, that fearful evil, the slave-trade. It has long been the opinion of men most practically acquainted with this evil, that it is all but useless to attack, or try to suppress it, by what we may term external applications. The blow must be struck at the root of the evil. In the little jottings I am about to lay before the reader, and which are mainly taken from journals kept during a three years' residence in the interior, I shall try to bring out some of the native customs and peculiarities, and some of the customs of Europeans when sojourning amongst Africans, and generally to give as good a glimpse as I can of the normal state of things at present in East Africa. Would that all who were with me when we entered the Zambesi in 1861 were alive to join in setting our experiences before those who cheered us on so heartily in the outset! A large proportion of them, alas! can speak no more, save when we listen to them in memory, or look on the calm faces turned towards the foe.

The remarks I have to make relate mainly to a country lying some 300 miles in from the sea. It is reached by passing in at one or other of the many mouths of the Zambesi, ascending this river for a hundred miles, and then striking up one of its tributaries, the Shiré, or Chirri, as it is pronounced. It is with this Shiré that we have mainly to do. He who first navigated its tortuous lengths as an explorer is now hard at work in preparing, as he only can prepare it, information about it for the public. Dr. Livingstone will soon lay before us the results of his exertions and his travels in the time that has elapsed since he last wrote a book on Africa. That work no one can appreciate more than those who have in the same scenes been able to trace the minuteness of his observation, and the care and truthfulness of his records. In matters of geography and natural history his writings are photographs in words.

When the Doctor first went up the Shiré with his energetic companions, he saw at a glance that it was a road by which the tract of country parallel to the seaboard, but well behind it, could be dealt with, and with prospects of success. Livingstone traced it to its source, discovering, at the same time, Lake Nyassa, from which it flows.

Draining the lake, the Shiré flows almost due south, gathering the waters of the many tributary streams that run over the edge of the high lands of East Africa, and of that portion of them in particular on which stands Lake Shirwa, likewise opened up by Livingstone. But for one sad and common failing in African rivers, one might sail from Plymouth and reach the heart of Africa by this route without stepping on shore. As it is, the traveller has to ascend a steep staircase of cataracts, say 35 miles in extent, before he reaches the level on which lies the Lake Nyassa. We will do one day afloat, taking down a few notes as we leave the Zambesi and pass up the Shiré, and, when our water journey is ended, consider the state of things one is introduced to on reaching the high lands before mentioned.

It was during a hotter season than usual, in the year 1862, that I was returning from the Portuguese possessions with a quantity of provisions which I

had procured to relieve the famine in our little village, some 150 miles up the river. Weakened as our party was by the loss of poor Bishop Mackenzie and others, I knew I was most anxiously looked for, and most bitterly did I grudge the time that must be spent before reaching them.

For I had to do the journey in one of the rough canoes of the country, and take care that two others, following me, kept up. The canoe has little to show in improvement, I suspect, since the first one was launched. It is merely a tree, sufficiently large and sound, burnt out and trimmed up with native axes. In the middle is stowed a cargo of rice or corn; room is left at the stern for eight paddlers, sitting two and two, and a space also is arranged in front for myself. So crank and round-bottomed are these canoes that the traveller is forced to recline at his full length; the sun is kept off him by a roofing of grass thatch which keeps him, as it were, shut down—for to have it raised above a foot or so would be to incur a certain upset in the first squall of wind that might meet the canoe.

The part of the river I am about to describe is singular for a species of canalization which nature has arranged for it, as she tattoos fresh lines and wrinkles on Africa's face. Shortly after entering the Shiré, one gets to a tract, which, not many years since, was no doubt a lake. Time has altered this, and in the place of the lake there is a nearly grown-up marsh, for the river, a broad and shallow one before it comes thus far, to writhe and turn about in. When it gets to this part its whole character alters; it winds in countless turns, is narrow, and has a deep channel. One sees that in the gradual desiccating process (visible to so many African travellers) the current of this river has, in some unusually severe drought, lasting perhaps two to three years (and droughts often last that time), been reduced to a form which it still maintains with little alteration. It is true that in ordinary seasons it would quickly have regained its original space, and the first heavy rains of the "wet season" would have spread the waters as wide as ever; but in the lengthened period of a drought a very important operation takes place. The growth of rush and water plants would now be most luxuriant along the edge of the river. Here the roots of the rank tropical vegetation are better watered than further away, where all is one hard, baked, black mass of earth sweltering in the sun. Here too a current of air is ever passing up or down the river; in short, vegetation can want nothing more, and is luxuriant beyond measure. It happens, then, that when the fires, which every hot season pass over the whole country, crackle and roar across the space that was so lately a lake, they find more to consume along the banks than further away. Thus it is that the amount of débris left from the conflagration is larger on each side of the water, and also more solid in character; for, during the period of the fires, there is every afternoon a gale of wind, for the most part blowing up the river's course, and this sweeps the flames so rapidly through the reeds that they do not get so thoroughly consumed as those that grow further away from its influence. The waters in fact cause and encourage an extra growth, and when the fires come, they act as the "navvies," taking the excess of vegetation there is along the edge to make the dam. As my canoe drags its length beneath the bank, I can trace each year's quota in the strata of red ashes and charred reed-stalks. In places a hippopotamus's path causes an outlet for the water, and the river rushes through to try and regain its lost territory. It only wastes itself in the vast spongy marsh and the small lagoons, which give off more in evaporation than can be supplied by such means to counterbalance the effects of the sun. Throughout some thirty miles of the river in the Morambala marsh, this very interesting piece of natural engineering is to be seen. As one steps on the bank there is a dip to be gone down on the other side in nearly every spot, if one wants to walk inland many paces.

But we have not time to do more than take a look over the bank. Let us return to the canoe. My men, poor fellows, twenty-four in number, have had a very hard week's work, and I am glad to see them appreciate the day's rest they are to have as soon as we can find a less pestiferous spot to spend it in than our last night's halting-place. So it is that I am peering out, between the gunwale of the canoe and its low thatch of grass, one Sunday morning. My object was to spy out a break in the long wall of reeds, and, if luck were with us, something that would afford a little shade. At last my "Kadamo," or head man, whose bronzy back shut out the view in front as he sat kingfisher-like on the look-out for snags, sandbanks, &c., rose to his feet and got a spurt out of his companions. Dig by dig, and jerk by jerk, we crossed to the other side, and found a welcome clearing on the bank, and some half-dozen huts, standing like beehives in the midst of the steaming tobacco-gardens with which they were surrounded.

The head man of this little settlement, after the formal ceremony of clapping hands, put his hut at my disposal, and cleared it out for myself and my servant, whom I was very anxious to get into dock as soon as possible, from certain symptoms which began to show, and which, without doubt, meant fever. We noticed, as a rule, that any black men who had been away from their native land for some years seemed, if anything, more prone to fever and general illness than Europeans. In this case a few hours conquered the attack, and afforded me also a good opportunity of gaining some particulars of one of the wild superstitions of Africa.

The tall hill, Kolubvi, which we hoped to reach on the morrow, is celebrated throughout the Shiré valley as the abode of the Spirit who presides over the country. His name is M'Bona. I use the word *presides*, for, although there is to be found everywhere in these tribes the dim knowledge of a One Great Ruler over all, it is as it were the shadow of a belief that has become less and less defined from the time when their fathers, on the borders of old Egypt, first forgat the God that made them. I never saw aught but deep reverence and awe in them when I spoke of Him, even a fear was present at most times: levity is a thing unknown in speaking of religious matters, and beliefs such as barbarism has for its religion. And here it will not be out of place to mention that the theory will not hold good which places the East African tribes within the group of descendants from the Egyptians. Very many of the customs of those wondrous men, as depicted on their walls and ruins, are identical with the ways of the Manganjas of the present day; but those careful old limners have drawn the line for us. No better caricatures of the natives, even to their head-dress, mode of salute, dancing steps, children's hair, &c. could be depicted than we find on some of the sculptures of Thebes. They were then the "black races," if not the hard-worked slaves, the bearers of tribute, or captives with Jews and men from far countries.

But to M'Bona. He was, say his worshippers, a great and brave warrior while amongst them—a quality so rare in a race divided against itself, and paralysed by the slave-trade, that it does not seem wonderful it should lead to his being deified when dead. For death took him at last—not to cut him off from them entirely, however; for in spirit he still wields the destinies of his nation, dictating his laws to them from the heights of Kolubvi. This is done through a priestess, who, as long as she holds office, goes by the name of Zarima. Poor Zarima—I must speak out for an old friend—I am anxious to save her from the ordinary category of humbugs. She is a medium, it is true, and a black one, but I can vouch for the character of M'Bona's present wife; and she has, besides, everything to lose, nothing to gain, in her capacity. This in itself will distinguish her from the common genus impostor. On the highest peak of the mountain there is a little hut erected for her dwelling, and in this she has to pass her life, cut off from the outer world,

which thinks it sacrilege of the deepest dye to go near her. She is attended by one or two of her own sex, who provide her with the necessaries of life. Her spirit liege is supposed to abide with her, and to communicate his wishes through her, to the tribe. At times, a deputation arrives at one of the villages at the foot of the mountain with offerings, and receives in return, corn or other seed, blessed by Zarima for the sowing, and which is sure to turn out fruitful. Mortal as others, Zarima dies at last, and then comes a fear on all the dwellers in the valley. None can tell who may have to furnish her successor. On my travels once with Mr. Stewart, we were all but eye-witnesses (certainly ear-witnesses) to the consternation that was caused by the wife of a man, well known to us, being seized to occupy that weird hut we hope to look up at to-morrow as we journey up the Shiré. The mist-cloud hangs around it, and the lightning flashes amongst peaks and trees. Man's mind in all ages seems to be struck with the awe that belongs to such places. What a pity it is his reverence for the groves and the high places should have been turned to so bad account!

There is another such mountain, a good deal higher up the river, on the left bank, called Choro, on which lives another priestess. There is a pretty tradition connected with it. The natives say it is a sure refuge for any of the Manganja race in time of war, and that, many years ago, a portion of the tribe fled to its dark glens for shelter. Here the spirits fed them day by day, hanging corn and pumpkins in the trees. I have seen the spot: a more lovely one I do not know, or one more likely to bring out romance. It has certainly been able to do it, even from natures that I suppose are not credited with any such attributes.

But my informant, who lets out more about M'Bona than he would if I did not show so much interest in his story, suddenly begins to fear he may have said too much. Indeed, as evening approaches, it is more difficult for him to make himself heard. A hundred and one voices make a common rejoicing at the prospect of breathing cooler air; crickets chirp, grasshoppers chirrup, the little tree-frogs in their various liveries begin their clear piping, and the skeins of spur-winged geese whistle as they pass overhead to their feeding-grounds.

I begin to hope there may be no mosquitoes to-night; but alas, the wind dies out, and in a moment they are upon us. After short prayers in a hut (which holds more cockroaches than ever I saw before in a given space), I bundle into my canoe, and, with the tactics peculiar to the operation, rig up my mosquitoe curtain to the roof in the dark, whilst lying on my back in the narrow length-without-breadth space I pass my days and nights in. It has been a success, and I feel soothed, whilst in my evening bath of perspiration, to hear the high-pitched yell of thousands of little blood-thirsty wretches come from without. It is a grim satisfaction; and, although the heat of the air is close on 100°, and of the water outside me about 83° (we have registered it higher), rest seems probable.

But no; there are two hippopotami trying to get out of the river on the other side by a path that will only do for one at a time. They consequently fight, as they always do whenever a chance offers, and the noise they make is better imagined than described. One at last tumbles backwards, and the ripples caused by the splash come across and break against the side of the canoe just outside my ear. I soon have to turn and lie with my head where my feet were; the men have forgotten to bale the bilge-water out, which is redolent of fermenting rice and high waterbuck venison. This is no easy task in a narrow muslin curtain, the tearing of which, or its untucking for a second, involves a night's misery. Then comes a furious row on shore, between my twenty-four men and forty-eight villagers. Each one tries to bawl his best. It dwindles down at last into one voice, which manages to tire the others out and hold its own supreme. It is a woman's. Her grievance, from what I can make out, is that she has been kept waiting all the afternoon on the other

side of the river, no one fetching her across to take an equal chance of selling things to, and staring at, the M'Zungu, or white man.

But there was an end even to her tongue, or at least it was drowned by a battery of drums which was brought to bear. The drummers, to make victory doubly sure, kept it up with might and main till 5 o'clock A.M., at which time a cock (which I kept in a basket overhead for the purpose) began to sound the reveillé just as the 'potami tumbled back into the river, and that horrid woman saw her way to get the last word, the drums for the moment being rather piano. The head canoe-man makes coffee for me—as great a mystery to the lookers-on as is the piece of soap I am busy with. On the whole, it is a refreshing process, and seems to exhilarate them likewise, for they tune up again with fresh vigour, and bring their wives and sisters to the front to dance for my edification. Breakfast over, I make a present to my host and to the danseuses, and we all part the best of friends. I resume my place in the hollow tree, and the canoe song strikes up as the sun comes with a jump over the pepperbox-looking hills in the east.

As compared with the Natal Caffres, one finds a very radical improvement on reaching these people. When first we knew them there was a large population throughout the valley; and the natives, far from being the idle set they are often represented, in times of peace do full justice to the richness of the soil. Here too, the social organization is much higher. For instance, woman takes her proper position. She is respected and consulted at all times by her husband; he does not disdain to do the hard day's work by her side hoe in hand. The Caffre would die first.

To the husband certainly fall offices that look strange to a European eye. He must work the distaff and spindle, and he alone must be the weaver of cotton cloth, and well do I know that the much-prized needles he coaxes me out of will never be plied by his wife's fingers, any more than yon skewer-like instrument was which they now replace. His wife, or wives—for he may have half a dozen or more (and, let me remark, with the probability of not as many quarrels between them in twice as many years)—have day by day to draw the water, hew the wood, and wash every cooking, drinking, and brewing utensil, to within an inch of its life. The wife must also be the brewer, and her liege looks fairly disgusted at being questioned on the secrets of the trade.

Oh that the crusty bachelor, whose motto is "organic destruction and death to all Italians," could be transported to a Manganja village on a marriage morn! At any time during three days and nights would he have the best opportunity of appreciating what, no doubt, he would call the "devil's tattoo." He must admit its variations are wonderful, as it sways backwards and forwards, not unlike a peal of church bells, and correct in time as the clatter of machinery. Sometimes there are as many as twelve drums going at once—the largest as big as a sherry butt, covered with an elephant's ear, and beaten with the hands; the smallest, no bigger than a quart measure, giving out its sound from an iguana skin belaboured by a twig.

Right well do I remember coming to a scene such as this during some of the first marches we made in the hill country. We were attracted from the main path—dry, hot, and thirsty as we were—by the sound of drums, and the consequent prospect of mowa, or native beer. It is always considered etiquette to send a guide forward to announce the coming of strangers. We did not omit to do this; but the man was so long, and our journey also, that we did not wait for him to bring back the welcome we knew we should get from the chief, with whom we had some previous acquaintance. The clatter of the drums had hidden the sound of our approach, and we were almost in the middle of the village before we were seen. Some two or three hundred men, women, and children were dancing and singing with might and main.

I shall never forget the terror and

alarm our presence caused, when discovered. A shriek from the poor women, and an indiscriminate rush into the forest, was the first impulse; and all, save two or three men to whom we were known, seemed prepared for the worst. The chief, a fine old fellow, who thoroughly appreciated the English presence in the country, soon insisted on their coming back. Confidence appeared to be restored with the dance. But no; the spirit of the thing was gone; the fright had been too great. We gained what we wanted in a moment when we stated our object in calling; and the chief, well satisfied with the *quid pro quo*, snatched up the burden of the foremost man, and, running on in front, himself pointed out every little stone or stump that might hurt the foot, and guided us back to the main path.

I should not dwell on this trivial incident, but that it was one of the shadows at the time, that came before events we afterwards witnessed—scenes of death and wrong which it would take a careless memory to forget. Then the land teemed with inhabitants, now it is all but desolate. Scarce a remnant has escaped. The storm of war has swept the land of all but the few who have found shelter amidst the craigs on the mountains, and the famine has followed up its victims to their hiding-places in the swamps. The sudden dread it was to see a few pale faces in the land told its own tale. The slavers had followed quickly on the first explorer's steps; and, when he returned with us in 1861, they were there before us. His fair fame had by them been made the thin end of the wedge for their purposes.

The Portuguese settlers at the town of Tette, on the Zambesi, were only too anxious to avail themselves of the opportunities afforded by the introduction to a new country and a new slave-trade. Sad, indeed, it is to think that, after all, the greatest curse to the black race is the white dweller in its vicinity. But so it is; and, although some four or five men must be placed in a different category from the rest, a greater nest of slavers does not exist than in the Portuguese dominions of East Africa. At the very time we went up the steep sides of the highland *plateau*, we met their agents coming down with the first-fruits of the discovery—droves of young men, women, and children; not but what their hitherto successful venture received its quietus when it so happened that we met face to face.

The more shameful, too, did this freshly opened traffic appear, inasmuch as it was not for the ordinary hundred and one abominations which the slave-trade is father to. The Portuguese ivory-traders had lately found that there was a necessity for changing their plans in dealing with the Caffre tribes, from whom they collect ivory for the most part; for, although elephants abound on the Shiré, they get little thence, owing to the impenetrable nature of the cover. The Caffres, always at war amongst themselves, have suffered so much during the last few years, that, in many tribes bordering on the Zambesi (and not those of the Caffre blood alone), women and children are hardly to be found. The hardships of war have killed them nearly all off. The fighting men who have stood it out, and who have no faith in the trumpery muskets, so given to bursting, with which the trader has heretofore supplied them, now tell him that female slaves, and children to adopt into their tribe, are the best barter goods for them.

Another disaster aided the plans of the slavers considerably at the date I refer to. A tribe called the Ajawa (the Uhiao or Uhiyow of Krapff, Speke, Burton, and others) was driven down, by a slave war on the north, to the confines of the Manganja tribe. The Ajawa were undergoing very great privations, and gladly sold their own people to the slave-traders. These gave them in exchange, besides the ordinary articles of barter, powder and muskets, and stayed in their camps, well knowing the issue. Grist was sure to come to their mill, for the Ajawa were made doubly strong. At the worst of times, from their superior pluck, they were a terror to the Manganja. As soon as captives were made in the daily raids,

they were brought in and sold to the slavers. Then, when the gang of, say eighty or ninety boys, women, and children was collected, the villains into whose clutches they had fallen marched them off to Tette. An English resident there, at the time the first trade in slaves was opened with the Ajawa, informed me he saw them arrive at the rate of two hundred per week.

Let not the apologists for one of the most hideous sins under the sun bring in their usual statement that, in the white man's custody, the black slave's condition is raised and improved, and that it is for the interest of both drover and dealer to take care of the newly-made purchase. I know not what your chivalrous Southerner may do, on his own cotton plantation, with the stalwart "chattel" he has given many hundred dollars for; nor do I care to go into his treatment of the pretty slave girl, for whom price in his eyes was no object; but this I do know about the Portuguese slave-master, that I would not wish my worst enemy to learn the first rudiments of human suffering and human devilry at his hands.

Most of the poor things we met were purchased for what was at that time equivalent to tenpence in England; viz. two yards of either the blue calico imported from Goa, or the unbleached calico of Manchester and America. Some might fetch more—a mother and her child, for instance. From what came to our knowledge, however, I do not suppose the chance of the child's ever reaching the mother's destination was much thought of in the bargain by buyer or seller.

Let us hear what Dimanje can relate of his last night's lodging, and the march this morning, as he sits rubbing his neck, which the first honest English saw that was ever in the land has just liberated from the huge stick lying at his feet. He is loquacious, and his heart is warm within him, for he realizes his liberty. Can he doubt it as, with the yoke from off his neck, and the bonds loosened from his sadly-chafed limbs, he makes them into a fire and cooks therewith the only happy meal he has eaten for many a day.

I will translate for him and the others, who eagerly add to his testimony:—"When the sun went out on "the yesterday, the village of the chief "Sochi was come to. Wishing to reach "it, you must go hence when the cock "cries, and it is come to when the sun "is so high (pointing at an angle of 45°). "The Chikoondas (the drovers) there "cooked, and we, bound in these slave "sticks, were placed in the hut; it is of "the large size in the middle of the "village. The Chikoondas, their "stomachs full, slept across the en-"trances with their guns. In the night "there was of sleep nothing for us. "One, a strong man, heard that the "Chikoonda snored, and his heart said "he could escape. Holding his heavy "stick before him, he passes; he is "there; he is outside. The Chikoonda "snores and snores. We, ah, our "hearts beat! we are dead—we fear so. "They will awake and say, He of the "large body, where is he? then they "will say, You, oh cunning ones! it is "your fault, you told us not. Then "our hearts said, Verily he has escaped, "even that stout one; so we awoke "the Chikoondas and said, 'O our "lords, one has gone out, but there "is no return of him; he has escaped, "we know not; he will come back, we "know not.' Then they ran around the "place with handfuls of grass lighted "with fire, and they cursed; but no, he "was gone."

Then, said Dimanje, came the worst of all. They were dragged out, and the women were beaten with sticks, and the men tied up by their wrists to the trees so high that their toes only just touched the ground; they did nothing but wail and sob all night till the morning dawned. Nor did their case improve with daylight. The drovers were determined not to lose another. The women, such as had no heavy burden to carry, were tied neck to neck, with hard bark thongs, and their hands bound behind them. The men were coupled one behind the other, by tying their slave

sticks two and two. These said sticks weigh from 35lbs. to 40lbs. each; and, when a man's head is fixed in the fork at the one end, by an iron pin, forming a triangle round his neck, he is helpless; for the wood is generally six feet long. The intermediate links in the chain were the poor children, scarred and covered with sores, their bones starting through their skins, and for whom a bark halter was considered enough security. Thus the gang set off and thus we met it. As we passed over the ground the next day, two spots were pointed out to us. At the one it appeared a man, who had fallen sick, and might hinder the march, was taken out of the line and brained with an axe: at the other we were told a poor woman had shown symptoms of distress; the drover, in no better temper as the day wore on, and no doubt thinking it better to lose one than both, took her poor child from off her back, and dashed its brains out against a tree, holding it by the feet; he then threw the body into the brush beside the path.

Enough of such scenes: we saw too much of them, and heard of other deeds, and from the Portuguese, as done amongst themselves, that for refinement of barbarity are actually appalling. In the settlements one finds here and there a humane man and a gentleman; to two or three such we owe a great debt of gratitude; but it is a penal colony. Half the representatives are with native blood in them, and cruel beyond conception.

We did our best, and for some time were a stumbling-block to the trade. But the extermination caused by the slave trade, once begun, is carried out in three acts. The slavedealer can reckon on three harvests, each one better in succession.

First comes the war—tribe against tribe, village against village. He must be on the spot to be the leaven in the yeast, the supplier of the means, the fomenter of the quarrel, and the encourager of the kidnapper; no tool will work better for his purposes than this last, and will add more to the fighting and reprisals when found out. Then follows the famine—the result of the disturbance in the land. The fields, which, if left untilled in the wet season, are barren for the year, produce nothing, and the chief, sorely pinched, sells his people, and the husband some of his wives or relations. After this comes the worst state of all. The hill country, parched and dry as it is in the hot season, is forsaken for the damp banks of the river in the valley. Here, by cultivating in the swamps and on the islands, corn may at all times be grown. Others are there before, and the starving wretch swims over by night to steal from the well-watched garden. Then comes the fight for life. Day and night it goes on —worse and worse as more come, and there is less to eat. The slavedealer need not stray into the hill country now; a few handfuls of corn will buy the child from the father who cannot see it perish. He must be quick though; the game is nearly at an end; a journey or two more, and all will be silent. The hyæna and the vulture can pick and choose, and the crocodiles can lazily let the bodies go past them, for there is enough and to spare with all their kith and kin. Livingstone had to clear his paddle-wheels of the dead each morning as the *Pioneer* came up the Shiré to us in 1863.

The land has become in three years, as other vast tracts have to the north and east of it beneath the same harrow, all but a desolate wilderness. The few who are left have no one to rally under. A bad drought added to the evils; but it was a partial one, and the natives could, in times of peace, have weathered a much worse visitation.

A handful of Dimanje's companions are now on English territory. The full assurance that was first planted in them has there grown well, and they may yet be able to tell their countrymen of the power of a state to which no slave can belong. When we parted at Cape Town, there was the same wailing and the same cry that had gone up in the few hours before we first met. Thank God, tears can flow from other causes than pain and sorrow.

Before I conclude these sketchy items of our travels, I do not wish to miss the opportunity of stating the opinion of most who were with us respecting the character of the native of East Africa. So many prejudiced notions are getting stereotyped on the subject, that I am the more anxious to have a say. The opinion may gain some little weight from being formed on the experiences of three years' living in the land, and another year's less close observation in the neighbourhood. During the three years we were behind that fringe of double-dyed evil that dwells on the coast, we saw that the representatives of the white man, more shame for them, have made things very much worse than they would be were they absent. I believe the East African not only capable of helping himself as much as his brother of the pure negro blood on the West Coast is now doing, but more so. No one who has seen the two can doubt that the Ajawa, for instance, is of a higher type altogether. He is quite alive to the act of suicide the slave trade is; nay he almost takes the words out of one's mouth in pointing out the destructive influence it is. He admits it must bring about woe and disaster, and that with the young weeded out from the tribe, there is nothing for the old to lean on.

The communication the tribes have had with the traders, Arabs or half-castes, have awakened in them wants that are now necessities. Guns, powder, beads, calico, they must have: the only exchange that will be accepted is slaves and ivory. Under another regime, depend upon it, the cotton would come, and the fibres and the oils, as they do on the West Coast. But the time has not come yet when practical common sense is to take the place of useless expenditure. Those Governments whose power, wealth, and good hearts, lead them to interfere for the benefit of the human race, should use tact to make their enormous exertions of use. The French Government—all honour to it!—stayed the emigration scheme from the East Coast, the moment they found it was being abused. What does the English Government do by cruising squadrons, which, although carrying as noble fellows as ever pitied human misery, have to contend against circumstances that baffle all their efforts. Here and there a large slaver is taken—not one per annum (I speak of the East Coast), and a whole squad of Arab dhow owners live in a state of terror. These, even if caught in the Sultan of Zanzibar's waters, must be set free, for he requires 20,000 slaves a year for his own special market, and they all come off from the coast to his island, where his power must be upheld at those costs "no man can understand:" at least, no man who gets an insight into existing scandals by going to the ends of the earth to see them as they are. Studied in his native land, the African improves as confidence in his visitor grows, and it were a libel to say he is either incapable of affection, or of good results from good treatment.

But there is in the beginning a great barrier of misconception to be got over. Once passed, the poor fellows cling to you as drowning men would. Some of the very natives who at first threatened Livingstone as he steamed up the river Shiré in the *Ma Robert*, crowded down to the *Pioneer* four years afterwards to entreat me to ask him to take the remnant of them away, they cared not whither; he had been tried by them and not found wanting. The English name will last there the thing it is. It is a foundation on which any honest man can build to his own good and theirs; but he must be the man openhearted, frank and firm—must be as Mackenzie was. "Ah," said a man to me once who had known him, marking off about an inch at the top of his forefinger, "the "heart of an Ajawa has a little bit of "it good like this, but all the rest of "it is bad; the white man's heart is all "good." They often spoke of Mackenzie with a sigh, "Bishoppi, he was a man, 'oa komantima,' of a sweet heart."

I can return his compliment to the English, by saying we never thought it other than an insult to the Maker who gave the black race its allotted place in the ranks of humanity to consider it as

one at all points inferior. But, where self-interest comes in, this is not always the verdict. An adventurous old Portuguese I often had a chat with, and who had something to tell, having been taken out of slavers six times by cruisers, used to gesticulate with one hand, which added force as he tried to impress on me that the natives were not human beings "but brutes of the fields," whilst with the other he gave sweets to a tribe of little mahogany-coloured children, that forbade me talking of connecting links. In short, in dealing with the slave trade, you must bear Mr. Darwin's theory in mind. To have to do with it, and to engage in it, is to subject your nature to a process which will in time accommodate soul and body to its requirements; and from such a man—one who directly or indirectly gains by its wickedness—I would take opinion on its merits, the rather meeting all remarks on the subject with the answer given to him who accused the other of being no gentleman, "Sir, you're no judge."

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

THE END OF THE CYCLONE.

Back through the groaning forest came the return blast, crashing the half-burnt trees into ruins, and bearing the smoke of the burning forest before it like a curtain of darkness. We spoke no more, for this new phase of the hurricane was more terrible to look on than any which had preceded it. I saw the forest light up again into a more lurid blaze than before, which apparently was bearing down straight upon us; and I would have run back that I might perish with my wife and my child in my arms. But Trevittick's strong hand restrained me, and he laughed.

"Don't be a coward," he said; "there is no danger now. Look at this, man, if you have courage; you will never see the like in fifty lives. Look aloft."

I did so. The smoke was clearing fast, and I saw overhead, to the windward, a wall of ink-black cloud, from which streamed, spreading below as they were caught by the wind, four or five dark purple cataracts of rain. Terrible enough this; but why were they lit up with strange coruscating splendours of scarlet, of orange, and of violet? That was caused by the incessant leaping lightning which followed the curtain of rain.

All night the wind rushed round the house like the sighs of a dying giant; all night the thunder snarled, and the lightning leaped and hissed, till the house was as bright as day; and I sat, with the child upon my knee and my wife sitting at my feet, listening to the fierce deluges of rain which were spouting from the house-eaves.

Sometime in the night Martha took the child. She had been very silent before, from fear, or what not; but I noticed that the rocking of the child to and fro did for her what it seems to do for all mothers; it loosened her tongue.

She spoke to me, turning her quiet eyes to mine.

"I am not afraid now, James."

"You have been so brave and so good."

"Have I? I am glad of that. I was afraid I had not been doing my duty. Perhaps it was your mother kept me up."

Bless the little heroine; there were a dozen maimed creatures in the house now tended by my father and mother; who could contradict her?

"James, dear, do you like Mr. Trevittick?"

"Yes; I admire and respect him above all men whom I know, next my father. He certainly does seem at times," I continued with a thoughtful and puzzled air, "to have boiled up his Bible, Old Testament and New, Jeremiah and Revelations, into a sort of broth that's too strong for my poor stomach. But he is a very noble person, old girl. Look at what we know of his life, and look at his work this last two days. Yes, I admire and love Trevittick."

"I don't," she said (to baby, of course).

"Why not?"

"He says such dreadful things. Today he told father (*I* heard him) that the *Wainoora* had in all probability sailed before the storm came on, and that he had better prepare mother for what had most certainly happened. He said, 'Burton, you will never see your daughter again, and, though I envy her, I am deeply sorry for you.'"

"Trevittick's a fool," I said, impatiently.

"I am glad you think that," said Martha. "Then you don't believe in the other dreadful thing he said?"

"What was that?"

"Why, that the day of judgment was come, and that the last trump would sound as soon as the wind changed. I am particularly glad that you don't believe that."

I don't know what made me ask her, "Why?"

"Because I am so happy, dear. If I were to lose you or baby, I wouldn't mind so much, though there is a good deal to be thought about, and a good deal that would be very disagreeable under any circumstances. My dear, one night at Camden Town, when you had kept me out late, and I caught it, I perfectly well remember wishing Mrs. Jackson in heaven and out of the reach of temptation. Now that doesn't matter talking of between us two, but it is not the sort of thing you would like to say in public. No; I want to have you a few years longer. I am glad you don't believe what Trevittick said."

I was frowning, deep in thought. Could he be right? Had Arkwright been mad enough to put to sea? If he had been such a fool as to do so in the face of the sulky mercury, I should be answerable for my sister's death, because I told him of that miserable little earthquake which Trevittick and I had heard on the mountain. That is the way in which men think in hurricanes.

"But," I heard my wife rambling on, "God would never do such a thing as that, you know. You may depend on it that Emma is safe enough. You needn't trouble your head about *her*. She will be well cared for wherever she goes."

And then the words of Trevittick came ringing in my ears again—"This world is not the place of punishment and reward: this world is not the place of punishment and reward." Was I to be driven mad by my own wife and a half-lunatic Cornishman?

CHAPTER LXXX.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: NO ANSWER.

The storm passed away towards the great interior, cracking the stunted forests, and lashing the lonely lakes into sheets of foam; and so it died in the desert, for it never reached Timor. The brisk south-west wind came up, and nature looked beautiful once more, as though trying, while the ruin of her Berserk fit was still lying around us, to make us forget that she ever could be cruel.

It was early on one of these crystal, clear mornings, which one would rashly say only existed in Australia, did one not reflect that one is abroad by daylight there, and lies in bed till the day is warmed here—on a breezy, fresh morning, when the air seems to sparkle like champagne: that Erne and I got on our horses, and rode south to meet the mail.

I had I cannot tell you why, or how; fully and entirely persuaded myself that Arkwright had never been such a fool as to put to sea. What was better still, I had persuaded Erne so; and we were

both in good spirits. A natural reaction, after the horrors of the last three days, had set in, and we rode swiftly and cheerfully on, without a single misgiving as to the result of our journey.

The ruins of the storm were around us in every direction, and those ruins showed us, inexperienced as we were, that it had been the greatest storm for a hundred years.

In some places whole tracts of forest were levelled; in others the trees had fallen until they had formed a screen for the wind, supported by unfallen trees to the leeward; but everywhere there was nothing but ruin and desolation. I learnt the lesson, that in so new, and so little known a country, so near the terrible tropics, great allowances should be made for great natural disturbances. I thought of the story of Gundagai, on the Morumbidgee, where the black fellows, on being asked to show the highest floodmarks, pointed to the tops of the tallest trees. The government surveyor laughed at them, and laid out the town. The few survivors of that disaster lived to tell how the river rose sixty feet in a single night.

So we went southward. Half way to Pitt, the first important town, we met my youngest brother, Fred, who, by some original line of thought, had arrived at the conclusion that the hurricane had given him an indefeasible right to run away from school, borrow a horse, and come northward, to see how we were getting on.

We took him back with us, and reached Pitt that night. Fred's report was right. The destruction at Pitt was scarcely less than that at Romilly; but the wind had come on more gradually, with deluges of rain; so there had been no fire. *Pitt* had been blown to ruins piecemeal, but the destruction of *Romilly* had been sudden, terrible, and unexpected. Erne pointed out this "conceit" to me next morning, as we rode southward. Harry, whom we had picked up after depositing Fred, riding with us, wondered why we laughed so boisterously at so poor a joke.

It was because a growing terror was on us of the news the mail would bring—a terror which neither of us would allow, even to himself, to exist, and which grew yet stronger as we went on. The boy Harry, who knew nothing of the state of the case, who was utterly unaware of our anxieties, went on prattling his beautiful nonsense, and kept us from thinking. But sometimes he would tattle about Emma, of some money he had saved to buy her a birthday present; of a bowerbird's nest which he had kept for her; of a hymn he had learnt to sing to her. Whenever he spoke of her I raised my hand, till at last the boy drew his horse back, and called to me.

I went back to him. "Why do you raise your hand when I speak of Emma?" he said. "Is she dead?"

"No, my boy. Erne is going to marry her; and he has been ill. I don't know why. Talk of anything else; don't talk of her just now."

The boy lingered after this; I had made him uneasy, and he talked no more.

We were going through some beautiful low wooded ranges: ranges which were only a succession of abrupt rocky hills and valleys in the forest, whose height and depth were so small that they were insignificant beneath the gigantic timber. The road, winding through and over them, never showed us a prospect of more than a few hundred yards: and, going up one of the little valleys, more beautiful than most; for it had been sheltered from the storm, and the trees were untouched, and the tall spikes of heather were blossoming fair and free; here we came on the mail. It was only a scarlet dog-cart, driven tandem, but it seemed to me more terrible than a loaded cannon, about to unlimber and begin firing.

We knew the truth in two minutes. The *Wainoora* had sailed, just as Trevittick had said, on the 11·30 tide on Saturday. "Worse luck," said my friend, the mail-man, but I interrupted him. I would have it all out. Now or never.

"Was my sister aboard, Tom?"

"Yes, Miss Burton were aboard,"

said he, looking at me for one instant, and then looking at his horses. "Oh, yes, your sister were aboard, Mr. James. Likewise Mrs. Clayton along with her. Miss Burke, she weren't on board, for I see her come back along the pier, and box a boy's ears in front of Colton and Martin's. No more were Mrs. Huxtable on board, for she is in bed with twins. And Sam Corry's wife, she weren't aboard, for I see her buying a umberreller in Bass Street arterwards. But Miss Burton, yes, she were aboard, because I see her standing between Captain Arkwright and Mrs. Clayton, as the boat went down the river, waving her hand, good-bye, to Miss Burke."

The man drove on, and I turned to Harry. "Ride home and tell him what you have heard." The boy turned pale, and went silently.

"We had better head for the coast, Erne."

There was no answer, but we did so. In an hour or less, riding down a storm-ruined glen, we came suddenly upon the broad, cruel, beautiful sea—blue, sparkling, laughing, rejoicing under a swift south-easterly breeze, and a bright summer sun.

We turned our horses' heads southward, along the sands which fringed the ocean. I mean the *ocean.* How insignificant the shores of the narrow seas appear to one who has seen, and has not had time to forget, the broad, desolate seaboard which girds the ocean. Its breadth and the eternal thunder of the ground-swell of the rollers, which, in the calmest summer weather, make human life impossible on the margin of the great volume of water, point out the difference between it and the shores of smaller seas at once. A ride along the coast of Australia, with a sailless sea on the right, and a houseless land to the left, is something which, once seen, is never to be forgotten.

I was glad of the ceaseless thunder of the surf, for it prevented us talking; but, when our way was barred by a cape, and we had to turn inland to pass it, we talked none the more. I do not know when I first began to despair; but I know that I hardly spoke to or looked at Erne the whole of that weary day.

Some time in it, some time in the afternoon, I pushed my horse forward, for I saw a naked man lying asleep in the sun high up on the sand. Asleep, indeed—in the last sleep of all—with his face buried in the sand. When I raised his head, I remember, I saw the mark of his face taken off in the moist sand below, as perfectly as could have been done by an artist. But he was none of the *Wainoora's* people; for the wreck of a little coasting craft still lay about two hundred yards to sea, saved from utter destruction by the barrier of coral reef over which she had been partly blown. The poor young fellow had stripped and tried to swim ashore, but the rollers had drowned him. Of his shipmates we saw no sign. Their bodies had sunk with their clothes, and had not yet been cast up; but, while we talked in a low voice together over him, there came from the low, shrub-grown sandhills shoreward, a mangy cur, a regular sailor's dog, who yelped round us in the madness of his joy. He had, I suspect, been watching his master, like a true-blue British cur, but had gone into the scrub foraging. Our arrival, he seemed to consider, had put matters on their old footing. It was all right now; he bestrided his master's body and barked aloud with joy. When we rode away, he, conceiving that we were merely going for assistance, followed us to give us advice, but when we had gone a mile he stopped. We whistled and he came again, with his head on one side inquiringly. When we moved on he lost confidence in our intentions, and went scudding back as hard as he could to the corpse. I don't know what became of him, any more than I know what became of the Duc D'Enghien's spaniel who lay in the ditch at Vincennes one memorable morning.

Where was the *Wainoora?* No answer from the thundering surf, from the screaming seabirds, from the whispering woodlands which fringed bay and cape; only an answer in my own

heart, which grew louder and more inexorable as time went on.

We came to the lonely lighthouse, standing on the mainland, behind the bird islands, which lay purple and quiet before us, twenty miles at sea. The lighthouse keepers shook their heads. Not only had they seen nothing of her, but the comrades of the lighthouse in the furthest of the islands seaward had no report to give. They would not say the word, but I saw it in their eyes.

At Palmerston we got intelligence. A ship had made the harbour, by good luck, in the midst of the gale. The captain reported that, nigh a hundred miles to the northward, where, he could not tell, only could guess, he had passed a small screw steamer, with only her foremast standing, steaming in the teeth of it, and seeming to hold her own. The sea was getting up then, he said, and the last he saw of her was, when she was clinging to the side of a great wave, like a bat on a wall.

This was all the account of her we got, and we never, never got any more. From the wild shore, from the wilder sea—from the coral reef and sandbank, from the storm-tost sailor, or from the lonely shepherd on the forest lands above the cruel sea, no answer but this. She had sailed out of port, and she never made port again. A missing ship, with the history of her last agony unwritten for ever!

CHAPTER LXXXI.

THE END.

Yes; Emma was drowned; whelmed in the depths of the cruel sea—her last work over; the final ministration of all pursued while the ship ceased to leap, and began to settle down; cheering the soul of the wretched woman who was her companion, and for whom she was dying; making, by her own high example, the passage from this world to the next less terrible to her trembling companion.

At least, so we may gain from the tenor of her life: of a certainty we shall know nothing. Not so much as a hen-coop of the *Wainoora* was ever picked up at sea or on shore. Arkwright and his brave men shall lounge upon the quay no more for ever.

I leave Emma Burton to your judgment; and you will, I think, deal leniently with her. We must say a few words about the other people who have borne us company so far, before we take leave of them.

Erne Hillyar, reserving for himself only a younger brother's share of the fortune, made over the rest to Sir Reuben, in order that the baronetcy might be kept up in a befitting manner; so that Sir Reuben found himself suddenly in a very elevated position, with the means of gratifying every taste.

He developed very soon into a most terrible dandy, placing steadily before him the object of being the best-dressed man in London. He never actually attained it, but he got very near the top of the tree. He was very kindly received in society, and very soon began to get on. As his father once said to him, "I have seen many a dandy made out of such stuff as you." He at first patronised the ring and the river extensively; but, since his marriage with Miss Cockpole, daughter of Sir Pitchcroft Cockpole, he has given this up, and has taken to fox-hunting and pheasant-shooting. He is most universally and most deservedly popular.

He naturally leads one on to Samuel Burton. Samuel lives at Palmerston, and his wealth has very much increased. He does not look a bit older since we first knew him; in fact, he is not what one would call an old man even yet, and has probably many years of life before him. His life has been sufficiently decent, and his wealth sufficiently large, to enable him to enter in some sort into the ordinary society of the little township; which may possibly do him good. Nobody but Sir George ever knew of the jewel robberies; and the stolen money seems to have prospered as far as bringing excellent interest goes. That is all I know about Samuel Burton.

Those two most excellent middle-aged gentlemen, the Hon. Jack Dawson, and

James Burton, are always together at one or the other's house. They go long journeys together on horseback; and mighty pleasant it is, going through a forest at sunset, to see the two square grey heads, jogging on, side by side; and pricking on to receive their kindly salute. They are prospering as they deserve.

The Honourable James Burton, the simple good-humoured ex-blacksmith, who has told so much of this story, was over in England in 1862, as commissioner to the International Exhibition. The other Cooksland Commissioner was the Honourable Joseph Burton, his brother. Mrs. James Burton and Mrs. Joseph Burton were compared by some people as samples of Australian beauty. But, in fact, neither of them was Australian. Mrs. James Burton was a Wiltshire girl, who had once been a servant; and Mrs. Joseph was the widow of Lieutenant North, of the Engineers. Mrs. James was undoubtedly the most beautiful; and many people were very much taken by the extreme repose of her manner; but she could not for a moment compare with Mrs. Joseph in vivacity and powers of conversation. They were, both of them, however, in their different ways, thought very nice.

Mr. Compton is dead, and has left all his money (96,000*l.*, by the way) to Baby, Sir George Hillyar's boy, who has been sent over to England by James Oxton, and is now at Harrow. This leads us to speak of the Dowager Lady Hillyar.

Some folks say that she is not quite so cracked as she was; but some, on the other hand say that she is worse than ever. *Que voulez-vous?* One thing we know about her which seems worth mentioning.

When she heard of Sir George's death, she secluded herself, and they feared the worst consequences. But, after a short time, her grief grew tranquil; and then they discovered that death had removed the cloud which sin had brought between George and Gerty, and that she loved him with the same passionate devotion as ever. She is much alone now, and her voice is less gay. Sometimes a solitary shepherd, far in the aisles of the dark forest, will be startled by seeing a figure in black pass slowly across the farther end of some long-drawn glade, and disappear into the boscage once more; and then he will say to himself, "The mad Lady Hillyar." Or the native, crouched by the lake in the crater, waiting for the wildfowl; by the lonely shoreless lake unfolded in the steep treeless downs, will watch with eager curiosity the black figure—the only dark thing in the blazing landscape—which slowly crosses a segment of the sunny slope, tops the hill, and is gone. But, whenever her wandering feet bring her home—and where is her home but with James Oxton?—whenever she comes into the room where he sits, his wife will notice that a shade will cross his face, as though he said to himself, "It was I did this."

Erne turned his back on a country which had become hateful to him, and, coming to England, managed to get a commission in the army (he was but just of age), and disappeared into the war-cloud in the East.

There is one more figure I should like to see before I close; and part from the reader. Ah! here. Who is this tall woman, standing so steady and so firm on the very summit of this breezy cape? She has dismounted from her horse, and is quite alone; the bridle is over her left arm, and with that hand she has gathered up the loose folds of her riding habit, which fits her magnificent figure so nobly; but with her right hand, with the hand which holds her whip, she is shading her eyes, for she is gazing steadily seaward. Why loiter here, Lesbia Burke, idly dreaming? That happened five years ago, and can the sea give up its dead? Sooner shall one of those purple islands at which you are gazing, break from its moorings and ground in the surges which are thundering three hundred feet below than shall the dead come back. But good-bye, Lesbia Burke; a hundred times good-bye!

A SON OF THE SOIL.

PART XVII.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"HOLMBY is not my house," said Mr. Meredith as they drove up the avenue; "I took it to please Alice. She has a fancy for the north now, as she used to have for the south." As he said this he gave a wistful side-glance at Colin, who had scarcely spoken during all the drive; and even to this speech the young man made little response. The house was a pale grey house, of rough limestone, like the humbler houses, surrounded with wood, and bearing anything but a cheerful aspect. The avenue was long and straight, and the cold commonplace outline of this secluded dwelling-place filled up the vista between the two dark lines of trees, growing gradually more distinct as they approached. Everything had a certain visionary aspect to Colin at this moment, and the look of the house irritated him, as if it had been a type of the commonplace existence which he was henceforward to lead. He could not keep the cloud that was on his mind from appearing also on his countenance, though, at the same time, he could not help observing that Mr. Meredith looked at him often with a regard that was almost pathetic. To be sure, there was nothing very elevated in the aspect of this man, whose history was not one which Colin liked to think of; but still it was evident that his heart was trembling for his child, and that he was conveying to her the lover whom he had once rejected and insulted, as he might have carried a costly medicine, hard to procure and of doubtful efficacy, but still the only thing that there was any hope in. Colin recognised this wistful look by the freemasonry of a mind equally excited, though in a different way; and, as for Lauderdale, he looked on at both with a painful doubt and uncertainty which had never yet entered into his thoughts in respect to Colin. For all this time he had been trying to think it was Alice's father, or even Alice herself, who was to blame; and now only he began to see clearly the reluctance of his friend to its fullest extent—his reluctance and, at the same time, that almost fantastic honour and delicacy which kept the young man from avowing even to his closest companion the real state of his feelings. So that now, at the first moment for a long time in which the fulfilment of Colin's engagement began to appear possible, Lauderdale, who had preached to him of constancy, who had longed after Alice, who had taken every opportunity of directing to her the truant thoughts of his friend, for the first time faltered. He began to see the other side of the question just at the time when it would have been agreeable to ignore it. He saw not only that Colin's happiness was at stake, but that it would be better for Alice even to break her heart, if that was inevitable, than to be married, not for love, but for honour; and unhappily he recognised this just at the moment when Sir Bayard, Sir Quixote, whatever absurd title you may please to give him—the Mistress's son, who was incapable of leaving a woman in the lurch, or casting upon her the shame of rejection—was going on to meet his fate. From this it will be seen that it was a very subdued and silent party which was at this moment driving along the long avenue under the trees, and making Alice's heart beat, in-doors on her sofa, with every turn of those wheels on the gravel. "Is papa alone?" she asked of her little sister, who was at the window; and her heart was jumping up into her throat when she uttered that simple question, as if it would take away her breath. When

she received for answer a lengthened and interrupted description of the two gentlemen who accompanied Mr. Meredith, Alice put her head back on her pillows and closed her eyes in the sudden faintness of her great joy. For she in her simplicity had no doubt about Colin. If he had not loved her he would not have turned back; he would never have come to her. It was the tender guardian of her loneliness, the betrothed in whom she had reposed the entire faith of her nature, whom her father was bringing back to her; and, so far as Alice was concerned at this moment, the four intervening years had no existence. She had seen nobody and done nothing during that dreary interval. Ill-health, and seclusion, and mourning had made it appear to her that her life had temporarily stopped at the time when Mr. Meredith carried her off from Frascati. And now, with Colin, life and strength and individuality were coming back. This was how the matter appeared on her side of affairs, and it seemed to Alice the natural solution of the difficulty; for, after all, but for her father's cruel persistence against her, which Providence by many blows had broken and made to yield, she would have been Colin's wife for all those years. And now, the one obstacle being removed, it seemed only natural to her straightforward and simple intelligence that the long-deferred conclusion should arrive at last.

Both she and the little sister at the window were in mourning. Mrs. Meredith was dead—the stepmother, who had been Alice's greatest enemy; and, of all the children who had once made their father indifferent to his elder son and daughter, the only one left was the little girl, who was giving her sister an elaborate description of the gentlemen who were with papa. This was why Mr. Meredith had yielded. Alice judged, according to her simple reckonings, with a little awe of the terrible means employed, that it was Providence who had thus overturned her father's resolution, and made him yielding and tender. It did not occur to her to ask whether for her happiness it was just or reasonable that so many should suffer; she only accepted it as providential, just as Colin four years before had persuaded himself that all the circumstances which had thrown them together were providential. And now the climax, which the poor girl permitted herself to think God had been bringing about by all the family convulsions of these four years, came close, and the heart of Alice grew faint with thankfulness and joy. When she heard them coming upstairs she sat upright, recovering with her old force of self-restraint her composure and calmness. Mr. Meredith came in with a little bustle to spare his daughter the agitation of the meeting. "You were quite right, Alice, my love," he said, bringing them hurriedly up to her. "Here is Mr. Campbell and your friend, Mr. Lauderdale. They recognised you at the same minute as you recognised them; and, if I had not been so foolish as to tell John to drive on, we might have picked them up and saved them their walk. I thought she was ill," the anxious father continued, turning his back upon Alice and occupying himself with Lauderdale. "She had a fainting fit yesterday, and I was frightened it was that, or I should have stopped and picked you up. We are a little dark here with all these trees. I would have them cut down if Holmby was mine; but at this window, if you are fond of fine scenery, I can show you a beautiful view."

And it was thus that the two, who parted at Frascati as lovers within a few weeks of their marriage, met in the shaded drawing-room at Holmby. The most exciting events of Colin's life were framed within the interval; but nothing had happened individually to Alice. He seemed to find her exactly where he had left her, though with the sense of having himself travelled to an unutterable distance in the meantime. She did not say much in the tumult and confusion of her joy; she only held out her hand to him, and lifted her soft eyes to his face with a look of supreme content and satisfaction, which had the strangest effect upon

Colin. He felt his doom fixed for ever and ever as he looked into the gentle blue eyes which conveyed to him all that was in Alice's heart. And she had not the slightest suspicion of the heaviness that was in his as he drew a chair near her sofa. "At last!" she said softly, under her breath. The little sister stood by, looking on with round eyes opened to their widest; but, as for Alice, she had no consciousness of any presence but one. And Colin sat down by her without any answer, in his heart not knowing what to say. Her black dress, her languid air, the paleness one moment, and the flush of delicate colour the next, all moved him strangely. Even had he not been Bayard he could not have done anything to wound the fair, feeble creature who looked at him with her heart in her eyes. And naturally the consequence was, that Colin answered in a way far more decisive than any words—by clasping the soft clinging hand, and bending down to kiss it as in the old Italian days. Alice had never had any doubt of her betrothed, but at that moment she felt herself receiving the pledge of a new and more certain troth—and in the revulsion from despondency and weakness her mouth was opened for the first time in her life—opened with a fulness, the thought of which would have covered poor Alice with misery and confusion if she could but have known what was passing in her companion's heart.

"I had grown so tired of waiting," she said, scarcely aware that she was speaking; "I was wearying, wearying, as Mr. Lauderdale used to say; and to think you should be passing so near, and perhaps might have passed altogether, and never have known I was here! Oh, Colin, it was Providence!" said Alice, with the tears in her eyes.

And poor Colin, who did not know what to say, whose heart was bursting with the profound pity and instinctive tenderness of old, and with that sense that all his own imaginations were ended for ever, and his future decided for him without any action of his own—Colin could find no answer to make. He bent down again on the pale, soft hand which he held in his own, and kissed it once more with that tender affection which was anything in the world but love. "Yes," he said, but it was more to himself than to her, "I think it was Providence." Alice had not an ear that could hear the despair that was in the words—for indeed it was a despair so mingled with softer emotions, with sympathy and anxiety, and a kind of fondness, that nobody could have found it out who did not know Colin to the bottom of his heart. This was how the meeting was accomplished after all those years; for by this time Lauderdale had looked at the view without seeing it, and was returning to see how his friend had gone through this encounter, and to claim Alice's recognition for himself. The two spectators who approached from the window, where they had been pretending to look at the view, were, to tell the truth, as much agitated as the young people themselves. Perhaps even, on the whole, a stranger, not knowing anything about the matter, would have concluded that it was Lauderdale and Mr. Meredith who were moved the most; for perhaps there is nothing which can happen to one's self which moves one so profoundly as to watcha crisis of fate passing over another human creature whom one loves, yet whom one cannot die for or suffer for, and whose burden has to be borne, not by us, but by himself. Alice's father, for his part, looked upon this meeting somehow as his child's last chance for life, or rather, it would be better to say, as his own last chance to save her life and preserve her to himself; and Lauderdale saw Colin's happiness, which was almost of more importance than his life, hanging upon the doubtful expression in the sick girl's eyes. When the two turned back, it was impossible to mistake the sweet joy and serenity of Alice's looks. Excitement was unnatural to her in all circumstances. She had been agitated profoundly for a moment; but now all that was over, and the content of old had returned to her face. The same look that Lauderdale remembered at Frascati—the look which greeted Colin's arrival—not any tumult

of delight, but a supreme satisfaction and completeness, as if there remained nothing more in the world to be looked for or desired! She half rose up to meet her old friend as he came back to her, himself greatly moved, and not venturing to look at Colin, and held out both her hands to him. "Oh Mr. Lauderdale, I have not told you how glad I am, nor how I have been *wearying*," said Alice. She said even that word—the word she had once laughed at—as if with a soft appeal to his recollection. She had said it so often to herself in those long years—half because it was Scotch, and pleased her yearning fancy; and half because there was a lingering depth of expression in it, like her long watch and vigil. And then she smiled in his face, and then cried a little. For, notwithstanding her tranquillity, all this had tried her weakness, and proved a little more than she could bear.

"You must not agitate yourself, Alice," said Mr. Meredith, taking, as most men do, the result of her past agitation for the thing itself. "She is still a little weakly, but I hope now we shall soon see her strong again." This he said with again a covert glance at Colin, who was still sitting close to the sofa of Alice, with his face shaded by his hand. Notwithstanding that shade the young man knew by instinct the look that was being directed upon him, and turned to meet it; and on his face there were greater marks of agitation than on that of Alice, which had been relieved by her tears. He was pale, and to Lauderdale's anxious eyes seemed to have fallen back from his vigour of manhood for the moment into that unassured youth which he had left behind him for years. And then the voice of Mr. Meredith had an effect upon Colin's mind altogether different from that produced by the soft familiar tones of Alice. When the father spoke, Colin's heart shut fast its doors, and rose up against the impending fate.

"If Miss Meredith was ill," he said, with a little bitterness, taking at least advantage of the rights thus pressed back upon him to repulse this man, whom he could not help disliking in his heart, "I am surprised that you did not let me know."

This speech was so unexpected and sudden, and there was in it such an amount of suppressed exasperation, that Lauderdale made a step forward without knowing it, and Alice put out her hand vaguely to arrest the vehemence of her betrothed. As for Mr. Meredith, he was as much relieved by the assumption of right in Colin's words, as he was disturbed by his unfriendly tone.

"My dear sir," said the father, "I hope you will let bygones be bygones. I have learned many severe lessons, and Providence has dealt with me in a way to make me see my errors; but I can safely say that, since I understood the true state of the case, I have always reproached myself for not having shown the gratitude I felt to you."

Colin, for his part, did not make any answer. His temper was disturbed by the struggle he had been going through. He could not cry and get over it, like Alice; being a man it was only in this way that he could give a little vent to his feelings. And then he could relieve himself by putting out some of his pain upon Mr. Meredith, without injury to her who had thus thrown herself undoubtingly upon his love, as she supposed. Perhaps Bayard himself, under the same circumstances, would have done as much.

"I may say, my gratitude to both," said Mr. Meredith, whose anxiety that he might not lose this chance for Alice was so great that it made him almost smile, and who could not help recollecting at that inopportune moment the letter he had written to Lauderdale; "I know that Mr. Lauderdale also was very kind to my poor boy. I hope you will both excuse the error of the moment," he said, faltering a little. It was hard to own himself altogether in the wrong, and yet in his anxiety he would have done even that for Alice's sake.

"Speak no more of that," said Lauderdale. "Our friend Arthur spoke of his father with his last breath, and we're no like to forget any of his words. It's an awfu' consolation to my mind to see *her* again, and to feel that we're a' friends.

As for Colin, he's a wee out of himself, as is natural. I would have been real vexed," said the philosopher, with the smile that was half tears, and that Alice remembered so well, "being sure of Arthur for a fast friend whenever we may meet again, to have lost all sight and knowledge of you."

He looked at Alice, but it was to Arthur's father that he held out his hand; and, as for Colin, it was impossible for him not to follow the example, though he did it with a certain reluctance which did not escape any of the spectators. And then they all made believe to be composed and at their ease, and began to talk, forming a little circle round Alice's sofa, outside of which the little sister, with her eyes open to their widest extent, still stood, drinking in everything, and wondering much what it could mean.

"And, now that we have you," said Mr. Meredith, "we cannot let you go again. You can go to Windermere, and any other place worth seeing, from Holmby. You must tell me where to send for your things, and we will try to make you comfortable here."

"We have no things but those we carry with us," said Colin. "We are pedestrians, and not fit for ladies' society. I am afraid we must go upon our dusty way, and return again," he added with an involuntary glance at Alice. It was because he thought he was failing of his duty that he said these last words; but they were unnecessary so far as Alice was concerned, who had no suspicions, and, most likely, if she had known his secret, would not have understood it. It did not come into her head as a possible idea that he would thus have come to her again and accepted his old position had he not loved her; and in her truthfulness she had the superiority over Colin, notwithstanding, perhaps, that his motives were of a higher order, and his mode of thinking more exalted than anything that could ever have come into her honest and simple mind.

"Oh, we will put up with your dress," said Mr. Meredith, putting on a heartiness that was scarcely natural to him. "We can be tolerant on that point. I will give orders directly about your rooms. Alice is not well enough to see visitors, and your coats do not matter to her," he went on, with a little laugh; not that he was merry, poor man, but that, like all the rest, he was agitated, and did not know how to give it vent. As for Alice, she did not say anything, but she turned her soft eyes upon Colin with a look that seemed to caress him and his dusty vestments. If he had been in the roughest peasant's dress, it would not have made any difference to Alice. Her soft, tranquil eyes rested upon him with that content and satisfaction which are the highest compliments that eyes of woman can make to man. When he was there she had no longer any occasion to look into the world, or seek further, and she could not but smile at the idea that his dusty coat mattered anything. Thus it was that everything was settled before Colin knew what was being done. The sun was still high in the heavens when he found himself established at Holmby, by Alice's side, an inmate of her father's house; he who had got up that morning with the idea that he was entirely sundered from his old ties, and that nothing in the world was so impossible as such a return upon the past. Even now, when it had taken place, he did not believe it was true or possible, but sat as in a dream, and saw the fair shadow of the Alice of Frascati moving and speaking like a phantom. Would it remain for ever, looking at him with the soft eyes which he felt ashamed to meet, and to which he could make so little response? A kind of despair came over Colin as the slow afternoon waned, and the reality of the vision began more and more to force itself upon him. Everything was so frightfully true and natural, and in reason. He had to baffle not only the eyes of Alice, but those of Lauderdale, who, he felt sure by instinct, was watching him, though he never could catch him in the act, and put him down as of old by the broad, full, half-defiant look which he had learned was his best

shield against all question. Lauderdale had grown too skilful to subject himself to that repulse; and yet Colin knew that his friend observed his smallest action, and heard every word he was saying, however distant he might be. And thus the day passed on in a kind of distracting vision; and they all dined and talked, and looked, as it is the duty of any party of people in England to look, exactly as if they had been all their lives together, and it was the most natural thing in the world.

CHAPTER L.

The evening passed on, Colin could not very well tell how; and he began to see a prospect of escaping a little, and gaining a moment's breathing time, to realize, if he could, the astonishing revolution which had taken place. Alice, who was an invalid, retired early; and after that the conversation flagged, and the three men who had so little in common, and who had been, on the sole occasion which had brought them into contact with each other before, so entirely in opposition, found it hard to know what to say, so as to cultivate all the friendly feelings that were possible and dissipate the disagreeable reminiscences. Mr. Meredith betook himself to the only subject that seemed to him possible—his son's book, which Colin had edited so carefully; but then it is already known to the readers of this history that Colin's opinions were by no means those of the "Voice from the Grave." And then the young man was burning to escape—to get out of doors and feel the wind on his face, and endeavour in the silence and darkness to realize his position. He had to escape not only from Mr. Meredith, who watched him with the anxiety of a man who fears to see his last hope escape him, but also from Lauderdale, who was concerned less for Alice than for Colin, and whose anxiety, now that his mind had been fully awakened, was as great that Colin should not risk his own happiness, as was Mr. Meredith's anxiety that the happiness of Alice should be secured. Of the two, it was the latter whom Colin could meet with most ease; for it was no way necessary that he should open his heart to a man who sought him only as he might have sought a physician; and, indeed, there was a certain relief to his mind in the expression of some irritation and resentment towards Mr. Meredith, who had once insulted him, and was friendly now only from the most interested motives. When he at last found it possible to leave the room where he was sitting, and had actually opened the door to escape into the open air, it was Mr. Meredith who detained him. "Pardon me," he said; "but, if you would but give me five minutes in my own room— I have a great deal to say to you." Colin was obliged to yield, though his impatience was unspeakable; and he followed Mr. Meredith into the library, which, like all the other rooms in the house, was but partially lighted. Here Alice's father gave his guest a chair with solemnity, as for an important conference; and this was more than Colin's powers of self-restraint could bear.

"I cannot ask you to pardon *me*," he said, putting his hand on the back of the chair. "You will, perhaps, understand that all that has happened to-day has disturbed my calculations a little. A man cannot go back four years of his life in so unexpected a way without feeling a little off his equilibrium. May I ask you to postpone till to-morrow what you have to say?"

"Only a moment—only three words," said Mr. Meredith; "I hope you have forgiven me for the mistake which I have regretted ever since. I meant no slight to you, whom I did not know. I was naturally excited to find my daughter in such circumstances; and, Mr. Campbell, I am sure you are generous; you will not let a mere mistake prejudice you against me."

"It was not a mistake," said Colin coldly; "you were right enough in everything but the motives you imputed to me; and I am almost as poor a man now as I was then, with very little

chance of being richer—I may say, with no chance," he went on, with a certain pleasure in exaggerating his disadvantages. "A Scotch minister can make no advance in his profession. Instead of finding fault with what you did then, I feel disposed to bid you weigh well the circumstances now."

Mr. Meredith smiled, with a little air of protection, and drew a long breath of relief. "Alice will have enough for both," he said; "and Providence has taught me by many severe lessons the vanity of riches. She will have enough for both."

It was at this moment that all the bitterness of the sacrifice he was making rushed upon Colin's mind—rushed upon him like a flood, quenching even the natural courtesy of his disposition, and giving him a certain savage satisfaction in wreaking his vengeance upon the rich man, whose riches he despised, and whose money smelt of spoliation and wrong. All the silent rage against his fate which possessed Colin—all the reluctance and disappointment which a higher principle kept in abeyance in presence of the innocent Alice—blazed up against her father in a momentary glare which appalled the victim. Colin might give up his ideal and his dreams for tender friendship and honour and compassion; but the idea of any sordid inducement mingled with these motives drove him the length of passion. It was, however, not with any demonstration but in a white heat of bitterness and angry resistance that he spoke.

"It will be better that we should understand each other clearly on this point," said Colin. "I am not your judge; to say you have done well or ill, but it is a matter on which I may be permitted to have my own opinion. I will not accept a shilling of your fortune. If Alice is content to have me as I am, she shall have all the care, all the tenderness that I can give her; but—pardon me, it is necessary to speak plainly —I will take nothing from you."

Colin stood up with his hand on the back of his chair, and delivered his charge full into the breast of his unsuspecting opponent. Perhaps it was cruel; but there are circumstances under which it is a relief to be cruel to somebody, and the pain in his soul found for itself a certain expression in these words. As for the unhappy victim who received them, the sense of surprise almost deadened the effect for the moment; he could not believe that he had heard rightly. Mr. Meredith was of the Low Church, and was used to say every day that wealth was vanity, and that the true treasure had to be laid up above; but still his experience had not shown him that poor young priests of any creed were generally so far moved by these sentiments as to despise the fortune which a wife might bring them. He was so much amazed that he gave a gasp of consternation at the young man who thus defied him, and grew not pale but grey with an emotion which was more wonder than anger. But Mr. Meredith was not a bad man, notwithstanding that he had ruined several households, and made himself rich at other people's expense; and, even had he felt the full force of the insult personally, his anxiety about Alice would have made him bear it. That fatherly dread and love made him for the moment a great deal more Christian than Colin, who had thus assaulted him in the bitterness of his heart.

"Mr. Campbell," he replied, when he had sufficiently recovered himself to speak, "I don't know what you have heard about me. I don't mean to enter upon any defence of myself. My poor boy, I know, misunderstood some transactions, not knowing anything about business. But, so far as I can see, that matters very little between you and me. I have explained to you that my conduct in reference to yourself was founded on a mistake. I have expressed my gratitude to you in respect to my son; and now, if we are to be more closely connected——"

"That depends upon Miss Meredith," said Colin, hastily. "You have opened your doors to me voluntarily, and not by my solicitation; and now it is to *her* that I have a right to address myself.

Otherwise it would have been better if you had not asked me to come here."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Meredith. He thought he saw a doubtful gleam in Colin's eye, and an accent of repugnance in his voice, and he trembled to the bottom of his heart lest perhaps, after all, he might lose this chance of preserving his daughter. "Yes, yes," he said, with a smile, which it cost him a little trouble to assume, and which looked horribly out of place to Colin; "I ought to have learned by this time that it does not do to interfere between lovers. I allow that it lies entirely between her and you."

He might have said a great deal more if his young hearer would have given him time; but Colin was only too glad to escape. The word "lovers" which Mr. Meredith used, the smile which the poor man was so far from meaning, the lighter tone which belied his feelings quite as much as Colin's, drove that young man half frantic with impatience and disgust. At last he managed to get his will, and escaped out of doors, with the cigar which was an excuse for his thoughts. The night was dark, and agitated by a ghostly wind, and the country, utterly unknown, which lay round the house in the darkness, and which neither memory nor imagination presented to the mind of the stranger, increased the natural effect of the gloom and the solitude. He went down through the long, straight opening of the avenue, which was a little less black than the surrounding world, with a sensation of loneliness which was as strange as it was painful. He did not seem to know himself or his life henceforward any more than he knew the wild, strange country over which the night and the wind ruled supreme. It seemed to him as if the solace of friendship, the consolation of sympathy, was also ended for ever; he could not talk, even to those who were most dear to him, of his betrothed or of his marriage—if, indeed, that was what it must come to. He had walked up and down the avenue two or three times, from one end to another, before even a little coherence came to his thoughts. All was so strange and unbelievable as yet; so like a trick of magic played upon him by some malign magician. He was not capable of thinking; but everything passed before him like a vision, appearing and disappearing out of the darkness. His old freedom, his impulses of resolution, the force and fulness of life with which he was young enough to sport, even in its most serious strength, and all the sweet wealth of imagination that had lain hoarded up for him among the clouds—these were things that belonged to yesterday. To-night it was another world that seemed to lie before him in the gloom, a separate sphere from the actual world in which he was standing. Vague limitations and restrictions which he could not identify were awaiting him; and he saw no way of escaping, and yet did not know how he was to bear the future thraldom. As this ferment calmed down a little, Colin began to think of Alice, sweet, and patient, and dutiful as she always was. He even resented, for her sake, his own indifference and repugnance, and said bitterly to himself that it was hard that such a woman should be accepted as a necessary burden, and not longed for as a crown of blessing; but yet, with all that, he could not cheat his own heart, or persuade himself that he wanted to marry her, or that it was less than the sacrifice of all his individual hopes to enter again upon the old relationship, and fulfil the youthful bond. When, however, he attempted to ask himself if he could escape, the same heart which sank at the thought of this bond baffled and stopped him in his question. It was not the same case as that of Lancelot and Elaine, though Colin was the Lancelot in so far that

> "He loved her with all love, except the love
> Of men and women when they love the best."

But then it was he who had knitted in youthful generosity and indiscretion the chain that now lay on his limbs like iron. Alice had done nothing unmaidenly, nothing that in all honour and delicacy she ought not to have done. To be sure, another man as honourable

as Colin might have given her to understand, or permitted her to find out, the change which had taken place in his sentiments. But then Colin could not even assert with any truth that his sentiments had changed. For he was almost as conscious that she was not the woman of his imagination when he led her home from the ilex avenue on the day which determined their fortunes as he was now after the long separation which had not broken the link between them. He had known in his heart that it was not broken, even when he had most felt his freedom; and now what could he do? Perhaps that morning, after the carriage had passed him, after the little cry of recognition which convinced his heart, but which his mind could still have struggled against, he might have turned back as he had once thought of doing, and fled ignominiously. But that moment was past, and there was nothing to be done but accept the results of his own youthful rashness. These were the thoughts that went through his mind as he walked up and down the avenue between the two long lines of trees, hearing the wind roar among the branches overhead, and feeling that henceforward there must always be a secret in his heart, something which nobody must discover, a secret which neither now nor at any time could be breathed into any sympathetic ear. This sense of something to conceal weighed harder upon Colin than if it had been a crime—for there is no crime so terrible but a human creature may entertain the hope some time of relieving his mind of it, and breathing it into the ear of some confidant, covenanted either by love or religion, who will not shrink from him in consequence of that revelation. The sting of Colin's burden was that he could never relieve himself of it, that all the questions raised by it must absolutely confine themselves to his own mind, and must lie unnamed and even unsuggested between him and those friends from whom he had never hidden anything but this. All this he revolved in his mind as he contemplated his position. So far from seeking sympathy, it would be his business to refuse and ignore it, should it be given by any implication, and to seek congratulations, felicitations, instead. All this he was going to do for Alice's sake; and yet he did not love Alice. He looked up at a faintly-lighted window, where there seemed to be a shaded light as in an invalid's room, and thought of her with a mixture of bitterness and sweetness, of tender affection and unconquerable reluctance, of loyalty almost fantastic and the most painful sense of hardship, which it would be impossible to describe. She, for her part, was lying down to rest with her heart full of the sweetest content and thankfulness, thinking with thoughts so different from him how her life had changed since the morning, and how the almost-forgotten sunshine had come back again to remain for ever. This was how Alice was looking at the matter, and Colin knew it in his heart. If she could but walk out of that soft paradise to see the darkness and the turmoil in his mind! But that was what she must never find out. And thus Colin made up his mind, if he could ever be said to have had any doubt in his mind, as to what was to be done. He did not even cheat himself by the hope that anything could happen to deliver him. It was Providence, as Alice had said. Perhaps it might come darkly into the young man's mind to wonder whether those severe lessons which Mr. Meredith said he had had in his family, whether all those fatal losses and sorrows which Alice regarded with awe, yet with a certain devout admiration as God's mysterious way of bringing about her own happiness, could be considered as designed to effect that end which did not make him happy, for, in such a question, personal content or dissatisfaction has a great deal to do with the way in which a man regards the tenor of Providence. Had he been as happy as Alice was, perhaps he too would have concluded that this was but another instance how all things work together for good. But, as he was not happy, he plunged into a world of more painful questions, and returned again as before,

always at the end of a few minutes, after his favourite speculations had beguiled him for a little out of the immediate matter in hand, to realize, as if by a flash of lightning, all the facts of the case, and all the necessities before him. There may be many people who will condemn Colin both for remaining indifferent to Alice, and for remaining faithful to her in his indifference. But this is not a defence nor eulogium of him, but simply a history. It was thus his mind acted under the circumstances. He could conduct himself only according to his own nature; and this is all that there is to say.

All this time Lauderdale was standing at his window, watching in the darkness for an occasional glimpse of something moving among the trees. He had put out his light by instinct, that Colin might not think he was being watched. He kept looking out upon the wild treetops swaying about in the wind, and upon the wilder clouds, dashed and heaped about the sky, with a great sadness in his heart. Colin's nature was not like his; yet by dint of a sympathy which had been expanding and growing with the young man's growth, and a knowledge of him and his ways, which no one in the world perceived to the same extent, Lauderdale had very nearly divined what was in his friend's heart. He divined at the same time that he must never divine it, nor betray by word or look that such an idea had ever entered his mind. And that was why he put his light out, and, watching long till Colin had come in, said his prayers in the dark, and went to rest without seeking any communication with him, though his heart was yearning over him. It was Colin, and not Lauderdale, who was the hero of that silent struggle. Yet perhaps there was no single pang in the young man's suffering so exquisite as that which thrilled through his companion as he resigned himself to an appearance of repose, and denied himself so much as a look at his friend, to whom he had been like a father. At such a moment a look might have been a betrayal; and now it was Lauderdale's business to second Colin's resolution to avoid all confidence, and to save him even from himself.

CHAPTER LI.

After this agitated night the morning came, as morning has a knack of coming, with that calm freshness and *insouciance* which exasperates a mind in distress. What does Nature care about what happened last night or may happen to-morrow? If she had disturbed herself for such trifles, she must have died of it in her first thousand years. The new day, on the contrary, was as gay and as easy in her mind as if in all the world there were no painful puzzles awaiting her, and no inheritance of yesterday to be disposed of. Somehow the sight of that fresh and joyous light revealed to Colin the looks of the fair spring mornings in Italy, which used to burst in upon Arthur's deathbed with what always seemed to him a look of careless surprise and inquiry. But Alice for her part found a tender sweetness in the new day. All that was bright in nature came and paid court to her by reason of her happiness, for there is no fairweather friend so frank in her intruded attentions as Nature, though it is happiness and not grandeur to which she attaches herself. Alice went down to breakfast that morning, which she had not been able to do for a long time. She had laid aside her black dress by instinct, and put on a white one, which had nothing but its black ribbons to mark it as mourning; and there was a little delicate colour on her cheek, and her eyes, though a little too large and clear, had a glimmer of sunshine in them, like the light in a dewdrop. Colin would have been hardhearted indeed, had he refused to be moved by that tender revival of health and hope, which was owing to him solely; and his friends are aware that Colin was not hardhearted. He was, perhaps, even more thoughtful of her, more devoted to her, than he would have been had the timidity of real love been upon him. When the

breakfast was over—and naturally there was still a certain embarrassment upon the party so abruptly united, and made up of elements so unlike each other—Colin and Alice were left together. He proposed to her to go out, and they went out, for Alice had forgotten all about the precautions which the day before were so necessary for her. They went into the avenue, where the daylight and the sunshine had tamed down the wind into a cheerful breeze. Nothing of the landscape outside was to be seen from that sheltered enclosure—no more than could have been seen through the close shade of the ilexes at Frascati, which they were both thinking of as they strayed along under the shadow of the trees; but the stately elms and green transparent lime leaves which shadowed the avenue of Holmby were as unlike as could be supposed to the closely woven sombre green which shut out the overwhelming sunshine in the grounds of the Villa Conti. Here the sun was very supportable, to say the truth; there was no occasion to shut it out, and even when a great tree came in the way, and interfered with it, a little shiver came over Alice. And yet it was June, the same month in which they had wandered through the ilex cloister, and watched the span of blue sky blazing at the end, the only indication visible that the great shining glowing world lay outside. Colin was so full of recollections, so full of thoughts, that at first he could find but little to say; and, as for Alice, her content did not stand in need of any words to express it. And, indeed, no words could have expressed, on the other hand, the profound remorseful tenderness, almost more tender than love itself, with which Colin bent over her, and held her supported on his arm.

"Do you remember the ilexes in the Villa Conti?" he said. "It was about this time, was it not?"

"It was on the second of June," said Alice, hastily. She was half vexed that the day had not been marked by him as by her. "Oh, yes, I remember every twig, I think," she said, with a smile. "The second of June was on a Sunday this year. I think I cried nearly all day, for it seemed as if you never would come. And not to know where you were, or how you were, all these four dreary, dreary years!——"

What could Colin do? He pressed the hand that clung to his arm, and answered as he best could, touched even more and more with that tenderness of remorse towards the woman who loved him. "You know it was not any fault of mine. It was your father who sent me away."

"Yes, I know," said Alice; "it was that always that kept me up, for I knew *you* would not change. Poor papa! he has had such dreadful lessons. Mrs. Meredith, you know, and the poor little children! I used to think, if God would only have taken me, and left them who were so happy——"

And here there was a little pause, for Alice had some tears to brush away, and Colin, ever more and more *attendri*, could not but offer such consolations as were natural under the circumstances. And it was Alice who resumed after that, with the simple certainty natural to her mind.

"I see now that it was all for the best," she said; "God has been so good to us. Oh, Colin, is it not true about His mysterious ways? And that everything works together for good, though it may seem hard at the time?"

Perhaps Colin found it difficult to answer this question; perhaps, not being absorbed by his own happiness, he could not but wonder over again if the poor Mrs. Meredith and her children who were dead could have seen that working of Providence in the same light as Alice did. But then this was not a subject to be discussed between two lovers; and, if it was not Providence who had seized upon him in the midst of his thoughtless holiday, and brought him back to the bonds of his youth, and changed all his prospects in the twinkling of an eye, what was it? Not the heathen Fate, taking a blind vengeance upon Folly, which was a harder thing to think of than the ways, however mysterious, of God. These were not thoughts to be

passing through a man's mind at such a moment; but Colin avoided the answer which was expected of him, and plunged into more urgent affairs.

"I must go away," he said; "do not look reproachful, Alice. I do not mean to continue my holiday after this. It seems to me we have waited a great deal too long already." Colin went on with a smile, which he felt to be forced, but which had no such effect upon Alice. "Now that the obstacles are removed I cannot consent to any longer delay; and you know I have a house to take you to now, which I had not in the old times."

"You had always Ramore," said Alice; and the way in which she said it proved to him still once more that, though he had put her out of his mind, Alice had forgotten nothing he had ever said to her. She spoke of the farmer's homely house not as of a place which she heard some vague talk of so many years ago, but as a home for which she had been longing. "And your mother!" said Alice; "if you had the most beautiful house in the world, I want you to take me there first of all; I want you to take me to her."

It will be seen from this that Alice did not think there was anything to be deprecated in Colin's haste. She accepted it as most reasonable, and the thing that was to be looked for. She thought it natural that he should be reluctant to lose sight of her again, as she, for her part, was very reluctant to lose sight of him; and thus they went on to make all their necessary arrangements. In this close and tender interview, as he saw even more and more how Alice depended upon him, how real the link between them had been to her even during those years of separation, and how, in her perfect good faith and simplicity, she considered him, and all belonging to him, as hers, Colin himself came to consider it the most natural and unquestionable conclusion. The pain in his heart softened, his reluctance seemed to melt away. Alice had more beauty at this time of her life than ever she had had before. Her weakness, and the charm of that hidden love which had been so long working in her, and which had now brightened into the fullest blossom, had given an expression hitherto wanting to her eyes. She was more individual and distinct by right of having kept and hoarded that individual attachment in her heart, in defiance of everything that could be done against it; and now in Colin's presence, believing as she did with that confidence which can be born only of love, in his entire interest in everything connected with her, her timidity disappeared, and she hourly gained interest and character. All this had its effect upon Colin so long as the two were together straying through the avenue, crossing the bars of shade and the rays of sunshine, listening to the birds singing overhead and to the rustle of the summer leaves. It was harder work when they went indoors again, when Mr. Meredith's anxious face appeared, and the grave countenance of Lauderdale, carefully cleared of all anxiety, and become, so far as that was possible, altogether inexpressive. Colin was of so uncertain a mood that the very absence of all question in Lauderdale's eyes jarred upon him, though he could not have borne to be interrogated. He was high-fantastical beyond all previous precedent at that moment; and the readers of this history are aware that already, at various periods of his life, it had happened to him to be fantastical enough. The conversation and confidences of the avenue broke clean off when the party were all assembled within. Alice could not say anything before her father of her weariness and waiting, or it would have sounded like a reproach; and Colin, for his part, could not utter a word about his intentions or prospects to any ears but hers. He could speak to her, and she, who accepted everything said without any question, found nothing wanting in his words; and that was already a new link between them; but before her father and his own friend he was dumb. He could not even talk to Lauderdale as he had talked to him four years ago at Frascati; and yet he resented tha

Lauderdale did not ask him any questions. From which it will be seen that nothing could well be less manageable and reasonable than the state of Colin's mind at this moment, when the most important decision of his life was being made.

That evening it was he who sought an interview with Mr. Meredith. It was very clear, in every point of view, that everything should be arranged with the least delay possible. "I have served half as long as Jacob did," Colin said, with a smile, which, however, was far from being the radiant smile of a happy lover; and Alice's father, who was not by any means as confident in Colin's love as Alice was, was so much concerned that his daughter should not lose the happiness which meant not only happiness, but life and strength as well, that he did not venture to make any objections. Neither did the poor man resent the insult, when Colin repeated with mildness, yet with steadiness, his determination to receive nothing from him. Alice had something of her own, which came to her from her mother, the little revenue which Arthur had once had his share of, and on which the two had lived at Frascati: but beyond that, Colin, always superlative, would have none of the rich man's fortune, which was soiled, as he thought, with fraud and cruelty. Whether this accusation was just or unjust, poor Mr. Meredith, who was a kind father, swallowed it without saying anything, and consented to all his future son-in-law's requirements. Colin had made up his mind to leave Holmby at once, to hasten back to Lafton, and make all the preparations necessary to receive his bride; and the marriage was fixed to take place in two months, in August, when Colin could take up again his broken thread of holiday. All this was arranged between the two as an absolute matter of business, requiring no expression of sentiment. If Mr. Meredith thought the young man a little cold and stern, and swallowed that sentiment as he had swallowed the other, after all, perhaps, it was best that in discussing what was a business matter even a bridegroom should talk in a business way. And, then, Alice was unquestionably satisfied, and had regained some colour on her cheek, and some elasticity in her step. She had never been *poitrinaire*, like Arthur. Her illness was a kind of hopelessness, a lingering languor, which was quite as capable of killing her as if it had been a legitimate disease; and this was a malady from which, to all appearance, only Colin and a happy life could deliver her. Under these circumstances, therefore, it was natural that Mr. Meredith, though a little wounded, and even a little alarmed, by the new son-in-law, who meant to have everything his own way, consented to his wishes, being anxious above all things to preserve his daughter. He caressed and petted Alice all the more when his consent had been made known to her, with a kind of faint idea, in his ignorance, that all the indulgences which had surrounded her would be at an end when she put herself under the power of this abrupt and imperious young man. As for Alice, she looked from her father to her betrothed with a serenity and confidence so profound that it went to Colin's heart. "She has been used to be taken care of all her life," her father said, as fathers generally say, but with an odd forgetfulness, for the moment, that Colin knew something about that. "I hope you will be very good to her."

Alice opened her soft lips at this, to give vent to a little ring of laughter so soft that it did not wound even the fantastical delicacy of her Bayard. To doubt Colin seemed to her not so much wrong as absurd, out of all reason. She said, half under her breath, "He has taken care of me before now"—and, to relieve herself of that which she could not express to her father without blaming him, it was to Lauderdale she turned. "You made me feel as if I were a princess," she said to him, and held out her hand to the friend who was looking on with an anxiety so intense that it precluded speech. As for Colin, in the high state of irritation in which he was, the very silence with which Lauderdale

pressed the little hand of Alice between his own aggravated and exasperated him. Why did not he say something? Why did he not look him, the betrothed, straight in the eyes, and ask, "Are not you happy?" Had he done so Colin would have taken it as the direst and most unpardonable offence, but in the disturbed state of his heart and mind he resented the very absence of the question. A man must have some one to bear the brunt of his discontent when things go wrong with him, and in the meantime there was nobody but Lauderdale to bear this blow.

Accordingly, when all was settled, and when it was finally arranged that Colin should leave Holmby next morning and make haste home, to commence his preparations, it was of his own accord that he invited Lauderdale to join him in the avenue for half an hour's talk. The wind had fallen, and the night was very still, but it was almost as dark as on the previous evening, and the gloom had this advantage, that they could not see each other's faces, which was all the better under the circumstances. They had walked almost all the length of the avenue before Colin spoke, and then it was to this effect.

"Lauderdale, look here. I am going home, and leaving you in the lurch. We are not going to Windermere together, as we meant to do. You see, I have things more important in hand. What I want to say is, that you are not to think yourself bound by me. I see no reason why you should return because a—a good fortune so unexpected has come to me."

"Do you mean that you want me to go on my way?" said Lauderdale. "With me there is little need to speak in parables. Say plain out if you would rather be your lane. I am no a man to take offence—not from you."

"Good heavens!" said Colin, in his impatience, "why should you or any one take offence? What I tell you is the plainest statement of the case. I have to go home, but you are not obliged to go home. And why should you break off your excursion for me?"

"If I was minding about the excursion," said Lauderdale, "I would go on. You aye make so much account of yourselves, you callants. As for Windermere, I'm no bigoted, but if it's mair worth seeing than our ain lochs it would be a wonder to me. I'm no for parting company. It's aye been my way of thinking, that even a railroad, seen with four een, was better than the bonniest country in the world, seen with two only. We'll go twain, Colin, if you have no objections, you and me."

And then there was a silence, and the two friends went on together side by side in the darkness, without a word to each other. Between them the ordinary words of congratulation would have sounded like mockery, and then the one divined too clearly the condition of the other to know what to say. Lauderdale, however, knew Colin so well that he knew silence to be as dangerous as speech.

"I have an awfu' desire in my mind," he said at length; "no doubt it's daft-like, but that is no extraordinary. I would like to do something with my hands to please her, now we've found her. I'm no rich, and, what's an awful deal worse, I'm no much good for anything but talk—and maybe she has an inkling of that. What was that yon lad Browning says about Raphael's sonnets and Dante's picture? I'm of that opinion mysel'. I would like to do something with my hands that was nae fit work for the like of me, just to please her; if it was naething better than the things they whittle with their knives away yonder among the Alps," said Lauderdale; and even in the darkness Colin could see the little flourish of his arm with which he had the habit of indicating the never-to-be-forgotten region "away yonder." "Have patience a moment till I've done speaking," he went on; "I've been thinking I would like to take a good day's work at the Manse garden. It's as innocent a thing in its way to plant flowers as to write verses. So I'm saying I'll go home with you, if you've nae objections," said Lauderdale. He came to a conclusion so suddenly, that Colin, who had gradually yielded to

the influence of the familiar tranquillising voice, came to a sudden pause when he stopped short. Lauderdale paused too in his walk when his friend did so, though without knowing why. It was indifferent to him whether he kept walking or stood still; his mind went on pursuing its leisurely meditations all the same.

But Colin's heart was full. He grasped Lauderdale's arm without knowing it, with that sudden impulse of saying something which sometimes comes upon people who must not say what is in their hearts. "Come," he said, with a little choking in his voice, "we will do that day's work together; for I suppose there never was gain, however great, but had loss in it," said Colin. Perhaps he did not know very well himself what he meant, but even these vague words were a little ease to him in their way. And then they went indoors, and the long day came to an end.

This was how the holiday excursion terminated. They left Holmby next day, and went home again; neither the one nor the other thinking any more of the Church Reformation, or of the "Tracts for the Times." When Colin found his MS. in his writing-case when he opened it on the night of his arrival at Ramore to write to Alice, he looked at it with a little wonder, as if it had been a fossil of an early formation unexpectedly disinterred among the fragments of daily use and wont. And then he returned it to its pocket, with something that looked like a very clumsy attempt at a smile. There are points of view from which a good-sized tree or a shepherd's cottage may blot out a mountain; and everybody knows how easily that is accomplished on the moral horizon, where a tiny personal event can put the greatest revolution in the background. It would be too long to tell the wonder and admiration and perplexed joy of the Mistress, when she heard of the accident which had put an end to her son's journey. Her joy was perplexed, because there was always a shadow which she could not decipher upon Colin's countenance; and, even if her mother's pride would have permitted her to consult Lauderdale on such a subject, or to suffer either him or herself to suppose for a moment that he could know more about her boy than she did, Lauderdale's lips were sealed. Colin stayed only a night at Ramore to let his family know of what was going to happen, and then he hurried on to Lafton, still accompanied by his friend. They talked of almost anything in the world during that journey, except of the preparations they were going to make, and the change that was to follow; but Colin's great ambition, and his work, and the more important change he meant to work in his native Church and country, had little part in their discussions. At such a moment, when it is next to impossible to a man to talk of what he is thinking of, it is such a wonderful relief for him to escape into metaphysics; and, fortunately, in that department of human investigation, there are still so many questions to discuss.

CHAPTER LII.

If this had been anything but a true history, it would have been now the time for Alice Meredith to overhear a chance conversation, or find a dropped letter, which would betray to her Colin's secret; but this is not an accident with which the present historian can give interest to his closing chapter, because, in the first place, it did not happen, and, in the second, if a second should be thought necessary, Colin had never confided his secret either to writing or to any mortal ear—which is of all ways of securing a private matter the most certain. He thought to himself, as he put his manse in order to receive her, with a certain inexpressible content, that never to any living creature, never even to the air that might have repeated the matter, had he so much as whispered what was the real foundation of the old betrothals, which were now about to be carried out. He had never been so near telling it as on the night before Alice re-appeared in his life—that moment

when the words were half formed on his lips, and nothing but a chivalrous, visionary sense of the respect he owed to a woman had prevented him putting an end to Lauderdale's recollections by a confession which would have closed his friend's lips for ever. Fortunately he had been saved from that danger; and now nobody, even in the depths of their hearts, could say or feel that Alice had been ever regarded by her husband otherwise than as the chosen of a man's heart, the companion of his existence, should be regarded. He had by turns a hard enough struggle during these weeks, when he took refuge in his study at Lafton, in the midst of the disorganized house, where things were being prepared for the arrival of his wife, and in her garden, where Lauderdale had done more than a day's work, and had, indeed, taken the charge of re-arrangement into his hand. But the garden, in those lingering, never-ending summer twilights, in their northern sweetness, was too much for Colin; when the early stars came out on the skirts of the slow departing day, they seemed to cast reproachful glances at him, as if he had abandoned that woman in the clouds. He used to go in with a sigh, and shut himself up in his study, and light his candles; and then, after all, it was a great good fortune that she had never come down out of those wistful distances, and walked upon the common soil, and looked him in the face. As for Alice, if anybody had betrayed to her the exact state of affairs, if she had been made aware of this mysterious and invisible rival, towards whom, in the depths of his heart, Colin sighed, the chances are that she would only have laughed, in the supreme security of her ignorance. She could no more have understood the rivalry that was in that dream than she could have comprehended any other or better description of love than that which her betrothed gave her. For the fact is, that nobody need in the least bemoan Alice, or think that her position was one to call for sympathy. She was perfectly content, knowing so little of Colin's heart as she did, and she would have still been perfectly content had she known it much more profoundly. If he had regarded her as he could have regarded his ideal woman, Alice would not have understood, and probably even would have been embarrassed and made uneasy by, such devotion. She had all that she had ever dreamed of in the way of love. Her ideal, such as it was, was fully realized. Colin's tenderness, which had so much remorse in it, was to Alice the most perfect of all manifestations of attachment. When his heart was full of compunctions for not giving her enough, hers was smiling with the sweetest pride and satisfaction in receiving so much. It even seemed to her odd by turns how a man so superior should be so fond of her, as she said to herself, in her innocence: for, to be sure, Arthur, though he was not equal to Colin, had given but a very limited consideration to his little sister. And her sense of the difference between Arthur's estimation of her and the rank she held with her betrothed was like the sweetest flattery to her mind. And, to be sure, Alice had reason in these conclusions of hers. She described Colin's affection perfectly in her simple words. It was as true to say he was fond of her, as it was that he did not love her according to his estimate of love. But then his estimate of love was not hers, and she was entirely content.

Thus it came about that these two were married after all the long delay and separation. Alice recovered her health by magic as soon as she began to be happy. And Mr. Meredith, notwithstanding that he smarted a little under the affront put upon him by his new son-in-law, in that singular and quite original development of disinterestedness, which Alice's father, being Low Church, could not but think most unlike a clergyman, was yet so exhilarated by the unrivalled success of his expedient to save his daughter, that all the lesser annoyances were swallowed up. And then he had always the little one remaining, whom he could make an heiress of. It was a quiet wedding—

for the Merediths were comparatively strangers in Westmoreland—but, at the same time, it was not in the least a sad one, for Mr. Meredith did not think of weeping, and there was nobody else to take that part of the business. Alice had only her little sister to leave, who was too much excited and delighted with all the proceedings, and with her own future position as Miss Meredith, to be much overcome by the parting. It was, indeed, a beginning of life almost entirely without drawbacks to the bride. She had nothing much to regret in the past; no links of tender affection to break, and no sense of a great blank left behind, as some young women have. On the contrary, all that was dark and discouraging was left behind. The most exquisite moments of her life, the winter she had spent in Frascati under the tender and chivalrous guardianship of the companions who had devoted all their powers to amuse and console Arthur's sister, seemed but an imperfect rehearsal, clouded with pain and sorrow, for the perfect days that were to come. "I wish for nothing but Sora Antonia to kiss me, and bid God bless us," she said, with the tears of her espousals in her eyes. And it was the best thing Alice could have said. The idyll for which Colin felt himself so poor a hero now, had existed, in a way, among the pale olive-groves, on the dear Albine hills. "Dio te benedica," he said, as he took away his bride from her father's door. It meant more than a blessing when he said it, as Sora Antonia might have said it, in that language which was consecrated to them both by love and death.

The scene and the circumstances were all very different when a few weeks later Colin took his bride to the Holy Loch. It was evening, but perhaps Colin had not time for the same vivid perceptions of that twilight and peaceful atmosphere which a few months before had made him smile, contrasting it with the movement and life in his own mind. But perhaps this was only because he was more occupied by external matters; by Alice at his side, to whom he had to point out everything; and by the greetings and salutations of everybody who met him As for Alice herself, in her wistfulness and happiness, with only one anxiety remaining in her heart, just enough to give the appealing look which suited them best to her soft eye, she was as near beautiful as a woman of her unimposing stature and features could be. She was one of those brides who appeal to everybody, in the shy radiance of their gladness, to share and sympathize with them. There are some people whose joy is a kind of affront and insult to the sorrowful; but Alice was not one of them. Perhaps at that supreme hour of her life she was thinking more of the sad people under the sun—the mourners and sufferers—than she had done when she used to lie on her sofa at Holmby, and think to herself that she never would rise from it, and that *he* never would come. The joy was to Alice like a sacrament, which it was so hard to think the whole world could not share, and, as her beauty was chiefly beauty of expression, this tender sentiment shed a certain loveliness over her face as she stood by Colin's side, with her white veil thrown back, and the tender countenance, which was veiled in simplicity, and required no other covering, turned towards Ramore. Her one remaining anxiety was, that perhaps Colin's mother might not respond to the longing affection that was in her heart—might not take to her, as she said; and this was why her eyes looked so appealing, and besought all the world to take her into their hearts. When it came to the moment, however, when Colin lifted her out upon the glistening beach, and put her hand into that of his father, who was waiting there to receive them, Alice, as was her nature, recovered her composure. She held up her soft cheek to Big Colin of Ramore, who was half abashed by the action, and yet wholly delighted, although in Scotch reserve he had contemplated nothing more familiar than a hearty clasp of her hand. She was so fair a woman to his homely eyes, and looked so like a little princess, that the farmer had scarcely courage to take her into his arms, or,

as he himself would have said, "use so much freedom" with such a dainty little lady. But Alice had something more important in her mind than to remark Big Colin's hesitation. "Where is she?" she cried, appealing to him first, and then to her husband; "where is she, Colin?" And then they led her up the brae to where the Mistress, trembling and excited, propped herself up against the porch awaiting her. Alice sprang forward before her escort, when she saw this figure at the door. She left Colin's arm as she had never left it before, and threw herself upon his mother. She took this meeting into her own hands, and accomplished it her own way, nobody interfering. "Mamma," said Alice, "I should have come to you four years ago, and they have never let me come till now. I have been longing for you all this time. Mamma, kiss me, and say you are glad, for I love you dearly," cried Alice. As for the Mistress, she could not make any reply. She said "my darling" faintly, and took the clinging creature to her bosom. And that was how the meeting took place, for which Alice had been longing, as she said, for four long years. When they took her into the homely parlour of Ramore, and placed her on the old-fashioned sofa, beside the Mistress, it was not without a little anxiety that Colin regarded his wife, to see the effect made upon her by this humble interior. But, to look at Alice, nobody could have found out that she had not been accustomed to Ramore all her life, or that the Mistress was not her own individual property. It even struck Colin with a curious sense of pleasure that she did not say "mother," as making a claim on *his* mother for his sake, but claimed her instantly as her own, as though somehow her claim had been meant. "Sometimes I thought of running away and coming to you," said Alice, as she sat by the Mistress's side, in radiant content and satisfaction; and it would be vain to attempt to describe the admiration and delight of the entire household with Colin's little tender bride.

As for the Mistress, when the first excitement was over, she was glad to find her boy by himself for a moment, to bid God bless him, and say what was in her heart. "If it wasna that she's wiled the heart out of my breast," said Mrs. Campbell, putting up her hand to her shining eyes. "Eh, Colin, my man, thank the Lord; it's like as if it was an angel He had sent you out of heaven."

"She will be a daughter to you, mother," said Colin, in the fulness of his heart.

But at this two great tears dropped out of Mrs. Campbell's eyes. "She's sweet and bonnie; eh, Colin, she's bonnie and sweet; but I'm an awfu' hardhearted woman," said the Mistress. "I cannot think ony woman will ever take *that* place. I'm aye so bigoted for my ain; God forgive me; but her that is my Colin's wife has nae occasion for ony other name," she said with a tender artifice, stooping over her boy and putting back those great waves of his hair which were the pride of her heart. "And I have none of my ain to go out of my house a bride," the Mistress added, under her breath, with one great sob. Colin could not tell why his mother should say such words at such a moment. But perhaps Alice, though she was not so clever as Colin, had she been there, might have divined their meaning after the divination of her heart.

It is hard to see what can be said about a man after he is married, unless he quarrels with his wife and makes her wretched and gets into trouble, or she does as much for him. This is not a thing which has happened, or has the least chance of happening, in Colin's case. Not only did Alice receive a very flattering welcome in Lafton, and, what was still more gratifying, in St. Rule's, where, as most people are aware, very good society is to be found; but she did more than that, and grew very popular in the parish, where, to be sure, no curate could have been more serviceable. She had undoubted Low Church tendencies, which helped her on with many of the people; and in conjunction with them she had little High Church

habits, which were very quaint and captivating in their way; and, all unconscious as she was of Colin's views in respect to Church reformation, Alice was "the means," as she herself would have said, of introducing some edifying customs among the young people of the parish, which she and they were equally unaware were capable of having been interpreted to savour of papistry had the power and inclinations of the Presbytery been in good exercise as of old. As for Colin, he was tamed down in his revolutionary intentions without knowing how. A man who has given hostages to society, who has married a wife, and especially a wife who does not know anything about his crotchets, and never can understand why the bishop (seeing that there certainly is a bishop in the kingdom of Fife, though few people pay any attention to him) does not come to Lafton and confirm the catechumens, is scarcely in a position to throw himself headlong upon the established order of things and prove its futility. No. I. of the "Tracts for the Times" got printed certainly, but it was in an accidental sort of way, and, though it cannot be said to have been without its use, still the effect was transitory, in consequence of the want of continuous effort. No doubt it made a good deal of sensation in the Scotch papers, where, as such of the readers of this history as live north of the Tweed may recollect, there appeared at one time a flood of letters signed by parish ministers on this subject. But then, to be sure, it came into the minds of sundry persons that the Church of Scotland had thoughts of going back to the ante-Laudian times in robes of penitence, to beg a prayer-book from her richer sister—which was not altogether Colin's intention, and roused his national spirit. For we have already found it necessary to say that the young man, notwithstanding that he had many gleams of insight, did not always know what he would be at, or what it was precisely that he wanted. What he wanted, perhaps, was to be catholic and belong to Christendom, and not to shut himself up in a corner, and preach himself and his people to death, as he once said. He wanted to keep the Christian feasts, and say the universal prayers, and link the sacred old observances with the daily life of his dogmatical congregation, which preferred logic. All this, however, he pursued in a milder way after that famous journey to Windermere, upon which he had set out like a lion, and from which he returned home like a lamb. For it would be painful to think that this faithful but humble history should have awakened any terrors in the heart of the Church of Scotland in respect to the revolutionary in her bosom; and it is pleasant to be able to restore the confidence to a certain extent of the people and presbyters of that venerable corporation. Colin is there, and no doubt he has his work to do in the world; but he is married and subdued, and goes about it quietly like a man who understands what interests are involved; and up to the present moment he has resisted the urgent appeals of a younger brotherhood, who have arisen since these events, to continue the publication of the "Tracts for the Times."

It is at this point that we leave Colin, who has entered on a period of his life which is as yet unfinished, and accordingly is not yet matter for history. Some people, no doubt, may be disposed to ask, being aware of the circumstances of his marriage, whether he was happy in his new position. He was as happy as most people are; and, if he was not perfectly happy, no unbiassed judge can refuse to acknowledge that it was his own fault. He was young, full of genius, full of health, with the sweetest little woman in the kingdom of Fife, as many people thought, for his wife, and not even the troublesome interpellations of that fantastic woman in the clouds to disturb his repose. She had waved her hand to him for the last time from among the rosy clouds on the night before his marriage day; for if a man's marriage is good for anything, it is surely good against the visitings of a visionary creature who had refused to reveal her-

self when she had full time and opportunity to do so. And let nobody suppose that Colin kept a cupboard with a skeleton in it to retire to for his private delectation when Alice was sleeping, as it is said some people have a habit of doing. There was no key of that description under his pillow; and yet, if you will know the truth, there was a key, but not of Bluebeard's kind—it was a key that opened the innermost chamber, the watch-tower and citadel of his heart. So far from shutting it up from Alice, he had done all that tender affection could do to coax her in, to watch the stars with him and ponder their secrets; but Alice had no vocation for that sort of recreation. And the fact was, that from time to time Colin went in and shut the door behind him, and was utterly alone underneath the distant wistful skies. When he came out, perhaps his countenance now and then was a little sad; and perhaps he did not see so clear as he might have done under other circumstances. For Colin, like Lauderdale, believed in the *quattr' occhi*—the four eyes that see a landscape at its broadest and heaven at its nearest. But then a man can live without that last climax of existence when everything else is going on well in his life.

SPRING FANCIES.

I.

Gone were but the winter,
Come were but the spring,
I would go to a covert
Where the birds sing
Ding-ding, ding-a-ding.

Where in the whitethorn
Singeth the thrush,
And the robin sings
In a holly bush
With his breast ablush.

Full of fresh scents
Are the budding boughs,
Arching high over
A cool green house,
Where doves coo the arouse.

There the sun shineth
Most shadily;
There sounds an echo
Of the far sea,
Though far off it be.

II.

All the world is out in leaf,
Half the world in flower;
Faint the rainbow comes and goes
In a sunny shower;
Earth has waited weeks and weeks
For this special hour.

All the world is making love;
Bird to bird in bushes,
Beast to beast in glades, and frog
To frog among the rushes:
Wake, O south-wind sweet with spice,
Wake the rose to blushes.

All the world is full of change;
To morrow may be dreary:
Life breaks forth to right and left,
Pipe the wood-notes cheery:
Nevertheless there lie the dead
Fast asleep and weary.

III.

If it's weary work to live,
It will rest us to lie dead,
With a stone at the tired feet
And a stone at the tired head.

In the waxing April days
Half the world will stir and sing:
But half the world will slug and rot
For all the sap of spring.

Christina G. Rossetti.

ESSAYS AT ODD TIMES.

IV. OF A WHITE UMBRELLA.

At this season of frost and snow, it is pleasant to me to look upon an old white umbrella which stands in a corner of my study. Not that there is aught very attractive in the thing *per se.* It is merely one of those contrivances which sketchers use for warding off the glare of the sun from the paper they are drawing on. Having a jointed stick some five or six feet long, it can be stuck in the ground over the artist's camp stool, and thus form a sort of small moveable tent under which he can pursue his work throughout the long summer's day on Welsh mountain or by Devonshire trout-stream. I dare say the reader has often seen the thing I am describing at Lynmouth or about Snowdonia. In the neighbourhood of Bettws-y-Coed they are as plentiful as blackberries. But some of the happiest days of my life have been spent under that white umbrella; and the sight of it brings them back to me in all their freshness. I seem to hear the murmur of the sea, and the lapse of the brook over its pebbly bed. I see once more the wild, desolate moorland stretched before me, strewn with blocks of moss-patched slate-rock, such as Harding only could draw. I am afloat on the still lake again, fly-fishing from a leaky boat, in the dewy morning, or at the calm twilight hour when the red light dies out of the west, and the cold shadows deepen upon the mountains. That white umbrella brings all these things clearly before me. The scent of the heather still lingers in its calico; and, to parody Mr. Kingsley's verse, "The wind rattles hoarse through its whale-bones."

And herein chiefly lies the value of his sketches to the amateur artist. It is not that as works of art they have any intrinsic worth of their own. Indeed, how seldom satisfactory are the works of the professional artist to a critical eye! But the relative value of the amateur's sketches is very great to him. From the mere fact of having sat down for three or four hours of successive days to study a certain bit of nature, that scene is impressed upon his memory for ever. He can summon it at will before "the mind's eye." He has made himself acquainted with all its peculiarities. He has seen it probably under its different aspects of calm and storm. His art has taught him to see and to recollect. So that, if the contents of his portfolios are feeble,—

> "Yet doth Remembrance, like a sovereign prince,
> For him a stately gallery maintain
> Of pleasant pictures."

You do not know, in fact, what a mountain is till you have sketched it. You do not know what a tree is till you have copied its branches one by one, as they spring from the parent trunk, and have noticed how, like living things (as indeed they are), they push forward to the blessed light, yet not hurtfully to each other, as men and women would under like circumstances, but each one using his own little modicum of free space to extend himself prudently and unaggressively to the light and air which are to feed him, and how marvellously the gap made by the dying of one limb is filled up immediately by a dozen others, who accommodate themselves, I fear, as pleasantly and selfishly as human creatures do, to the vacant promotion which a death has caused. In fact, my friendly reader, you know nothing about the life of a tree, its struggles, its successes, and its failures, till you have tried to sketch it upon paper—it matters not how clumsily, if only with something of reflection, and of sympathy with its nature.

Sketching from nature then is to the amateur of art what the study of Greek

is to the scholar. There is no such method for mastering the meaning of a book, for getting at its heart, if I may so say, as to have read it in a language with which we are not thoroughly familiar, which obliges us to dwell more or less on every word it contains. And none but those who have patiently studied Nature under her varying moods, as the sketcher must, can know the deep signification of those many voices through which she speaks to man.

For "the use of art," as Bacon tells us, "hath been to give some shadow of "satisfaction to the mind of man in "those points wherein the nature of "things doth deny it :—a more ample "greatness, a more exact goodness, a "more absolute variety, than can be "found in the nature of things." Hence it is that the interest of a picture depends mainly upon the human element interfused in it, upon the human sentiment which created it. When we stand before the landscape painting of a master, we say:—That scene under a certain aspect and at a certain time looked so to this man, so and no otherwise. Being a poet, he saw in it what the peasant who accompanied him and carried his white umbrella, did not see—

> " A presence that disturbed him with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and *in the mind of man.*"

And, seeing these things, he has noted them down for us, as a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ, a joy for ever. In truth, his picture—it is himself! Whatever of nobleness, whatever of reverence for fact, whatever of originality, whatever of beauty we see there, we may look for in the man himself. In him these qualities live, and move, and have their being. And from him they have come forth to be embodied in the work of his hand.

"Where," said a tiro to one of the old painters, "where do you get the model from whom your Madonnas are painted? For I, too, would gladly look upon so much majesty, humility, and grace." "Here!" said the master, calling his old colour-grinder to him ; and, placing the man, an aged cripple, in a certain posture before him, the outlines of a face and form so postured soon grew upon his canvas ; but it was the beautiful form of a woman, and the face of the virgin-mother. And I myself once received a lesson of a similar kind, which I have not forgotten. Living in a country essentially destitute of the features which artists love, being flat, treeless, and agricultural, a country once characterised by a witty, worthless king as only fit to be cut up into roads by which its inhabitants might get away from it, I had often bemoaned myself on account of the dearth of the beautiful about me, and looked in vain for subjects for my sketch-book. I naturally expected, therefore, much sympathy from an artist, an old friend of mine, who came to spend a few days with me one summer. The morning after his arrival, however, I found him under the white umbrella in a bit of waste ground at the back of my house, where a few straggling beeches and elms surround an old barn and some outhouses. In the midst of faggots, and hen-coops, and dust-heaps, and other rubbish which collects in such places, he had taken up his position, and had begun a large drawing in water-colour of two or three of these trees, which he said were most picturesquely grouped. And so indeed it seemed. At any rate, with trees and sky, and some felled timber lying amidst docks and mallow leaves, he produced a charming picture, full of light and colour and beauty. "My dear fellow," he said to me, on taking leave, "I have been through the best part of the Highlands this year ; yet I rather think that I shall send this," touching the portfolio with his sketch made at my barn-door, "as my contribution to the——gallery in the spring."

Herein it is that the photograph, wonderful mirror as it is of nature, fails signally ; because it is but a mirror. It has no choice. It shows no thought or feeling in its reflection of fact. The mind of the artist seizing upon a certain

aspect of nature whose beauty has stirred its depths, the feeling of the moment passes into the work of his hands, and stamps it with a sentiment which the scene itself might not have suggested to others, but which, as interpreted by him, comes home to us at once. Photography does well enough perhaps for foreground bits, the waifs and strays of landscape; a few wayside stones, a group of ferns upon a crumbling wall, the rugged bole of a tree, with its little forests of moss and patches of lichens,—these things it renders to us with fidelity; and we are thankful for what it can give. But in landscape proper I think it utterly fails. Take up a photograph—the best—and see. You have mountains indeed, trees, the winding river, nay, the very play of light and shadow; but the spirit of the scene is not there. You look upon it as you would look upon a beautiful face, which lies hushed and still in death. Therefore, even as a remembrance of a place we have seen, it seems to me that a photograph is most unsuggestive; and, as a remembrance of a person we have known, most unsatisfactory. When you, sir, call up the image of the woman you love, is it the mere shape of the face you remember, the curve of the eyebrow, or the colour of the cheek? Nay, these are but the outward manifestations of an earthly beauty, which all are privileged to note, which is destined to be the prey of the worm, and to mingle with the common dust. But there has been a moment—perhaps it was *but* a moment—when the eye beamed with a soft and yet most brilliant light, the light of a love that was unfathomable, which absence could never dull, and which death could not destroy: there was a moment when the lip spoke with an unwonted eloquence, though no sound came forth from it; when all the fair face blazed forth into an unearthly paradise-beauty, of which you, and you alone, were the witness; and as you saw her then—at that moment most truly herself—you see her now, and will see her in your dreams for ever!

At any rate, from the visit of my artist friend I have learnt one wholesome lesson, which has stood me in good stead ever since. If I could not find much beauty in the homely scenes around me, it was because I had not enough cultivated "the beautiful" within me. For the poet's dictum is perhaps wiser than he knew, and deeper than he meant:—

> "We receive but what we give,
> And in ourselves alone doth nature live."

If my lot was cast in an ugly and uninteresting country, why, it was true wisdom to make the best of it. If I had no forests from which to sketch, I could at all events take a single tree, and find out as much as I could about that; if I had no mountains to draw from, the elements of which mountains are made lie everywhere beneath my feet. The informing spirit of Nature works as carefully on a small scale as on a large; for she has no journeymen in her employ to "scamp" a little job merely because it is little. There is colour enough in a thatched cottage-roof, with its golden stone-crop and emerald mosses, to kill the brightest tints of Tintoret or Titian; and, as the German poet said of his little garden-walk, "it may be narrow, indeed, but it is everlastingly high, you see."

The study of Art, then, will teach the amateur to observe and to appreciate. And this, believe me, is no small gain. He may never attain much practical skill in the art which he loves; a lifetime of labour is all too little for that. But if it teaches him in some small measure to appreciate that in which he himself has failed, it will have done for him a good and kindly office. Much of the master-work of the world is only to be understood by patient study and reverent attention. But, giving these, his art will, Columbus-like, open a new world before him.

V. OF THE PROFESSIONS.

Having lately returned home after a short absence, on going into my study I found to my dismay that the busy hand of womankind had been at work

there in a laudable endeavour to put things to rights. I need scarcely say that this had resulted in putting everything out of its place. My papers (amongst which were sundry jottings for these "Essays") having been left on the table in apparent disorder, though in reality they were arranged after a certain scientific method of my own, by which I can at once lay my hand upon whatever I want, had borne the brunt of the attack. Some had been crumpled up and thrust into the waste-paper basket; others, more fortunate, had simply been shuffled into neatness and inextricable confusion. So that I inwardly determined that for the future I would write all memoranda upon pieces of paper cut into such patterns as dressmakers use, which are, I believe, regarded by the feminine mind as things sacred and mystical. But, if my papers were disordered, my books had equally suffered at the neat hands of Phillis. No author was in his right place. Dr. Pusey and Dr. Close, whom I had left divided by a long array of Apostolic Fathers, were now elbowing each other for room on the shelf; and Colenso's "Pentateuch and Book of Job" occupied the place which had hitherto been filled by "Pearson on the Creed."

Whilst I looked with a smile at these incongruities, I could not help being reminded of something akin to this which I see in every-day life—I mean the incongruity between many men of my acquaintance and the profession they have adopted. In looking round about me in the world, it often seems as if some bustling hand had been at work on a large scale in putting men out of their proper places. Here are the men and the professions. But they seem in many cases to have been joined together upon the principle which somebody recommends for marriages:—"Write the names of the candidates on slips of paper, put them in a bag, shake well together, and then draw them out by two and two." To be sure this haphazard way of doing things would occasionally produce a good result; and we sometimes see a man who has adopted a profession for which he had no particular liking, settle down to it manfully, determined to make the best of things, and succeeding admirably in his endeavours. There are, of course, also cases in which a boy discovers a strong bent for a particular pursuit, which years only strengthen, so that the man and his profession have grown up together after the manner of that boy-and-girl love which poets sing of.

But for the most part it seems to me that men choose their professions as they get their opinions—at second hand. It will be found, I think, that our main opinions, those which are matter of party debate and strife, which make us Whig or Tory, Churchman or Dissenter, are generally the result of early influence and education; matters of feeling rather than of logical deduction; whilst on the many minor opinions afloat in the world we probably seldom come to any definite conclusion at all, but are always open to conviction. And I fancy that education and family influence have very much to do with the choice of a profession. As a general rule, a man is espoused to his calling as of old a prince was espoused to his wife, before he is of an age to have much voice or choice in the matter. Brought up to look upon a certain course of events as settled, and being a man of placid and easy temper (as most men are), I daresay the prince did not struggle much against the inevitable, but yielded patiently to his fate, and settled down at last into a married life, which was neither very irksome to him nor very delightful. And I think this is often very much the case with men and the professions they have wedded. At any rate, if it be, we can scarcely wonder that a man's business is so seldom his pleasure. I am afraid that the prince often took to himself a mistress. And under such circumstances the professional man generally takes up a hobby.

J., an intimate friend of mine, is a country clergyman, a man of spotless character, and whose life I believe to

be a very happy one. He reads prayers and preaches, and talks to his old men and women, and gets through all his appointed duties in a thoroughly blameless and monotonous manner; but he is a most energetic man in the farming of his glebe. He was married in early life, you see, to a calling he had not fallen in love with. And the wife thus thrust upon him, being, fortunately for him, of an easy temper, does not punish him for any *petits soins* he may pay to the mistress of his choice. But it might be a very different thing if he had to depend upon his professional labours for his bread.

In truth there are many men so constituted that all necessary work is distasteful to them. It is not that they have not the power of working in them. They will actually give the time and labour to unproductive work which, if concentrated on their profession, would insure them advancement and success in life. But this would be altogether discordant with their principles. Work, to be pleasant to them, must be wholly unproductive. The minute it becomes useful or profitable, it also becomes distasteful. I have lately been reading the life of Gray; and his was essentially a case in point. Gray, we are told, spent years of hard labour in the study of heraldry and architecture, as illustrative of the history of his country. And, at a time when archæology as a science was not, he had made many happy discoveries therein, by the comparison of the buildings he visited with the coats of arms which he found sculptured upon them; but, as soon as the time came for him to put his employment to some practical use, and give the results to the world, he straightway abandoned it. He reads through the classics with care, and annotates them skilfully; but no sooner does a friend suggest to him to edit the authors he has so anxiously studied for the benefit of scholars, than he shuts up his books, and enters upon another field of self-imposed toil. And there is something, I suppose, in human nature which makes whatever bears the aspect of necessary work to be distasteful and repulsive to us. I fancy that I ought to finish this Essay to-day; not a hard or unpleasant task surely, being but a commonplace chat about the choice of a profession with a kindly reader. But, simply because the thing wears the aspect of duty it has become irksome to me, and I am anxious to turn away from it, and to devote myself to—well, let us say "the history of the sect of the Essenes."

After all, the men who seem to me to be the happiest in their callings are those whose profession unites hand-work with brain-work—the painter, the sculptor; shall I add the man of science, the surgeon, the author? There is, I suppose, a certain amount of satisfaction in any work which produces a definite and tangible result after a due amount of labour, and of course this is quite apart from the money value of that labour; I am speaking only of work for the work's sake. Holbein amuses himself in the evening, after his day's toil at the easel, with a broad-nibbed pen and a sheet of paper, whereon he sketches any quaint groups which have met his view in the market-place or at the street corner—dashing in the shadows broadly and effectively with a swash of sepia. John Leech illustrates his notes to intimate friends just as he illustrated *Punch*. And the biography of artists has many another story to the same effect. What I will call directly productive labour has in fact more resting-places by the roadside of life than any others. When the artist has finished his picture, or the author his book, he can stop for a while, *pour se délasser*, and take in fresh fuel. And that path, even if it be an uphill one, by which we find a seat here and there where we can rest for a little, and look back or look forward, is not so wearisome to us as the level road which we are forced to tread without a pause to take breath in. It is in this respect that the profession of a clergyman, which common opinion declares to be of all others the pleasantest, fails. The clergyman's work is never

done. The wheel revolves, and yet it seems to make no progress. He, of all men, works most for great results, and of all men he is least privileged to behold them; for of him the saying is most true, that "one soweth and another reapeth." It was strong common sense which said of this profession, "I would rather have chancery suits upon my hands than the care of souls; for I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy one."

Of course all professions and callings may be broadly placed under one of two heads: those which deal with persons, and those which deal with things. But no strict line of demarcation can be drawn between the two. They gradually pass into each other, from the profession of the clergyman, which is purely liberal, having to do with man's spiritual wants solely; through medicine, which deals with man's health; law, his property; arms, his safety; the arts and sciences, incidentally dealing with men as men in elevating their tastes, and extending their knowledge, yet still touching a lower grade as being productive employments; down to the businesses of the world, which deal with things, and are purely selfish in their aims. But for all alike the best professional training is that which enables a man to deal successfully with men; for, whatever be his calling, it is with his fellow-man that he will have most to do throughout his life. The knowledge of chemistry, of botany, of mineralogy,—this is I suppose essentially necessary to the physician; yet, after all, in the exercise of his profession it is with living men and women that he will have to do, much more than with plants, or minerals, or drugs. And so in fact of every calling, and even of every trade. And from a worldly point of view those will ultimately be most successful in their callings whose characters have been most stiffened into self-reliance. Pure gold, we know, has to be mixed with a certain amount of alloy to enable it to be worked up and to pass current in the world. And professional work of any kind, while it strengthens character, undoubtedly debases it—to the standard of the world's currency.

For the tendency of active professional life, especially under an advanced civilization, is to make men one-sided, to destroy in them the "*totus teres atque rotundus*" of the poet. A professional man has to cultivate one faculty at the expense of others; and, like the blacksmith's right arm, that faculty necessarily dwarfs the rest. Each man must have his speciality. We do not leave the whole field of disease to the physician. If he is to get on in life, he must have selected one portion thereof for his special study. And even the artist, if he has once painted grapes to our liking, must devote himself to the delineation of grapes for the rest of his days. Of course a man of sense will strive against this tendency to cultivate one portion of his nature at the expense of another; will fight against, as well as for, his profession; remembering that there is something better even than success in life. Or, if his temptation lie in another direction, if he be the three-cornered peg thrust into the round hole, he will work on manfully till the angularities of his position are rubbed down. He may seem at first to be left behind in the race, and distanced by competitors whom he knows he could beat with a fair start. But, if so, he may console himself with the reflection that in many men the latent genius, like the spark in the flint, has needed to be struck out of them by the sharp and sudden blows of repeated failures. But, through failure or success, let the professional man at any rate take with him the advice of one of the most practical men that ever lived: "Sir," said Dr. Johnson to the patient and receptive Boswell, "get as much force of mind as you can, and keep within your income, and you won't go far wrong."

THE BERKELEYS: A POLITICAL LESSON.[1]

Mr. Grantley Berkeley's "Recollections" contain much tittle-tattle and gossip which will probably interest and amuse many readers. It is fair to the author to say that there are better parts of the book, showing healthy tastes and right feelings. But justice requires it to be added that the book contains also much that is worse than frivolous,—bad taste and questionable morality. It must offend every rightly-constituted mind to see a son of the house, under whatever circumstances or provocations, displaying to the public gaze its discords and disgraces, and revelling in descriptions of the faults and follies of his own blood. The public, however, cannot be expected to look a gift-horse in the mouth. They will read and discuss these volumes, and moralists may turn them to much account. In them may be seen how one error has multiplied and perpetuated mischief and misery among descendants,—

ἄπορον χρῆμα δυστυχῶν δόμος;

in them, too, may be read how happiness may be unknown in a castle, and how the great lord of the vale of Berkeley, with thirty thousand acres, and sixty thousand a year, to say nothing of other possessions, had Care for his constant companion, "lord of his house and hospitality," a tyrant whom wealth could not shake off or accumulated titles charm away.

Our business with this book is to extract from it a political lesson.

The author is the second son in wedlock of the fifth Earl of Berkeley, who, before his marriage with the Countess, in 1796, had had several children by her. The eldest legitimate son is still living, and unmarried, and has forborne to assume the title of Earl of Berkeley. Mr. Grantley Berkeley is, therefore, presumptive heir of the earldom, and he proclaims in these volumes his intention, not only to assume the title if he should survive his elder legitimate brother, but also to reclaim property which, under disputable arrangements and with the same brother's consent, was enjoyed by the late Earl Fitzhardinge, the eldest of the illegitimate sons, and has passed from him to the second illegitimate brother, best known as Admiral Berkeley, and created, since on his elder brother's death he became possessed of the Berkeley estates, Baron Fitzhardinge.

The eldest son of the illegitimate family, who was long known as Colonel Berkeley, having, after his father's death in 1810, attempted and utterly failed to establish his legitimacy before the House of Lords, and having afterwards lived a life, the notoriety of which is perhaps his brother's best excuse for describing it, was in September, 1831, created Lord Segrave, on the occasion of King William's coronation, when Lord Grey was Prime Minister, and was, in August, 1841, promoted by Lord Melbourne to be Earl Fitzhardinge. Lord Segrave entered the House of Lords a few weeks before the memorable debate and division when the Lord Chancellor Brougham vainly begged on his bended knees the passing of the Reform Bill, and an adverse majority of forty-one was the answer, to be followed, however, within nine months by concession. The higher honour of the Earldom of Fitzhardinge was given immediately after the general election of 1841, which had been a severe struggle between Lord Melbourne's Government and the party then led by Sir. Robert Peel, ending in the victory of the latter.

There is a material inaccuracy in Mr. Grantley Berkeley's statement of the circumstances under which the first peerage was given. Colonel Berkeley was made Lord Segrave before the

[1] "My Life and Recollections," by the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley. Two vols. Hurst and Blackett.

passing of the Reform Act, and not, as would be inferred from the following passage, after the election of the first Reformed Parliament of 1832, when three Berkeleys entered the House of Commons for Gloucester, Cheltenham, and West Gloucestershire:—

"Colonel Berkeley having come to an age when the life of a strolling player and the exhibition of his fine figure in gorgeous attire upon the stage had no longer any attractions for him, by way of amusement, and, as he said, to astonish the Tories, resolved to work himself up to the creation of a peerage, his illegitimacy having been definitively settled. Towards the attainment of this object of ambition he had no assistance to look to from any of the powerful houses, he having no friends in the higher ranks of society. His hopes were based on the cupidity of the Whig Government, on their thirst for the maintenance of place and power at any cost, and on his possession of immense but usurped wealth. His wealth, the influence of his wide possessions, and the sway attendant on the castle towers as they looked over the fertile acres of the rich vale of Berkeley, that had maintained them for so many centuries, from the Severn to the Hills, in all their ancient feudalism, and the willingness of the Whig Government to barter rank for support in Parliament, formed a strong foundation for success. Unless, however, these means were skilfully brought to bear, and carried out in a popular way, so that the political support that was afforded seemed to come from the people, the Government would have been put in a difficulty as to the creation of rank, and the expenditure of money would go for nothing.

"It was therefore Colonel Berkeley's object to select one of his brothers to take the first step in political arrangement, who was popular in and around the castle, and well received by all the best residents.

"From the life Colonel Berkeley led, he was coldly regarded, not only in society generally, but by all the county families; therefore, in his new ambition of purchasing a barony through political support to the Liberal Government, it became necessary that he should indeed adopt an acceptable local leader. He therefore put me forward to propose my friend Hanbury Tracy (the late Lord Sudeley) for Tewkesbury, and the then Henry Moreton (the late Lord Ducie) for the county, prior to the passing of the Reform Bill. Tracy was rejected, but Moreton was accepted at my hands; I was not then aware that he did this, intending that I should take a decided lead. My two first public speeches were from the respective hustings I have named.

"It was in the year 1832 that a letter came to me at Harrold Hall from Colonel Berkeley, in which he asked me to come forward at the next dissolution of Parliament for the western division of Gloucestershire, the county having been divided since the Reform Bill, for the passing of which measure, I had, as I said before, proposed Henry Moreton. To this proposal I had several objections. In the first place, it would break in on my home, its retirement, and my amusements; and, in the second, occasion me such an increased expenditure as would at once force me to discontinue my hounds. True, Berkeley Castle and Berkeley House in London could entertain me; but under Colonel Berkeley's domestic arrangements I could only go alone to the Castle, and, as the London house was my mother's, who was then living, I could not bring Mrs. Berkeley there with an establishment of my own; and of course I should have to saddle myself with the cost of a house, or apartments at some expensive hotel.

"I did not at first state these objections; I contented myself with a desire that Colonel Berkeley would apply to one of my brothers, not situated like myself, or who might not object to entering on public life.

"The answer to this from Colonel Berkeley was that, if I refused, I should upset all his arrangements, and his chance of a peerage, promised him under certain circumstances by the Liberal Government, for the western division of the county would accept at his hands only myself, but that, if I would come forward, success was perfectly certain. He also induced my mother to write to me, to implore that I would no longer refuse.

"Everybody Colonel Berkeley could move urged me to consent to the change; at last, and on a guarantee being given me for the costs attendant on my election and public position, and for an annual allowance, while I had a seat in Parliament, for the lease of a house in London to which I could bring Mrs. Berkeley, I consented, though with extreme reluctance, to come forward for the western division. He then sent me a list of persons for me to write to for their political interest and support; and, in full reliance on his written promise as to what he would do to enable me to bear the cost of my public position, having taken the thing in hand, I entered into it heart and soul. I not only looked to the interests of my own seat, but did all in my power to serve the interests of my younger brother, Mr. Craven Berkeley, for a seat for Cheltenham, and to secure the city of Gloucester to Captain Berkeley, who had previously represented it."

It has been already pointed out that Colonel Berkeley had been made a peer several months before the passing of the Reform Act. Mr. Grantley Berkeley says that, in a letter written to him in 1832, his brother referred to his chance of a peerage, promised him under certain circumstances by the Liberal Government. Mr. Grantley Berkeley, trusting

to memory, may have fallen into some confusion of words or dates; but, as he has distinctly referred to a letter from his brother, speaking of the promise of a peerage in return for election influence, he should vindicate the substantial accuracy of this statement. It must also be borne in mind that he who inveighs against the cupidity and unscrupulousness of the Whigs, and depicts Colonel Berkeley's unworthiness, was for fifteen years a follower of the Whig party in the House of Commons, sitting there by his brother's favour and influence. Mr. Grantley Berkeley has turned Queen's evidence, and must not expect more honour than generally waits on such witnesses.

The elevation of Lord Segrave to the earldom of Fitzhardinge, in 1841, is thus described without chronological error:—

"Another general election was not far off, and, before it took place, I found that Lord Segrave had made a bargain with the Whig Government that, if he returned four of his brothers to Parliament instead of three, all in support of what was termed the Liberal opinions, they were to promote him again, creating him earl. It was as much a matter of engagement or a case of barter as any mercantile transaction could be. Lord Segrave did return four of his brothers for the western division of the county, the city of Bristol, the city of Gloucester, and the town of Cheltenham, and was immediately created Earl Fitzhardinge."

Lord Segrave had received, in 1836, from Lord Melbourne's Government, the high and honourable appointment of Lord Lieutenant of Gloucestershire.

There is no need of an overt bargain to make out that Earl Fitzhardinge's heap of honours was the *quid pro quo* of political influence. This is a recognised and defended part and parcel of our system of government. Peerages, and promotions in the peerage, garters and thistles, appointments and dignities in Church and State for relatives and friends, are the recognised rewards of the greater units of our political system; and the prevalence of this principle of compensation among the aristocrats of politics makes it impossible with consistency to deprive electors in constituencies of the benefits of patronage, and is even a serious embarrassment for severe dealing with ten-pound householders who take ten-pound notes for their votes. Let it not be supposed that Lord Grey's and Lord Melbourne's favours to Colonel Berkeley have no parallel in the acts of decorous Conservative premiers. It would be impossible for the warmest friend of Sir Robert Peel's reputation to defend, otherwise than by the customs of parliamentary government and the expediency of giving honours where there is parliamentary influence, his early selection of the Marquis of Hertford for the Garter,—that historic prize which fashion renders the prime object of ambition for the best and highest of our nobles, and which even veteran statesmen deem an honour. Lord Grey, in an elaborate work, of which he has just produced a second edition, has maintained that what he does not shrink from calling corruption is inseparable from our system of parliamentary government. Can Lord Grey be right in this opinion of the necessity of corrupt influences? We hope and believe not. "Parliamentary government," says Lord Grey, "derives its whole force and power of action from the exercise of an influence which is at least very much akin to corruption." And again the noble author writes: "A tendency to encourage corruption, and especially that kind of corruption which consists in the misuse of patronage, must be regarded as inherent in the system of parliamentary government." The late Mr. John Austin, in a very remarkable essay on the first edition of Lord Grey's book, gave the highest praise to the book in general, but declared his dissent from this particular opinion. Mr. Austin contended that Lord Grey had in this instance narrowed his view too much to what has been and what is in English government, and, disregarding even the great improvement which has taken place in the present century, thought too little of what might be and what will be. The great jurist had faith in the diffusion of political knowledge and the progress of political morality. "There

is reason to hope," said Mr. Austin, "if the present constitution of Parliament should not be changed for the worse, that the improving political knowledge and political morality of the public will gradually reduce the corruption practised by the Government to a comparatively insignificant amount, partly by restraining the Government when inclined to abuse its powers, and partly by supporting it when using them honestly and wisely. Lord Grey himself admits, in many passages of his essay, that a great amelioration has thus been brought about; and this admission conflicts with the supposition that corruption is necessarily inherent in our system of parliamentary government. The Federal Republic of Switzerland presents an example of a parliamentary government, based on a very widely diffused suffrage and a very widely diffused education, in which wise and patriotic rulers are almost invariably chosen and toil for salaries too small to excite cupidity, which gives no temptations of rank or patronage for ambition, and in which the ingredient of corruption is an infinitesimal quantity.

Some curious revelations were not long since made, in the *Times* newspaper, of incidents connected with the passing of the Reform Bill. The political Secretary of the Treasury at that time was Mr. Ellice, who lately died in the fulness of years, and whose death elicited from all quarters tributes of sympathy and kindness. Mr. Ellice, as Lord Grey's chief counsellor and agent in the distribution of government patronage while the great battle of the Reform Bill was being fought, filled, in a most trying time, a post opening to the holder's view much human weakness, meanness, and baseness, and yet he retained an amiable belief in human goodness. On the occasion of Mr. Ellice's death, in the autumn of 1863, there appeared in the *Times* newspaper one of those able biographical sketches which it is in the habit of extemporising for the eminent deceased; and this biography contained two noticeable statements. First, it was said, "Mr. Ellice had the credit of the principal agency in the liberal addition Lord Grey, by consent of William IV., made to the grades and number of the peerage after the Reform Bill became law; some of these titles were notoriously compensations for the sacrifice of disfranchised rotten boroughs." The second statement is even more remarkable,—"It is well known to his intimate friends that the Secretaryship of the Treasury inflicted on him a heavy loss, as he preferred to keep promises he had made in 1831–2, which the party funds could not clear." What were these promises? Promises of pecuniary compensation for disfranchised rotten boroughs, or of pecuniary aid for elections?

But to return to Mr. Grantley Berkeley:—The promised annual allowance for which he had stipulated when he entered Parliament, in 1832, soon failed him; and we have here another distinct reference to correspondence mentioning promise or expectation of a peerage:—

"When the second year of my public position had come nearly to an end, I found that the promised 250*l.* a year had not for this, the second year, been paid into my banker's; so I wrote to Lord Segrave to tell him that it was due. From him I received a letter in reply, unintelligible in some respects to me, saying, 'If faith in regard to money matters has not been kept with you, I have no hesitation in saying that it is the greatest breach of honesty I ever knew. You distinctly declined to come forward into public life unless you had an increase of income, and I shall write to my mother to tell her so.' On receiving this strange letter, as I had never any communication with my mother on the matter, I at once wrote to Lord Segrave, and told him so, adding that I came forward at his wish, and to get him made a peer, and that I distinctly stated my disinclination to public life, as well as the terms that were absolutely necessary to enable me to meet the increased expenses, so that I should hold him to the terms agreed upon in his letter."

Lord Segrave, however, according to Mr. Grantley Berkeley, required the mother to pay the allowance, and threatened if she did not, to stop the amount out of an allowance he made to his uncle, her brother. The countess appealed to Grantley, who then again wrote to Lord Segrave:—

"On receiving this letter from my mother, and without waiting for his reply to my former note, I wrote to Lord Segrave, expressing my astonishment at the treatment I had met with, and telling him that in this transaction I should look to no one but himself, as I declined to be indebted to my mother. I should therefore expect that he would pay me the whole of the arrears that might accrue, while in Parliament, during my mother's life, when at her death her jointure reverted to his hands. To this he merely answered, 'Very well.'"

But the end was not "very well." For fourteen years Mr. Grantley Berkeley struggled on, serving the nation as member for West Gloucestershire, without the 250*l.* a year which his brother had promised him at the outset for meeting the additional expenses of his parliamentary life. When the Countess of Berkeley died there were fourteen years' arrears, and Earl Fitzhardinge refused to pay them. Mr. Grantley Berkeley reminded him of his word and his letters; the reply was that, if Grantley went to law, the earl would plead the Statute of Limitations.

But this is not the worst. It was the beginning of a sad end. Some time before the general election of 1847, Earl Fitzhardinge signified to his brother Grantley that he was to "quit the representation of the county." Mr. Grantley Berkeley asked why, and was answered that he was getting very unpopular, and that to return him again would be impossible; and, further, that Lord Fitzhardinge's "funds for political "purposes were exhausted, and that he "had no reason now for keeping up his "political power." Another expostulation produced from Lord Fitzhardinge the following reply:—

"You have become so unpopular, and have so much abused and misdirected the government patronage that has come under your gift, applying it to private purposes, that it would be impossible to return you to Parliament."

Mr. Grantley Berkeley's subsequent return, in the teeth of Lord Fitzhardinge's most violent opposition, proved the injustice of this allegation. The extreme animosity now conceived by Lord Fitzhardinge against the brother who had sat for fifteen years as his nominee, and who refused to quit the representation of West Gloucestershire on his dictation, may be judged from the following account, which must be authentic, of a letter to Mr. Henry Berkeley, the member for Bristol, by a friend of Lord Fitzhardinge's, "Mr. Joseph Watts, or "'Old Joe Watts,' as I had always "heard him called on his visits to the "castle":—

"This communication was not addressed to me, but *at* me through my brother Henry, and a faithful copy of it, if not the original, is in my possession now. The purport of it was that Mr. Henry Berkeley was privately to assure me that Lord Fitzhardinge had expressed to Mr. Watts a resolution to beggar me and blast my reputation—to crush me, in fact, in power and station, goods and body, if I did not under his charges silently retire from the representation."

Subsequent events proved that the threat was not an idle one. The public will always side with the weaker party struggling against unscrupulous tyranny; and Lord Fitzhardinge effectually put himself in the wrong with public opinion, and surrounded his brother with sympathy and compassion. It is enough to mention that Mr. Grantley Berkeley was summoned to the Middlesex County Court by Lord Fitzhardinge's housekeeper, in Spring Gardens, for about twenty pounds, for breakfasts and firing supplied to him while a guest in Lord Fitzhardinge's London house.

"The husband of this woman had lived as butler with my mother, and there was some delay in the proceedings, because the old man stoutly refused to let the demand appear in his name. This was thought so disgraceful to Lord Fitzhardinge that a number of his former friends and mine begged me to pay the money rather than let the affair come to trial; and, though I told them all that I well knew it was not the last persecution to which I was doomed, still, at their request, I consented, and paid the claim."

With such proceedings as this it is not wonderful that "the pot boiled over" in West Gloucestershire. Mr. Grantley Berkeley's account of the election, ending in his return, and Lord Fitzhardinge's discomfiture, is very interesting, and about the best-written part of his two volumes.

"The time of the election for the western division approached, and I received numerous letters from what might be called the industrious classes, begging me to come down and show myself in the vale of Berkeley, assuring me, in their homely way, that if I had lost my room in the castle, I had fifty rooms of my own in its place, for they had all set apart in their cottages or houses their best chamber, and had newly done it up as Mr. Grantley's room. From the tenants under the castle, too, and the members of my squadron of yeomanry, I also received the most hearty and generous assurances of devoted attachment and support, telling me not to fear any consequences to them, for Lord Fitzhardinge dare not turn them *all* out of their farms, and that they were unanimous in their feelings of goodwill to me.

"Notwithstanding these and many such assurances of my popularity, I hesitated to trust myself to a contested election, without a sixpence that I could spare to pay my way; and I also did not think it generous on my part to embroil the tenantry with their landlords—Lord Fitzhardinge and Lord Ducie—in a contest, unless I felt sure that there was every chance of my being successful.

"At last the following laconic epistle from a dear old friend of mine, who kept an inn in Thornbury, determined me to throw myself on the county:—

"'Mr. Grantley.—Dear Sir,—Come down among us; we only want you as our leader; the pot's boiling over, and we can win.'

"My reply was almost as brief. It promised that at a given hour, on a certain day, I would, mounted on my well-known white charger, Beacon, present myself to my friends at the inn at Alistonship, and ride through the division of the county.

"My horse having preceded me, I came *viâ* Bristol, and, on arriving at the inn, was greeted by an immense assemblage of people with a band and banners. It was a curious sight to a reflective mind, for I cannot call to my recollection that there was a large proprietor present, though there were a vast number of their tenants, and thousands of labouring men, women, and children—the latter lining the banks on either side the road all the way into Thornbury. When we had formed into procession, there was a shout from the immense throng to me for colours. 'Colours! I have none!' I cried; 'I can't afford to buy them; but I need none better than those of our vale. The oak-sprig, then, to your hats and breasts!' No sooner said than done; there was a general rush at the hedges and boughs of the oak trees, and, in a short time, like 'the wood of Dunsinane,' a forest moved in the direction of the town and castle of Thornbury, my dear old horse occasioning much laughter among my adherents, by pulling off the hats within his reach, in snatching at the leaves they bore. Immense arches of flowers, and every imaginable design, spanned the road at the entrance of the town, and decked the houses, and I found myself anything but alone and unfriended, for it was as if a whole county had gathered together to give me a hearty welcome."

The opponent selected by Lord Fitzhardinge to oust his brother was Mr. Grenville Berkeley, a cousin. On the first day of polling, Mr. Grantley Berkeley attended at the polling-booth, at Berkeley, right under the castle.

"I had been present at the polling booth at Berkeley on the first day of the election, and so terrified were my friends at what they called 'bearding the lion in his den,' none of them liked to go there; I had to remove a large board stuck up in front of the place where the votes were taken, telling the people to vote for Grenville Berkeley. I could not help noticing the sorrowful glances of old tenants and servants, when they replied to the question, 'For whom do you come to vote?'—'Grenville Berkeley.' I had seen the old butler, William Reynolds, who had known me from the earliest hours of childhood, and who had married my kind nurse, give a plumper against me, and then burst into tears. I had then given him my arm, and walked with him through the silent and respectful crowd to his own house-door, for he was at that time retired from service. Then I received from him the assurance that so much pain had the vote he had just been forced to give occasioned him that, if it pleased God to spare his life for another election, and I needed it, he would give me a plumper in spite of anybody, to wipe out the error he had committed. He lived to fulfil his promise."

This is a touching incident well told; and so is the account of the news of the final triumph:—

"I shall never forget the calm, still, hot summer's night of the Saturday when the election had concluded, and the numbers were being summed up. I was staying with my good, kind old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bromedge, near Stone, in the vale of Berkeley, and within hearing too of the Berkeley Church bells. We knew that about this time we might expect to hear the news, and were all listening for an indication from some church or other of the sound of rejoicing bells. Though we had heard nothing, Mrs. Bromedge's maid-servant presently rushed from the lawn into the house, and exclaimed, 'The Berkeley bells!' We knew that they would ring only on my defeat. On hearing this, we all hurried out, but no Berkeley bells could be heard. All at once, in the midnight air, a signal bell sounded in the steeple at Stone, and then the same all round us; then, as if simultaneously, far and near, there came a chime of joyful triumphs, and all knew that I had won."

Mr. Grantley Berkeley had a majority over his cousin-opponent, Lord Fitzhardinge's new candidate, of 621; but, though he was thus triumphantly returned, his troubles were not yet ended. When attending at the hustings for the official declaration of the poll, he was served with a demand to declare his qualification. This was followed by a petition against the return for want of qualification. The petition ultimately failed, a Committee of the House of Commons deciding that Mr. Grantley Berkeley was duly qualified; and this last fruitless effort of vindictiveness was especially discreditable to Lord Fitzhardinge, as Mr. Grantley Berkeley had sat as his nominee for fifteen years with the same qualification which he now disputed, and the earl endeavoured to use his position and opportunities of knowledge, as trustee of his brother's marriage-settlement, to his brother's prejudice. In the time which has passed since this bitter contest of 1847, several changes have taken place, and among them the abolition of the property qualification for members, and the limitation of polling in counties to one day. The parliamentary reformer's hand has also since extinguished the old institution of chairing, thus doing away with much foolish expense and mischievous incitement to drunkenness and rioting. Mr. Grantley Berkeley had a triumphant chairing procession—not free, however, from personal dangers, as he boldly approached the Castle of Berkeley. The danger surmounted, a triumphant reception awaited him in the town of Berkeley.

"At the entrance of the town I was met by its entire population. The men were kindly laughing spectators at their doors, taking no part in the procession—for they felt they dared not do so—but all their mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, and children, thronged out to join me, carrying oak boughs, and shouting all sorts of congratulations. We promenaded the town; my supporters asked if they might lead on up to the outer lodge of the castle; so, still smarting under the attack that had just been made upon my friends, I replied, 'Certainly, and give three cheers at the gate itself.'

"This was the first time in the whole course of my life that I had ever ascended that well-known hill under any other feeling than that of veneration and affection, and I could not help the tears rolling down my face as I heard the roar of voices; for, standing still, all the men joined in it, cheering for me, and execrating the conduct of an elder who, apart from his attempted and ill-advised oppressions, still stood to me in the light of a brother.

"It was here, as we halted close to the entrance of the churchyard, that Harry Ayris, the present Lord Fitzhardinge's huntsman, suddenly appeared from behind the tombstone of a predecessor in the field, and, hat in hand, gave the view-holloa I had so often delighted in, and a cheer for me; this, knowing, as his hearers did, that perhaps his place depended on the act, electrified them all. It was reported to his master by some spy; but Harry was too good a huntsman and too necessary a servant to be dismissed; so, after a jobation, he maintained, and maintains still, his place at the head of those splendid hounds."

Such passages as this of the huntsman, and the formerly quoted one of the old butler, are redeeming bits in a book which, though capable of being turned to very useful account, cannot be pronounced wholly creditable. They snatch from us occasional sympathy with the author.

Mr. Grantley Berkeley was elected by the independent enthusiasm of a county constituency, in opposition to three powerful noblemen, whose wishes under ordinary circumstances would have obtained easy acquiescence—Earl Fitzhardinge (the Lord-Lieutenant of the county,) the Earl of Ducie, and the Duke of Beaufort. The first two noblemen were Whigs, the last a Conservative. The victorious member thus nailed his three great opponents in a speech to his constituents made in the first excitement of victory:—

"The spontaneous agency and free-will of the people had defeated the schemes of three powerful peers, and triumphed over their dictation. He said three peers, for it was no use to deny that the Duke of Beaufort did not direct his tenantry to vote against him, for he had seen the order that had been given, and therefore he knew he did. As to Lord Ducie, he dared no more tell him that he did not exercise his power in coercing his tenantry than he dared attempt to fly. As to the Lord-Lieutenant, they all knew what he had done. He desired his brother, Augustus Berkeley, whom he had not asked to his castle for fourteen years, to vote for his nominee, and attempted to intimidate Henry Berkeley, the member for Bristol, to do the same; but, with his full consent, his brother Henry

remained neutral, in order to please his Bristol friends, who were afraid that, if he offended the castle, they should get no more funds thence for future contests. At Coleford, where the cowardly outrage was committed, as well as in Newnham, port, sherry, cider, and beer were so profusely handed about in cans, that he had seen not only men, but children, lying by the wayside in the gutters in a state of drunken helplessness."

In another part of the book Mr. Grantley Berkeley says that on this occasion his brother Henry had very little assistance from Lord Fitzhardinge for his election at Bristol. He estimates, perhaps with exaggeration, the total expense for Lord Fitzhardinge of his unsuccessful effort in West Gloucestershire at thirty thousand pounds; while the expenses on Mr. Grantley Berkeley's side, which were subscribed for by his supporters, are said by him to have been under eighteen hundred pounds.

One separate means of coercion used by Lord Fitzhardinge, as unsuccessfully as all the rest, yet remains to be told, and is thus related by Mr. Grantley Berkeley:—

"From the time that I came forward at his request in 1831-2, Lord Fitzhardinge had put my name down to all subscription lists and clubs that he pleased; he asked my permission to do so under the promise that for every expense so incurred he would be answerable. I also, at his request, commanded his squadron of yeomanry on the same understanding. For some time, however, and evidently with the design of crushing me, he had left accounts in arrear, all standing in my name, while at the same time the receipts for part payments were in his hands.

"Soon after he had ordered me to give up the representation of the division, he desired me to quit the yeomanry, again giving out that it was my personal unpopularity that necessitated my retirement. That falsehood having been sufficiently exposed, I refused to obey, every man of the squadron swearing to stand by me, their captain. The Lord-Lieutenant once more found himself in an awkward fix, but he *ventured* to send his agent, Mr. Joyner Ellis, to the non-commissioned officers of the squadron, some of whom were his powerful tenants, with a sort of round-robin, to which he thus desired them to put their names, stating in writing that they wished to retire from the troop because they did not like me, their commanding officer, I had become so overbearing and unpopular—or words to that effect. Mr. Ellis called some of the non-commissioned officers together, set this document before them, and *ordered them* to attach their names; when Sergeant Jones, of Willis's Elm, as spokesman for himself and his comrades, held out his right arm, and said, 'There, Mr. Ellis; I'd sooner chop that off than set my name to such a lie.'

"This attempt, therefore, failed; still he went on, and caused the same agent to let his tenants know that those who retained their service under me would inevitably lose their farms. This menace brought me and my men together. I was far from desirous that they should act to their own disadvantage, but they were ready to dare everything rather than fail me in my need. We came to a resolution that all who feared to lose their farms should resign with my leave, but not until they had procured a friend to fill their saddles, while the more opulent tenants, who did not care for threats, were to continue to serve. After the election had terminated, I informed them that I should decline to serve in the yeomanry any longer, and suggested that we might retire together. This arrangement was carried out to the full.

"Lord Fitzhardinge felt himself foiled, for my drills were attended by my usual number of men, and he saw that, unless by some still more desperate move, he could not prevent the usual muster under me for permanent duty in Stokes Croft, at Bristol. On this he went to the colonel of the regiment, the Duke of Beaufort. . . . The upshot of it was that, after close communication with Lord Fitzhardinge, I received an order from the duke to pay up years of arrears of my mess-bills and troop expenses, all of which Lord Fitzhardinge had undertaken to pay, and of which I had previously known nothing, and that, unless I immediately did so, I was not to attend the muster of the regiment.

"These were hard lines to me. I did not know that anything was owing on my account, and upon inquiry I found that there was an arrear of a considerable sum. My finances had so rapidly diminished that, like 'Walter, surnamed the Penniless,' in the Crusades, I knew myself to be a good general, and to have a large following, but I had not of my own a 'stiver to pay my troops.' A friend started up, a Mr. Clayton, who offered to advance me some money on a note of hand. He did so; and, paying the arrears thus purposely left to assist in my ruin, I laughed in the face of Duke and Lord-Lieutenant, and marched to Bristol with my squadron for the muster of the regiment.

"My way to the parade lay through Thornbury, and the town turned out to welcome the squadron as it passed; to the compliment so conveyed of course I carried swords; and, placing themselves by my side at the head of the squadron, Mr. Townsend, the Vicar of Thornbury, and his two daughters, rode with me some miles on my way. Along the fourteen miles of road, and at Bristol, a welcome to the "Berkeley squadron" was hung out from many a window, and I was considerably amused at seeing my commander, the to me hostile duke, studying their devices as they waved above his head.

"As soon as the duty was over, I broke my sword, when I for the last time dismissed my men, across the pommel of my saddle, much to my old charger's astonishment, and told them that I would never again serve under any man who had lent himself, as the duke had done, to acts of undeserved oppression. Thus ended my yeomanry service."

Soon after the assembling of the new parliament, a petition signed by a number of electors was presented to the House of Commons, praying for inquiry into the conduct of Earl Fitzhardinge, a peer and the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, with reference to the West Gloucestershire election; and on December 14th, 1847, Mr. Wakley moved for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into and report upon the allegations of the petition. The petition contained many serious charges, and was sufficiently specific. The coercion by Lord Fitzhardinge of his tenants, to make them resign their service in the yeomanry under his brother, was charged in the petition. It was alleged that he had on two occasions offered large sums of money to Mr. Grantley Berkeley to induce him to withdraw from the contest. The petition stated that "Earl Fitzhardinge, "during and about the time of the said "election, paid, or caused to be paid, "large sums of money for the purchase "of votes, and for treating voters, and "for the instigation of violence, by "which an extensive and organized "system of personal violence, gross im-"morality, bribery, corruption, and in-"timidation was carried on at the said "election." Such were the statements of the petition; and the incidents of the contest and the election were notorious, having for a period of many months engaged the attention of the public. It would have been expected that the House of Commons would be impatiently eager to investigate the charges against Lord Fitzhardinge, for there are orders of the House of Commons, formally renewed at the beginning of every session, that a peer cannot even vote in an election, and that "it "is a high infringement of the liberties "and privileges of the Commons of the "United Kingdom for any Lord of "Parliament, &c. to concern himself in "the election of members to serve for "the Commons in Parliament, or for "any lord-lieutenant or governor of any "county to avail himself of any autho-"rity derived from his commission to "influence the election of any member "to serve in the Commons in Parlia-"ment." Here the accused was lord-lieutenant as well as peer. It is impossible to read the speeches of the Attorney-General (Sir J. Jervis, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas), Lord John Russell, who was Prime Minister, and Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary, in the debate on Mr. Wakley's motion, without perceiving that there was a desire to avoid the inquiry and screen Lord Fitzhardinge. But the impetuous zeal of Sir F. Thesiger on the Opposition benches for purity and freedom of election obliged the Government to make some concession; and Sir George Grey, after taking a few days to consider, proposed to refer the petition to the "Committee of Privileges," instead of to a Select Committee, as had been proposed by Mr. Wakley. The Committee of Privileges had long since ceased to be a practical institution; it was a mere tradition and name. But ingenuity conveniently discovered that similar complaints had in bygone times been referred to the Committee of Privileges; and so a Committee of Privileges was constituted, in accordance with ancient practice, by the appointment of a certain number of members by name, with the wholesale addition of every "gentleman of the long robe" having a seat in the House. Here, then, was a Committee of uncertain and indefinite number, and swamped with lawyers. The result was, as might have been foreseen, and as was probably desired. The accused got off by a technical mode of procedure. Instead of proceeding to hear all evidence that was forthcoming in support of the allegations of the petition, the Committee required the accusers to specify Lord Fitzhardinge's acts of interference as a peer, and by authority derived from his commission as lord-lieutenant. The inquiry fell to the ground. A Select Committee of the

House of Commons would probably have treated the matter very differently.

There probably came into play, to save Lord Fitzhardinge on this occasion, that community of interest and reciprocity of service between a government and an influential parliamentary supporter which enters so largely in the working of our political system. The Government of that day tried to protect Lord Fitzhardinge against inquiry, just as a government of which Sir F. Thesiger, now Lord Chelmsford, would be a member, would endeavour to save one of its parliamentary supporters. Reasonably, too, it may have influenced the disinclination to pursue Lord Fitzhardinge with a parliamentary inquiry, that the political scandal had grown out of a family brawl.

In the debate on Mr. Wakley's motion, Admiral Berkeley, the present Lord Fitzhardinge, stated for and from his accused brother, that "it was the "foulest falsehood that ever disgraced "any set of men, when it was asserted "that he had induced any of his "tenantry to retire from the corps of "which his brother was captain; and "that he had not in any way interfered "with respect to the election."

It is fair to Mr. Grantley Berkeley to produce the reply which he made on the moment to this contradiction, and which is recorded in "Hansard." It was not Mr. Grantley Berkeley's fault that he had no opportunity of proving his statement before a Committee of the House of Commons.

"I feel it only necessary to say that I happen to be the captain of the corps which has been mentioned, and I can assure the House of the truth of the interference. I have in my possession the letters of the tenantry serving in my corps, telling me that they would not have left me had they not been coerced to do so by their landlord. If the committee is granted, I can produce these letters in support of my assertion. When I returned the muster-roll of my corps to the War Office, I represented the fact under the printed heading for observations, why so many of my best men had suddenly deserted my corps, as I thought it might appear owing to some error in my own conduct; and I then stated that they had left me through the coercion of the Lord-Lieutenant of the county. I was not permitted to send that muster-roll to the War Office with those words in it; and therefore, in obedience to my commanding officer, after having consulted a gallant officer, a friend of mine, in this House, I erased the words having first inquired how I was to report the fact why so many men had left my corps. I can assure the House that these men were compelled to leave it through the interference of their landlord."

The scandalous history of the West Gloucestershire election of 1847, and the other incidental revelations in Mr. Grantley Berkeley's book of delicate relations between the Lord of Berkeley Castle and the cities of Bristol, Gloucester, and Cheltenham, are lessons which should not be thrown away by those who desire to effect a real purification of the English system of representative government. The expediency, justice, and even practicability of excluding peers from influence in elections for the House of Commons, may be fairly disputed. The sessional order against any peer's "concerning himself" in elections is, and perhaps had better be, inoperative. In the last session of Parliament a nobleman, who cannot be suspected of revolutionary tendencies, broadly stated—what has indeed been stated over and over again, and is notorious, but what comes with peculiar effect from such a quarter—that the representation of counties was chiefly in the hands of peers. It was on the occasion of Mr. Locke King's motion, he introducing his often rejected Bill for a ten-pound county franchise, that Lord Robert Montagu expressed himself as follows:—

"His own great objection to the Bill was, that it was founded on a delusion. It assumed that the representation of the country was a real thing. This was a hallucination. The fact was, that the representation of the counties was in the hands of large landowners. It was chiefly in the hands of the peers."

Many boroughs, also, exemplify an over-ruling or marked influence of peers. The influence of the peerage in elections is inseparably associated with political power to peers, and a large share for the aristocracy of Government patronage; and the problem to be solved is, how to separate the legitimate influences of rank and property from abuses of wealth and power, and save the aristocratic element of our State

from the injurious effects of borough-mongering malpractices and political jobbery.

Mr. Henry Berkeley, the member for Bristol, who has worn for many years the ballot-mantle of Mr. Grote, and annually delivers a clever and amusing speech on the iniquities of bribers and intimidators, has excluded the Berkeley examples from his catalogues. That is not surprising. His brother Grantley supplies the omission. The many public admirers of the present parliamentary apostle of the Ballot will read with interest some of the notices in this volume of Mr. Henry Berkeley's younger days. He was, it appears, "before his severe illness, of his weight, the best amateur boxer in the kingdom," and, when only sixteen, "went to the Fives Court, under the special introduction of the late Mr. Berkeley Craven and Colonel Berkeley, and with the trial gloves on, set to, and had a great deal the best of it, with one of the well-known pugilists of the day, Caleb Baldwin." It is further related that the member for Bristol never went to bed, in his youthful days, without suspending the clothes-bag, full of linen, to a nail, and hitting at it, right and left, by way of practice, for half an hour together. "The child is father of the man," and the youthful pugilist who tried his prentice hand in punishing dirty-clothes bags has ripened into the hard hitter of the House of Commons against the foul practices of intimidation and corruption.

P.S.—Since the above article was in type, we have seen a small pamphlet, which is a Reply to some passages of Mr. Grantley Berkeley's book by his four surviving brothers. The passages replied to exclusively relate to the conduct of their parents and the question of the legitimacy of the elder children under an alleged secret first marriage, which the late Lord Fitzhardinge failed to prove to the satisfaction of the House of Lords. As in the introduction to our article we have incidentally stated the illegitimacy of a portion of the family as a fact, in accordance with Mr. Grantley Berkeley's statements and the decision of the House of Lords, it is, perhaps, fair, in so delicate a matter, that we should give currency to the following declaration of Mr. Grantley's four surviving brothers, one of them being Mr. Moreton Berkeley:—

"The surviving brothers do not desire here to discuss the questions involved in the decision of the House of Lords; they simply desire to give to the world their united testimony as against that of their brother—that in their belief the history of the matter given by the late Earl and Countess, under sanction of their oaths, was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Their father solemnly, in his place in the House of Lords, made his declaration that the first marriage had been solemnised and registered, and confirmed that statement by his oath. Their sons believe devoutly their parents' solemn declaration. In this belief Mr. Moreton Berkeley shares as strongly as his elder brothers, and they have a perfect knowledge that their brother Craven up to the time of his death held the same conviction."

It is further stated in this pamphlet, that, long after Mr. Grantley Berkeley became a member of Parliament, "he professed to share the belief of the other members of his family in the due celebration of the first marriage."

The four brothers also say:—

"Mr. Grantley Berkeley knows that his father, within a few days of his death, and while in full possession of his intellect, and mindful of the Presence in which he must soon appear, too weak to write, dictated, and with his own hand signed, a letter to the Prince Regent, containing the following words:—'Your Royal Highness was well acquainted with the situation which I had placed my wife and children in by concealing my first marriage in 1785.' This letter was handed to the Prince Regent, who endorsed on it these words,—'I certify the whole of these particulars to be true. G. P.R.' The Prince made a statement to the same effect to Mr. Sergeant Best, counsel for the claimant, but His Royal Highness was not called as a witness by counsel, they supposing his evidence to be a declaration made *post litem motam*, instead of being, as in fact it was, *ante litem motam*. The mistake was fully explained in letters now extant, and which have been seen by Mr. Grantley Berkeley.

With the main object of our article this question has nothing to do; the reply of the four brothers does not touch election matters; for ourselves and the public the decision of the House of Lords must settle the question of legitimacy.

STRONG WATERS:

A CHAPTER FROM THE SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE PAST.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A.

THE two agents which have perhaps exerted the greatest influence on the social condition of man are printing and alcohol, both of which were unknown to the ancients. To whatever extent they may have indulged in other excitements, neither Greeks nor Romans were brandy-drinkers or gin-drinkers; and our mediæval forefathers were obliged to restrict themselves to ale, or mead, or wine, till the impatient curiosity of mediæval science hit upon one of the most notable of modern discoveries. We owe it to those old searchers after hidden principles and hidden powers, the alchemists, who incessantly tried experiment after experiment in pursuit of that quintessence of quintessences and elixir of elixirs, the elixir of life. After almost every imaginable substance had been called into requisition, one day it came into the head of an adventurous investigator to put wine in the alembic; and there came from it a spirit of such extraordinary purity, and which displayed such remarkable qualities, that he rejoiced in the conviction that he had at length reached the object of his vows. The exact date of this event, and the name of the discoverer, are equally unknown, but it is believed to have taken place in the course of the thirteenth century. It was no doubt at first communicated only to a few, and then gradually became known to the many; and all, equally impressed with its importance, believed they saw in it a special intervention of God's providence. They imagined at first that the new agent was destined to be the grand regenerator of mankind, which was supposed to be greatly fallen from its original perfection—that it would free man from his liability to disease and infirmity, and that it would prolong his life. But no good in this world is without its alloy, and even this fortunate discovery brought with it a cause of alarm. There were those who considered that a novelty so wonderful could betoken nothing less than the near approach of the consummation of all things, the end of this world.

Thus was brandy discovered. At first the alchemists modestly gave it the name, in their technical nomenclature, of *aqua vini*, water of wine, but this was soon changed to *aqua vitæ*, water of life, which expressed better their estimate of its qualities, and which many of them relished all the better, because they imagined ingeniously that it involved a sort of *equivoque*, or pun, upon *aqua vitis*, the water of the vine, or of the grape. One of the famous physicians of the middle ages, Arnaldus de Villanova, who is said to have been born about the year 1300, is the earliest writer who mentions *aqua vitæ;* and he speaks of it as though it had not then been long known (*et jam virtutes ejus notæ sunt apud multos*). In a treatise which bears the significant title, *De conservanda juventute et retardanda senectute*, dedicated to Robert, King of Jerusalem and Sicily, Arnaldus speaks of this liquor, which he says was effective in nourishing youth (*juventutem nutrit*) and in keeping off the approach of old age. "It prolongs life," he says, "and on account of its operation in this "respect, it has merited the name of "aqua vitæ" (*prolongat vitam, et ex ejus operatione dici meruit aqua vitæ*). It was best kept, he adds, in vessels of gold, and could be preserved in no other material except glass. Only one of the anticipations of the old alchemists in regard to their aqua vitæ has been

fulfilled—it has produced a vast effect upon social life; but it has certainly neither tended to prolong youth nor to retard old age.

These early alchemists, indeed, do not appear to have foreseen the usage of their newly-discovered spirit as an exciting and intoxicating drink, nor does it appear to have been employed for this purpose to much extent before the sixteenth century. It was considered as a medicinal potion, and, perhaps, in course of time, it began to be taken as a cordial "on the sly." It was probably very expensive, and no doubt a great mystery was made about it; but people who could possess it, and were persuaded that it would preserve youth and keep off old age, would be frequently tempted to take a dose, when they might not in outward appearance be in want of it. The use of aqua vitæ as a drink appears to have increased rapidly during the sixteenth century, until the regular consumption must have become very considerable. It is spoken of as a thing in common use in the plays of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher; and the "aqua-vitæ man," who carried it about for sale, is introduced as a common character. In the comedy of the "Beggar's Bush," by the two last-mentioned dramatists, the aqua-vitæ man calls his merchandize "brand wine," which (meaning simply burnt wine) was the name by which it was known in Dutch, and was the origin of its modern name, brandy. The earliest large manufacture of brandy, in fact, was seated in the Low Countries and Germany. At the close of the seventeenth and the commencement of the eighteenth centuries Strasburg and Nantes were celebrated for this manufacture, at least, it was from those two cities that the best brandies were brought to England.

In Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," Sir Toby Belch talks of brandy as a favourite drink with midwives; and from that time forwards we may trace among female society in all ranks a gentle leaning towards the exhilarating stimulant. But the ladies sought to conceal the true character of the liquor they were drinking under disguises, and an immense quantity of brandy was consumed indirectly in making what were usually termed "cordial waters," because they were supposed to be taken for medicinal purposes, though some people were plain enough to call them strong waters. It must be remembered that one of the greatest accomplishments of the lady of the house in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was skill in the art of distilling, and that every well-ordered household of any respectability possessed its alembic or still, until the exciseman came to suppress the practice. In that curious book for the illustration of social manners, the "Ladies' Dictionary," published by John Dunton, the bookseller, at the close of the seventeenth century, we are told, under the head of "Distillation," that "Every young gentlewoman "is to be furnish'd with very good stills, "for the distillations of all kinds of "waters—which stills must be either of "tin, or sweet earth; and in them she "shall distil all manner of waters meet "for the health of her household." The essential of these waters always consisted of brandy; but it was disguised and flavoured by a great variety of ingredients, consisting, however, chiefly of herbs. We know tolerably well the composition of most of these cordials, from the receipts for making them, which were soon collected and printed in small books—a continuous series of which exist, beginning with the sixteenth century. These books appear under rather quaint names. One of the earliest I know, printed in 1595, is entitled, "The Widdowes Treasure." The "waters" it contains are called by Latin names rosa solis, aqua composita, and aqua rosæ solis. The title of another similar book, printed in the year following, is "The Good Huswifes Jewell," and its cordials are, rosemary water, water imperiall, cinnamon water, Dr. Stephens's water, aqua composita, and water of life—this latter stated to be a great cordial, good especially "for to quicken the memory of man." As will

be seen, in these treatises we can trace from date to date the increase in number and variety of these favourite cordials.

These earlier books were merely destined for the use of good housewives, who were their own distillers; but the manufacture and sale of strong waters became soon a public and extensive trade. In 1639, appeared the "Distiller of London," a work put forth by authority by the Distillers' Company. This book contains receipts for no less than thirty-two different waters. A reprint of it, with fuller explanations and directions, but the same title, appeared in 1652. In the more numerous list of waters given in this work, we find aniseed water, "a famous surfeit water" (in which poppies form one of the ingredients), aqua cœlestis, horseradish water, aqua imperialis, and snail water. Larger and more full works on the subjects of distilling were published in the earlier part of the last century; among which one of the best was the "Complete Body of Distilling," compiled "by George Smith, of Kendal," and printed in 1725, and again in 1738.

A remarkable characteristic of many of these cordials is the number of ingredients, mostly herbs, which are mixed up to produce one water. There are thus no less than sixty-two ingredients, besides sugar and aqua vitæ (brandy), in the aqua cœlestis of the "Distiller of London" of 1652. In an earlier book, known by the title of "The Ladies Cabinet Opened," and printed in 1639, we have the following receipt:—

"A WATER.

"Take a gallon of Gascoigne wine; of ginger, gallingall, sinamon, nutmegs, graines, cloves, mace, annis-seeds, caraway-seed, coriander-seed, fennell-seed, and suger, of every one a dramme; then take of sacke and ale a quart a peece, of cammomill, sage, mint, red roses, time, pellitorie of the wall, wilde majorame, rosemary, wilde time, lavendir, peneroyall, fennell rootes, parsly rootes, and setwall rootes, of each halfe a handfull: Then beate the spice small, and bruise the hearbes, and put them altogether into the wine, and so let it stand sixteene houres, stirring it now and then: Then distill it in a limbecke with a soft fire, and keepe the first pinte of the water by itselfe, for it is the best, and the rest by itselfe, for it is not so good as the first."

Some of these cordial-makers appear to have regarded their "waters" with feelings similar to those of the old alchemists in regard to their aqua vitæ; and the compiler of this book assures us that the water here described was good against "all cold diseases—*it preserveth youth*, comforteth the stomacke;" and he adds, "it preserved Dr. Stevens tenne yeares bed-red, that he lived to ninety-eight yeares." In fact, it was a water which, under the name of Dr. Stephens's water, was popular from the days of Queen Elizabeth until the middle of the last century.

"The Ladies' Directory," by Hanna Wolley, printed in 1662, furnishes us with the following receipt for a water, which is stated to be good to "comfort the spirits:"—

"ANOTHER CORDIAL-WATER.

"Take cellondine, sage, coursmary, rue, wormwood, mugwort, scordian, pimpernel, scabious, agrimony, betony, balm, cardus, centory, pennyroyal, elecampane roots, tormentel with the roots, horehound, rosa-solis, marygold flowers, angellico, dragon, margerum, time, camomile, of each two good handfulls; licorice, zeduary, of each an ounce; slice the roots, shred the herbs, and steep them in four quarts of white wine, and let it stand close covered two dayes, then put it in an ordinary still close detted; when you use it, sweeten it with sugar, and warm it."

Here, no doubt, the brandy is, as boys say in construing their Latin, "understood." This is not the case in the following receipt, taken from "The Closet of Rarities," printed in 1706:—

"TO MAKE SURFEIT-WATER.

"Take two gallons of brandy, or good spirit; steep in it the flowers of red poppies a night and a day, then squeeze them out hard into the liquor, and so put fresh ones in till it becomes of a deep red; then put in nutmeg, cinnamon, and ginger, of each half an ounce, grosly bruised, and to each quart four ounces of fine sugar; set it in a warm place twenty days, often shaking it; then strain it."

"This," we are told, among other qualities, "removes surfeits." It, or nearly the same thing, is given in the "Distiller of London" of 1652, as "a famous surfeit-water;" meaning, I presume, that it was a corrective in the morning for those who had indulged to

excess the night before. This purpose appears to have been served also by another of these liqueurs, called spirit of clary. In Shadwell's comedy of "The Scowrers," in the opening scene, Sir William Rant, waking after a night's violent debauch, says to his domestic, "But go into my closet, and fetch me a "bottle of spirit of clary, and a lusty "glass." Ralph, returning, says, "Here's your spirit of clary." In another scene of the same play (Act ii. sc. 1), Tope, bragging of himself, says, "Hem, hem, "I'll scowre in the Mall now, if you will, "without the help of spirit of clary, "fasting, and in cold blood."

After the Restoration, the passion for these liqueurs extended itself much, and several new waters became very popular. One of these was called *aqua mirabilis;* the other was the much more celebrated ratafia. Aqua mirabilis, we are told in Smith's "Complete Body of Distilling," was a drink which "cheers the heart." It appears to have been a favourite dose at night. In Durfey's comedy of "The Virtuous Wife," published in 1680 (Act iv. sc. 3), one of the characters, Sir Lubberly, talking of his country mode of passing the day, concludes, "And at "night tell old stories, then drink a dose "of mirabilis, go to bed, and snore "heartily." It was a favourite cordial for an old woman; as we learn from Dilke's comedy of "The Pretenders" (1698), in which, at the close of the second act, Nickycrack says, "Come, now, let me "alone with her; I'll take her and give "her a turn or two in the air, and a draw "of aqua mirabilis, which is the life of "an old woman, and I'll warrant ye all "will be well again." And so again, in "The Reformation, a Comedy" (Act iv. sc. 1), a nurse recommends this water —"Wil't please you to have a little cordial water, or some aqua mirabilis?" In the "Ladies' Directory," printed in 1662, we find the following receipt:—

"TO MAKE AQUA MIRABILIS.

"Take three pints of sack [or, white wine], one pint of aqua-vitæ; half a pint of the juice of cellondine; cloves, mace, nutmegs, ginger, citbebees [cubebs], cardumus, gallingal, mullets [mellilot flowers], one dram of each of these; lay all these to steep in a glass still all night, close covered, and the next day still it: it is a most delicious cordial."

At the earlier period of the history of "strong waters," England appears to have been richer in the number and variety of liqueurs than France or any other country on the Continent—perhaps through the ingenuity and industry of the fair matrons who ruled our households. In the "Distiller of London," in 1639, thirty-two different waters are enumerated. Subsequently, however, most of the new varieties were introduced from France. Such was the spirit of clary, just mentioned, called in French *eau clairette,* but derived from Italy, and composed chiefly of cinnamon, rose-water, and sugar, with brandy. Such was the *ros solis,* so named from a plant which formed its chief ingredient, and much beloved by Louis XIV. Such, especially, were the ratafias, or (in the French form of the word) ratafiats, which appear to have been introduced into England in the time of Charles II. The ingredients in the older liqueurs had been principally herbs; in the ratafias they were fruits, and especially kernels, or fruits and kernels mixed. What we now call noyeau would be a ratafia. Ratafia, once brought hither, soon became a favourite liqueur with our English ladies of fashion. Pope says of the fine woman of his time,—

"Or who in sweet vicissitude appears,
Of mirth and opium, ratafia and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought."
Moral Essays, Ep. ii.

And Cibber, in his comedy of the "Double Gallant," brought out in 1707 (Act i. sc. 2), introduces one of his characters, Sir Solomon, talking of his wife's extravagance,—"She will certainly ruin me in china, silks, ribbons, "fans, laces, perfumes, washes, powder, "patches, jessamine, gloves, and ratafia;" to which Supple replies: "Ah! sir, that's a cruel liquor with 'em." In Wilkinson's comedy of the "Passionate Mistress," 1703 (Act iii. sc. 1), Apish says, "I vow 'tis as familiar to me as ratafia to a lady."

The period extending from the Restoration to the reign of George I. was the bright age of English comedy. The comedies of that period are infinitely and skilfully varied in their plots, full of brilliant wit and humour, Aristophanic in their satire, except that living characters are not brought on the stage by name, and hardly less than Aristophanic in their licentiousness. They are, however, so far personal that they are the most admirable pictures of contemporary life that we possess, and they have the advantage of entering into all its minuteness. In these comedies we are often introduced into the private society of our fair countrywomen; and "strong waters" play no small part in the scene, for the ladies of those days loved their spirit-bottle. We learn from Shadwell's "Squire of Alsatia" (1688), that they often carried "a silver strong-water bottle" about with them. The bottle was commonly used in secret. In Estcourt's "Fair Example" (1706), when Springlove asks, "Where is she?" Flora replies, "In her closet, with Seneca in one hand, and her bottle of spirits in t' other" (Act v. sc. 1). "If," says one of the characters in Montfort's "Greenwich Park," 1691 (Act iv. sc. 4), "If she have any comfortable waters, "I'll drink her into compliance." In Tom Durfey's "Richmond Heiress," we have a scene (Act ii. sc. 1) in which the following bit of dialogue occurs :—

"*Madam Squeamish.* I did but innocently regale myself t'other day, amongst other choice female friends, at my Lady Goodfellow's, with a glass or two of Hockamore [a sort of wine], and, if the beastly poet, in his next paper, did not say I was drunk there, I'm no Christian! O filthy! . . .

Sophronia. Drunk, indeed, was a little too uncourtly: mellow had been a good word there; for to my knowledge there were six quarts drunk in two hours between four of ye, besides my lady's farewell bottle of aqua mirabilis. . . .

Mrs. Stockjob. Vell, dis I must say of de French, dey are de most temperate people in de whole varld; *l'homme du cour* delights in nothing but de cool mead, de tizzan, or de sherbet vid ice.

Sophr. Yes, the comfortable usbuebagh, the refreshing spirit of clary, or sometimes the cool brandy and burrage, good Mrs. Stockjobb."

It appears that the confirmed dram-drinkers preferred pure brandy, and that this was especially the favourite drink of ladies who had reached a certain age. A character in the play last quoted says, "Gad, I believe the old Sibil has been "regaling herself with a gill or two of "brandy after dinner" (Act iii. sc. 1). In Tate's "Cuckolds' Haven, 1685 (Act i. sc. 2), Quicksilver, speaking also of an old woman, says, "I'd raise her with aqua-vitæ out of old hogsheads." And another old dame, Mrs. Mandrake, in Farquhar's "Twin Rivals" (Act ii. sc. 2), is made to say, "There is nothing more "comfortable to a poor creature, and "fitter to revive wasting spirits, than a "little plain brandy. I an't for your hot "spirits, your rosa-solis, your ratafias, your "orange-waters, and the like; a moderate "glass of cool Nantes is the thing." There is a scene in Dennis's comedy, "A Plot and no Plot," written in the closing years of the reign of King William III. (Act iv. sc. 1), which is curiously illustrative of this practice of brandy drinking. Frowzy, an old camp-follower, is employed to deceive, in the disguise of a lady of rank, a city usurer named Bull; and in their first interview he offers her brandy :—

"*Bull.* Madam, 'tis the very best in the three kingdoms. Here, sirrah, [*to his man*] take the key of my closet, and bring the two-quart bottle of brandy to the countess. . . . (*Enter Greg. with the brandy.*) Sirrah, fill a glass. Madam, my hearty service to you. . . .

Frowzy. Mr. Bull, on the other side of the water this liquor is grown mightily in use among women of my quality. Do they use it here?

Bull. Gadsbud, madam, they drink nothing else. Formerly, saving your ladyship's presence, only so-and-so drank brandy, but now some great ladies have taken to their liquor. . . . Does your ladyship mind the colour of that brandy?

Frowzy. A lovely complexion indeed. . . . (*She smells to the glass.*)

Bull. How does your ladyship like the flavour?

Frowzy. A most alluring flavour, in troth. Come, sir, my daughter's health to you. (*Drinks.*) Upon my honour, this is right Nantz: I warrant this costs you ten and eightpence a gallon at least. At the last conference that I had abroad for the publick benefit, there was some quantity of it drunk; since I have tasted nothing like it. As Gad shall judge me, this is a treasure."

There were various methods practised by the ladies to disguise the liquor they were drinking; one of which occurs in Durfey's "Marriage-Hater Matched," where (Act iii. sc. 2) we are introduced to a party of fashionable ladies at tea, at which, a new visitor arriving, she is greeted as follows :—

"*Lady B.* Ah, sweet Mrs. La Pupsey, here, prithee take some tea; 'tis good now y'are hot.
La Pup. Tea, madam; 'tis burnt brandy!
Lady B. Why, that's all the tea in fashion now, fool."

In Steele's "Funeral," 1702 (Act iii.), a party of ladies pay their visit of condolence to a widow, who counterfeits great grief and pretends to faint, exclaiming, "Alas, alas! oh! oh! I swoon, I expire!" One of the ladies calls to another, "Pray, Mrs. Tattleaid, bring something that is cordial to her." Mrs. Tattleaid immediately brings bottles and glasses; the widow forgets her sorrow; and they all fall to drinking and scandal. There is a somewhat similar scene in Baker's "Act at Oxford," 1704 (Act ii. sc. 2) :—

"*Arabella.* At the door, ah! (*Affects a swoon.*)
Berynthia. Bless me! she faints! a glass of cold water there.
Ara. (*recovering*). No water, no water, Berynthia! have you any good rosa solis?
Ber. Follow me into my closet, and I'll give you a dram of the best rosa solis, the best ratafia, or the best plain brandy.
Ara. Then thou art the best of women."

Sir Jealous Traffick, in the "Busie Body" (Act ii.), describes the effect of these various waters when he says, "No, mistress, 'tis your high-fed, lusty, "rambling, rampant ladies that are "troubled with the vapours; 'tis your "ratafia, persico, cynamon, citron, and "spirit of clary, cause such swi—m—ing "in the brain, that carries many a guinea "full tide to the doctor." And in Congreve's "Way of the World," 1700 (Act iv. sc. 5), Mirabell, prescribing to his intended wife her behaviour after marriage, says, with regard to the tea-table, "that on no account you encroach upon "the men's prerogative, and presume to "drink healths, or toast fellows; for pre-"vention of which I banish all foreign "forces, all auxiliaries to the tea-table, as "orange-brandy, all aniseed, cinnamon, "citron, and Barbadoes waters, together "with ratafia and the most noble spirit "of clary—but, for cowslip wine, poppy "water, and all dormitives, those I allow." Aniseed was one of the earliest of these cordials, and retained its popularity longest; for it stands at the head of all the books of receipts for making "waters" from the latter end of the sixteenth century to the middle of the last, and is still a favourite liqueur in France under the name of *anisette*. Cherry-brandy, too, was a very favourite liqueur from an early period, and is one of the few which have outlived its companions. Congreve's play last quoted contains an amusing scene (Act iii. sc. 1), in which Lady Wishfort appears at her toilet with her maid Peg :—

"*Lady Wish.* Fetch me the red—the red, do you hear, sweetheart? . . .
Peg. The red ratafia, does your ladyship mean, or the cherry-brandy?
Lady Wish. Ratafia, fool? no, fool; not the ratafia, fool.—Grant me patience! I mean the Spanish paper, idiot; complexion, darling. Paint, paint, paint, dost thou understand that? . . .
Peg. Lord, madam, your ladyship is so impatient!—I cannot come at the paint, madam; Mrs. Foible has lock'd it up, and carry'd the key with her.
Lady Wish. A plague take you both! Fetch me the cherry-brandy then. (*Exit Peg.*) . . . Wench, come, come, wench, what art thou doing? sipping? tasting?—Save thee, dost thou not know the bottle?
(*Enter Peg, with a bottle and China cup.*)
Peg. Madam, I was looking for a cup.
Lady Wish. A cup! save thee, and what a cup hast thou brought! Dost thou take me for a fairy, to drink out of an acorn? Why didst thou not bring thy thimble? Hast thou ne'er a brass thimble clinking in thy pocket with a bit of nutmeg, I warrant thee? Come, fill, fill—so—again. See who that is—(*one knocks*). Set down the bottle first. Here, here, under the table. What, would'st thou go with the bottle in thy hand, like a tapster? As I'm a person, this wench has lived in an inn upon the road, before she came to me."

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, many of the old liqueurs had become, or were becoming, obsolete, and

existed only in name. The aqua mirabilis, which "cheered the heart," was made till the middle of the last century. Such was the case also with Dr. Stephens's water, which, according to a book printed at the date last mentioned, was then "in great demand in London." In the same book we learn that "Ratafia is not "much in demand, save in some particular "places where it has gain'd a great reputa- "tion." Yet, in a later publication, the second edition of which, now before me, was printed in 1769, and which is entitled the "Professed Cook"—an adaptation "to the London Market" of a French book entitled "Les Soupers de la Cour"—we have still receipts for making "ratafiats," which are explained as meaning, in English, "sweet drams or cordials." In this book we have "ratafiats" of noyaux, of lemon-peel, of juniper-berries, of muscadine grapes, of anniseed, of apricocks (as this fruit was still called in England), of walnuts, of orange-flowers, and of cherries.

While many of the liqueurs previously in vogue were disappearing from fashionable society, a few new ones were intruding themselves into the list. The balance, however, was in favour of the past. Among the new ones was "honey-water," which was perhaps the metheglyn of the Welsh. Another liqueur, which was very fashionable during the earlier half of the last century, was called Hungary water; or, when its title was given more in full, the Queen of Hungary's water, because it was the reputed invention of a Hungarian queen. It was flavoured with herbs, especially rosemary, lavender, margeram, sage, and thyme. Another liqueur of the last century was named cardamum, or (popularly) "all fours," and was distilled from clove, caraway, and coriander seeds. But a "water" was introduced to the early part of the eighteenth century, which was destined to obtain a greater name and a greater popularity than all the rest. At first this new invention, which was brought from Holland, appears to have been known merely by the name of "juniper water," because it was flavoured with the juniper berry. It was better known, for some reason which is not quite clear, by the French name for the tree, genièvre, which was ordinarily corrupted to Geneva; and both were soon abbreviated into the popular name of *gin*. But, like everything popular, this liquor, at its first start, gained a number of *aliases*. "Geneva," says a work on distillery, published before the middle of the last century, "hath "more several and different names and "titles than any other liquor that is sold "here: as double Geneva, royal Geneva, "celestial Geneva, tittery, collonia, strike- "fire, &c., and has gain'd such universal "applause, especially with the common "people, that, by a moderate computation, "there is more of it in quantity sold daily, "in a great many distillers' shops, than "of beer and ale vended in most public- "houses." We might easily add to the list of popular names here given to gin in the earlier part of the last century. Bailey's Dictionary gives us, as synonyms —the first, more correctly—titire, royal poverty, and white tape, with an "&c." We can perfectly understand all this multiplicity of popular names and titles when we consider that previously the liqueurs, the "strong waters," had been mostly out of the reach of the lower classes of society, who were obliged, perhaps fortunately, to content themselves with the old English beverages, ale and beer. Gin was a spirit which could be sold cheap enough to come within the reach of the vulgar, and the consequence was a great rivalry between the old beer and the new gin. The almanack of "Poor Robin," for the year 1735, expresses this feeling of rivalry in its usual doggrel style in the following lines:—

"The winter's now a-coming in,
And Pocus loves a glass of gin;
Or, if it have another name,
The liquor still remains the same;
And, which is more, its virtues hold,
Be weather hot, or be it cold;
It melts the money down like wax,
And burns the garments from their backs."

Hogarth's celebrated engravings of Beer Street and Gin Lane were published in 1751; and the exaggeration on both sides

is so strong that we can hardly look upon Hogarth otherwise than as an advocate on the part of beer *versus* gin. In the latter years of the reign of George I. and in the earlier years of George II. the drinking of spirituous liquors, chiefly gin, was carried to such an excess that the moralists began to prognosticate a general dissolution of society. The town was filled with miserable little shops in which they were retailed, and troops of itinerant hawkers carried them about the streets. The government of the day, influenced by the declamations of the zealous moralists and by the presentments of grand juries, resolved to interfere; but, instead of attempting to regulate and moderate the sale of spirits, they sought to suppress it altogether; and, in 1736, the celebrated Gin Act was passed, in the preamble to which it is stated "that the drinking of spi-"rituous liquors, or strong waters, is "become very common, especially among "people of lower and inferior rank." To remedy this, a very heavy duty was levied upon all spirituous liquors, which was equivalent to a prohibition; and a no less heavy fine was levied on all persons who infringed or evaded the Act. The hawkers of "strong waters," whether male or female, were ordered to be "stript "naked from the middle upwards, and "whipt until his or her body be bloody." This measure encountered strong opposition at the time, and there were people who proclaimed publicly that it was contrary to Magna Charta and to the liberties of the subject. But there was a much more serious evil attendant upon it. While the result was not at all that which the advocates of the act expected—for the sale of spirituous liquors was not suppressed, but merely thrown into the hands of a low and dishonest class—it exposed respectable people to persecution of a most frightful character. As the rewards for informations against those who infringed the act were considerable, society was invaded by gangs of infamous wretches who made a living by informing; and, as their statements were taken upon their own oaths, nobody was safe. Individuals were found who did not hesitate to revenge themselves by laying false informations against those who had offended them. Thus the Gin Act became more and more unpopular, until, after a very unsatisfactory trial of six years, the prohibition duties were repealed in 1742, and moderate duties substituted in their place.

Among the pamphleteers who engaged in the heat of the gin controversy, some tried to give it a political character. "Mother Gin" represented the populace, the mob. "The Life of Mother Gin" appeared in 1736 from the pen of an anonymous writer, who claimed the title—claimed by everybody who had no claim to it—of "an impartial hand." This remarkable matron was, we are told, of Dutch parentage, born in Rotterdam. Her father had been active in the faction opposed to the De Witts, and on that account had left his country and settled in England, where he obtained an act of naturalization and married an English woman of low rank. It will easily seem that there is much quiet and clever satire in all this. In spite of her low origin, the wife of the emigrant boasted of a rather large acquaintance among ladies of rank; "and, as to Mother "Gin herself, though she did not live in "a constant intercourse of friendship with "persons of fashion, yet she was often "admitted into their confidence, and was "universally admired, and even idolized, "by the common people." Her father wished to give her a good education, but her English mother objected to it, judging that education was only detrimental to morals. Her father died when she was five-and-twenty, and her mother survived but a short time, and, as they were both dissenters, they were buried in the same grave in Bunhill Fields.

Although her parents were very low-church indeed, Mother Gin herself was high-church in her principles, and was a great and effectual supporter of Dr. Sacheverell. Indeed, her zeal in his cause contributed greatly to the change of the administration. The new ministry formed a just estimate of the political value of Mother Gin, and laboured to conciliate her, the more so as she was a bitter

enemy to the Duke of Marlborough. They would have given her a place in the ministry, but there was no precedent for giving an office to one of her sex; so they introduced her into the cabinet. When the party with whom Mother Gin had thus allied herself seemed sure of final triumph, accidental events overthrew them, and the Whigs came in with the House of Hanover. The new government were not unwilling to give Mother Gin credit for her political influence, until the legislature, "grow-"ing jealous of her power, and being "apprehensive lest she should assume to "herself the sole direction of all affairs, "ecclesiastical, civil, and military, they "passed a very severe and arbitrary law "[the Riot Act was passed in the first "year of the reign of George I.] prohibit-"ing her followers, to the number of "twelve or more, from assembling in a "riotous and tumultuous manner, under "the pain of death; which amounted to "the same thing as restraining them "from assembling at all; for how would "these wise lawgivers have the people "assemble together, if they are not to do "it in a riotous and tumultuous manner? "For my part, I am at a loss to guess; "but, as this is a law which has been "proved by the ingenious authors of the "*Craftsman* and *Fog's Journal* to be "directly contrary to Magna Charta, and "in manifest violation of the liberties of "the subject, I entirely fall in with their "way of thinking, that little or no regard "ought to be had to it."

Thus oppressed, Mother Gin appeared less frequently in public affairs, except at the elections of members to Parliament. She had been a staunch Tory, and still preserved her attachment to that party; but under the government of the second George she had gradually yielded to the tide, and entered the ranks of the patriots. These, however, knew that she was not cordially with them, and this was the reason why they now sought to destroy her.

FISHERMEN—NOT OF GALILEE.

(AFTER READING A CERTAIN BOOK.)

THEY have toiled all the night, the long, weary night;
They have toiled all the night, Lord, and taken nothing:
The heavens are as brass, and all flesh seems as grass,
Death strikes with horror and life with loathing.

Walk'st Thou by the waters, the dark silent waters,
The fathomless waters that no line can plumb?
Art Thou Redeemer, or a mere schemer,
Preaching a kingdom that cannot come?

Not a word say'st Thou: no wrath betray'st Thou:
Scarcely delay'st Thou their terrors to lull;
On the shore standing, mutely commanding,
"Let down your nets!"—And they draw them up—full!

* * * *

Jesus, Redeemer—only Redeemer!
I, a poor dreamer, lay hold upon Thee:
Thy will pursuing, though no end viewing,
But simply doing as Thou biddest me.

Though Thee I see not,—either light be not,
Or Thou wilt free not the scales from mine eyes—
I ne'er gainsay Thee, but only obey Thee;
Obedience is better than sacrifice.

Though on my prison gleams no open vision,
Walking Elysian by Galilee's tide,
Unseen, I feel Thee, and death will reveal Thee:
I shall wake in Thy likeness, satisfied.

VINDICIÆ NAPOLEONIANÆ.

BY EDWARD DICEY.[1]

That all philosophic history is nothing but a reproduction of the present under the garb and nomenclature of the past is, I think, a theory which might be sustained by strong arguments. We hear often of writers who are said to have thrown themselves successfully into the spirit of a bygone age; but of the justice of such a verdict there are—and can be by the nature of the case—no judges extant.

„Was ihr den Geist der Zeiten heißt,
Das ist im Grund' der Herren eigner Geist,
In dem die Zeiten sich bespiegeln."

So Faust declared, even before he had met with Mephistopheles; and, the more men study history, the more, I think, they will become sceptical as to the possibility of ever evoking the past out of your own consciousness. And, therefore, holding this faith, or want of faith, I should have been surprised if a man, writing at our present era, had been able to produce anything which seemed even a life-like representation of that state of men's minds and thoughts and hopes and fears, nineteen centuries ago, which rendered the Roman empire first a possibility and then a fact. I once heard of a very young man who, being present at a gathering of great authorities on Anglo-Saxon lore, earned a reputation for sagacity by remarking with perfect truth that "after all, we knew very little about the history of early Britain." A similar confession might be made with advantage about any period removed from the memory of living men. And, therefore, to my mind, it is no impeachment on the last "Life of Cæsar" to say, that the Imperial author has failed to make the era which gave birth to his hero intelligible to us. Of all nations, the one least likely to produce a faithful limner of a past period is the French. It is at once the strength and weakness of the Gallic intellect that it is so eminently self-contained. With the representative Frenchman, all knowledge, and history, and science are confined within the limits of France. As far as I could ever discover, the real cause of the exceptional study which Frenchmen have always devoted to the history ot Rome consists in a belief, whether mistaken or otherwise, that the great Republic was in some sense a prototype of France. No doubt the half Italian nature of the Buonaparte would cause the Emperor, as it caused his uncle, to regard Rome with an almost superstitious reverence; and traces of this Italian sentiment may be discerned frequently throughout the pages of the "Life of Cæsar." But, both for good and evil, the essence of this work is French; it is a book which none but a Frenchman could have written, or possibly, when it was written, could thoroughly appreciate.

[1] We are glad that Mr. Dicey, in this article, should express his own sentiments respecting the Emperor and his book; but we may find occasion to return to the subject.—*Editor.*

Of the merits of this biography as a historical study it is not my purpose to speak. In the first place, the space I have at present at command is inadequate; in the second, this feature of the subject can only be discussed by experts in the matter of Roman history; and, in the third, if a searching criticism were required into the accuracy or inaccuracy of the statements made and the facts propounded, I am not the writer who should be selected for the task. All I desire to do in these brief comments is to point out the illustrations afforded by this remarkable work as to the theory of modern Imperialism. I see that amongst my brother reviewers it is the fashion to regard this book as a simple manifesto in favour of the Napoleonic rule. This theory I believe to be a mistaken one. Amongst men whom action has made famous, no desire is more common than that of achieving a reputation in the world of letters which shall endure beyond the memory of their lives. To be able to say, "Exegi monumentum œre perennius" is a wish which has agitated the heart of many a man, whose life will be always his best monument. It is impossible to read through this history of the foundation of the Roman Empire without perceiving that its author intends it to rank as a work of sterling historic value, as a book that will be read even when the Napoleons have vanished as completely as the Cæsars. If the Emperor had designed simply to vindicate his own dynasty under a Latin name, he would have chosen some more direct form of vindication, or, at least, would have treated of some one of the many phases of history which afford a closer parallel to his own era and to the part which he has taken in it. Yet, allowing all this, to his own contemporaries the chief interest of the book will reside in the glimpses afforded by it of the Imperial view of things as they are in our years of grace, not in those which date from the foundation of the eternal city. It will be for a future generation to judge of the work by its intrinsic merits. We, who are reading the writings of a man who has made history and is still engaged in making it, must perforce look for the light it throws on the present and the future—not for that it casts upon the past. And my wish in this paper is to illustrate the moral to be drawn from those passages where the author obviously thought of France when he wrote of Rome, of the Napoleons when he wrote of the Cæsars.

The parallel between the first Napoleon and the first Cæsar seems to me to be by no means the main feature of what I may call the esoteric lesson of this latest treatise on the history of Rome. The volume just published only brings us to the triumvirate of Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar; and the last named of the three had then scarcely commenced his attempt to overthrow the liberties of the Republic. The real object of these pages is to show that the state of Rome was such that the welfare of the community demanded a change—that the forms of freedom had ceased to represent any substantial benefits, and that a saviour of society was called for urgently. A similar defence is far more applicable to the usurpation of the third Napoleon than of the first. Amongst the countless accusations brought against the founder of the Napoleonic dynasty, the one of having destroyed a stable order of liberty to erect a despotism upon its ruins has never been urged seriously. Moreover it must be admitted fairly that in the eyes of Frenchmen the Great Napoleon needs no justification. It is in England only that Napoleonic worship has never made its way. With this scepticism I find no fault; but still I could wish that as a nation we had done fuller justice to what was grand and noble in the greatest of our enemies. To any one who has lived much in foreign countries —it matters little in what portion of the civilized world—there is something absolutely astonishing in the tone which even educated Englishmen adopt when speaking of the Emperor who, in the wild words of Victor Hugo, became at last so mighty that "il gênait Dieu!" It was only the other day I saw, in the

pages of the most popular perhaps of London journals, a caricature of the author of the "Life of Cæsar," puffing out a pigmy puppet of Napoleon I. in the vain hope of swelling it to the dimensions of Cæsar. It seemed to me as if we were still in the days of Gilray, when our caricaturists depicted poor George III. as a giant holding a dwarf in his hand, fashioned after the likeness of the "Corsican adventurer"—as if, like the Bourbons, we had learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. In any other country, such a picture would have been self-condemned as ludicrous; in most it would have been scouted as scurrilous. The instinct of great multitudes is seldom, I think, wrong. There was little, one might have thought beforehand, to endear the memory of Napoleon to the nations whom he conquered, and whose kings he deposed; but yet, right or wrong, the conqueror of Jena and Marengo and Moscow is to the present hour the idol of popular worship throughout half the world. Go where you will, north or south, east or west, from the shores of the Black Sea to the banks of the Mississippi—enter any tavern or peasant dwelling—and the chances are that, amidst the memorials of the country in which you are a traveller, you will find some rude likeness of that grand, godlike face, some picture of the scenes where the peoples' hero fought and conquered. We talk of the universality of Garibaldi's fame; it is nothing to that which Napoleon still enjoys in the memory of men, though half a century has passed since the Hundred Days ended on the field of Waterloo.

Thus in as far as the "Life of Cæsar" is meant as a vindication of the Napoleonic rule, it is designed, I conceive, far more as a vindication of its later development than of its primary one. How far it succeeds in this object, or, rather, what hints it suggests in defence thereof, is what I desire to call attention to, as fully as I can, in this brief notice.

In the first place the reader is asked throughout to assume a certain theory of fate. "If the Romans, after giving an "example to the world of a people constituting itself and growing great by "liberty, seemed, after Cæsar, to throw "themselves directly into slavery, it is "because there existed a general reason "which by fatality prevented the republic from returning to the purity of "its ancient institutions; it is because "the new events and interests of a "society in labour required other means "to satisfy them." (I am quoting, let me say once for all, from the English version, the best perhaps that could be made, though in many cases conveying the meaning of the writer but inadequately; as, for instance, in this extract, where "fatalement" is translated "by fatality.")

This passage I take to be the key-note of the history. In ordinary criticism the argument thus shadowed forth is dismissed at once, with the comment that it is mere fatalism. Epithets, however, are not proofs. The whole theory of a providential direction of history, so commonly received amongst us, is only fatalism veiled beneath theological verbiage. No man, I think, who has ever thought upon the subject at all, but must have arrived at the conclusion that the growth and decay of institutions, the rise and decline and fall of nations, are regulated by certain laws, as fixed and as unknown as those which affect the birth, development, and suspension of animal existence. To what extent the operation of these general laws is, or can be, modified by individual action, is a problem which never can be solved till we reconcile the conflicting claims of Omniscience and free will. If fatalism means that everything is regulated by some unalterable cause, which can neither be retarded nor accelerated by individual effort, then the writer, whose aim it is to show that the world has been redeemed by the single greatness of Cæsars or Napoleons, is assuredly not a fatalist. All that is asserted by the words I have quoted is a belief that when the *hour* is come the *man* will not be wanting, and that the coming of the hour is in itself a vindication of the man's action.

This theory may be disputed, possibly disproved; but it is one entirely different from, if not antagonistic to, that of fatalism.

By far the greater portion, then, of this first instalment of the "Life of Cæsar" is devoted to the endeavour to prove that, in the latter days of the Roman Commonwealth, the hour had come when a saviour of society was wanted. And the manner in which this view is supported is, in itself, a masterpiece of graphic talent. It is possible that the correctness of the author's facts may be questioned, the value of his authorities disputed, and that his picture may be shown to be over-coloured. But, if we take his facts for granted, the use made of them is wonderfully skilful. The very coldness and conciseness of the style add to the effect produced. From the days of the Roman kings to those of the end of the republic, a long panorama is unrolled before us. War follows war, insurrection insurrection, and tumult tumult. We see before us a people with vast energies, high ambitions, and great destinies, agitated by constant disturbance, and the disputes of rival factions—a prey in turns to aristocratic tyranny, and demagogic anarchy, and military violence. A world distracted by the contests for supremacy at Rome; the interest of Italy sacrificed to the local jealousies of the "Caput orbis terrarum"; the Eternal City itself the scene of constant riot, and confusion, and bloodshed; a never-ending war of classes; a society demoralized by wealth; an aristocracy devoid of virtue; a government which retained the form of freedom without the benefits which make freedom valuable; a decaying faith, and a longing for any change, so that it brought peace at home, and order and quiet: these are the main features in the Napoleonic picture of that era which heralded in the advent of Cæsar, when "all the forces of society, "paralysed by intestine divisions, and "powerless for good, appeared to revive "only for the purpose of throwing obsta- "cles in its way," when "military glory "and eloquence, those two instruments "of Roman power, inspired only distrust "and envy," when "the triumph of the "generals was regarded not so much as "a success for the republic as a source "of personal gratification." Is there not, it is intended that some should ask, much in this gloomy portrait which might be applied not inaptly to the condition of France during the period that succeeded the revolution of February, and preceded the "Coup d'État"?

So it came to pass that "Italy demanded a master." The instincts of democracy, growing more powerful with each succeeding year, taught it that "its interests are better represented by an individual than by a political body;" and the old dread of tyrants, which the senate had hitherto appealed to successfully, in order to crush the true champions of the popular cause, had lost its hold upon the people. The Gracchi, Marius, Sylla, Catiline, might each have founded "what is called the Empire," had it not been that they each represented factions, not the nation. "To establish a durable order of things "there was wanted a man, who, "raising himself above vulgar passions, "should unite in himself the essential "qualities and just ideas of each of his "predecessors, avoiding their faults as "well as their errors. To the greatness "of soul and love of the people of cer- "tain tribunes, it was needful to join "the military genius of great generals, "and the strong sentiments of the "Dictator in favour of order and the "hierarchy . . . . . That man was "Cæsar." If instead of Cæsar you put Napoleon III. is it not clear that such is the epitaph that the writer would desire to have written of himself by some future historian of the Second Empire? There is no attempt throughout these pages to vindicate the seizure of supreme power by any technical plea or legal subterfuge. The "salus reipublicæ" is the one argument that the author feels can be safely used in defence either of Cæsars or of Napoleons. "Laws," we are told, "may be justly "broken when society is hurrying on

"to its own ruin, and when the government, supported by the mass of the people, becomes the organ of its interests and hopes."

Granted, then, this faith, that Cæsar ruled, or aspired to rule, by the right of popular choice—that, in fact, if not in name, he too was the "elect of millions"—the apparent unfairness of many of the judgments passed by the Imperial chronicler is explained away. Even in a historical point of view, these judgments seem to me worth considering. Our knowledge of the life and times of Cæsar comes to us chiefly through sources tinged with partizan sympathy for the order of things which he overthrew. Long after the bitterness of the revolution had passed away, down perhaps to our own times, the memory of the great republic stood between Cæsar and the fulness of his fame. The traditions of an aristocracy are always grand; and, while the recollection of its collective selfishness and oppression perishes with its existence, the memory of the high deeds which its individual members wrought survives for ages. Thus, the conclusion that the party of Cicero and Cato was that of liberty and right and justice has been rather assumed as an axiom than demonstrated as a fact.

But, be the historical value of the Emperor's criticism what it may, it is easy to see that the men of his own time—the Guizots, and Thiers, and Lamartines, and Cavaignacs—were in the mind of the historian when he wrote of Cato, and Cicero, and Brutus. It is not so much against Bibulus, as against the *doctrinaires* of the Orleanist school, that the following words were written:—

"It is sad to see the accomplishment of great things often thwarted by the little passions of short-sighted men, who only know the world in the small circle to which their life is confined. By seconding Cæsar Bibulus might have obtained an honourable reputation. He preferred being the hero of a *coterie*, and sought to obtain the interested applause of a few selfish senators, rather than with his colleague to merit public gratitude. Cicero, on his part, mistook for a true expression of opinion the clamours of a desperate faction. He was, moreover, one of those who find that all goes well when they are themselves in power, and that everything is endangered when they are out." And the regret which Cæsar is represented to have felt, because he could not win to himself the support of a "faction which had at its head such illustrious names," has clearly been shared full many a time by the creator of the Second Empire, when he too found himself constrained "to have dealings with those whose antecedents seemed to devote them to contempt," and could only console himself for the employment of the St. Arnauds, and Fleurys, and De Mornys, by the reflection that "the best architect can build only with the materials under his hand."

Indeed, the occasional glimpses of a sort of self-retrospect are to me among the most curious features of this remarkable book. Every now and then the Emperor appears for a moment to drop the vindication of his hero, or of the Napoleons beneath the name of Cæsar, and to speculate philosophically on his own position and on the judgment that mankind will pass on him. Balaam has set himself to sound the praises of Balak; and yet, ever and anon, he utters perforce a blessing upon Israel. "Absolute power, whether it belongs to one man or to a class of individuals, finishes always by being equally dangerous to him who exercises it"—an odd expression, surely, in the mouth of the self-erected autocrat. Could insight into the time to come have given utterance to the reflection that "excesses in power always give birth to an immoderate desire for liberty"? or does some dark memory of the days of December inspire the remark, when the writer is dwelling on the excesses of Clodius, as the agent of Cæsar's will, "that such instruments, when employed, are two-edged swords, which even the most skilful hands find it difficult to direct"? If space would

allow me, I could pick out many more of these passages, where the thought of the writer's own fortunes appears to replace the recollection of the subject-matter on which he is employed. One passage only I must quote as a strange defence of that Villa Franca treaty, which is, perhaps, the most contested point in the career of Napoleon III. After describing the exultation of the Greeks at the Roman attempt to restore freedom to Hellas, the author proceeds: "There was, however, a shadow on this "picture. All Peloponnesus was not "freed; and Flaminius, after having "taken several of his possessions from "Nabis, king of Sparta, had concluded "peace with him without continuing "the siege of Lacedæmon, of which he "dreaded the length. He feared also "the arrival of a more dangerous enemy, "Antiochus III. who had already "reached Thrace, and threatened to go "over into Greece with a considerable "army. For this the allied Greeks, "*occupied only with their own interests,* "reproached the Roman consul with "having concluded peace too hastily."

Something of the same sort of desire to rehabilitate his own past influences, I think, the quasi-apology offered for Catiline. Between the unsuccessful conspirator of Rome and the successful conspirator of Paris there are not wanting some features of resemblance; and the reflection, that whatever may have been Catiline's vices and crimes against the State, he could not have won over so many adherents or raised such enthusiasm throughout Italy, unless he had been the champion of a grand and generous idea, is a statement due in all likelihood to other considerations than a mere wish to do justice to an over-abused character in history.

But the real defence of Cæsar, as the representative of Imperialism, is not based upon any personal considerations. It is rested on the broad and intelligible ground, that the overthrow of the Republic, and the concentration of the powers of government within one hand, were, *at the time,* the best thing for Rome and Italy. No attempt whatever is made to prove, at any rate in this volume, nor—for that matter, in the "Idées Napoleoniennes"—that an autocracy is the best abstract form of government, or the ideal after which nations should strive. If I appreciate rightly the theory of the author, it is that there is no such thing in the world as a single form of polity that is best at all times and for all nations. That government is the best for each people which corresponds most closely to the genius of the nation, which carries out most thoroughly the aspirations of the people, and which secures most effectually the reign of law, and order, and security. Now, according to the Napoleonic view of history, the constitutional institutions of Rome—to apply a modern term to an old fact—had become inadequate to satisfy the desired conditions of government. Peace was not preserved within the State, law was not enforced, order was not established. Italy required a single ruler, uncontrolled by Senate and consuls, in order to form her into one homogeneous whole, in order to extend the "*Nomen Latinum*—that is, the "language, manners, and whole civilization of that race of which Rome was "but the first representative." The democratic tendency of the age, developed by the spread of Greek literature and philosophy, was thwarted and paralysed by the rigid constraints of the Roman constitution. The world, in fact, was "out o' joint," and Cæsar, like Hamlet, was born to set it right; only, unlike the Prince of Denmark, he welcomed the task allotted to him. Whether Cæsar was or was not actuated by ambitious motives, is an entirely secondary consideration. "Who doubts his ambition? The important point to know "is, whether it was legitimate or not, "and if it were to be exercised for the "salvation or the ruin of the Roman "world." Answer these interrogatives in the affirmative, and then, in the opinion of his Imperial biographer, you must recognise Cæsar as one of those men whom "Providence raises up to "stamp a new era with the seal of their "genius."

Now, in discussing the justice of view, we have before us two questions resting on entirely different considerations, and which yet are very apt to be confused. Whether Cæsar's accession to power was a benefit to the world is a totally distinct question from the question whether he achieved power by rightful and honourable means. Cæsarism may have tended to the good of mankind, and yet Cæsar's character may be tarnished for ever by the method he adopted to consummate his greatness. The latter issue is one rather for his contemporaries than for succeeding generations; the former is one for all time. Happily for the world, the influence of a man's private character extends far less widely, and operates for a far shorter period, than his public action. Brutus may have been right in considering that Cæsar merited a traitor's death, and yet Cæsar may, through his rule, have been a benefactor to his country and his kind. According to the Napoleonic faith, the justice of Cæsar's sway depends, not on the personal qualities of the man, but on the exigencies of the period in which his lot was thrown. This faith has little resemblance to the harsh and unphilosophical doctrine, if any one holds such a doctrine, that the strong man has a right to rules imply because he is stronger than his neighbours—a doctrine justifying every description of tyranny which the world has known. All that the Emperor endeavours to prove is that there are certain conjunctions in the world's history when, in the interests of mankind, power must be intrusted to a single hand, and that, when such a conjunction arises, the man who monopolizes power is a benefactor, not a malefactor. The doctrine is no doubt liable to fearful perversion. It is easy for any usurper to say that, because he is able to become an autocrat, therefore the tendency of events demands an autocracy. But the fact that the doctrine is dangerous if perverted does not prove that it is never true. What one wishes is that the critics of the Napoleonic theory, instead of contenting themselves with the assertion that Imperialism is always an evil (a fact which nobody doubts) would prove also that it is the greatest of all evils—would show, with reference to the particular case in dispute, that the form of government inaugurated by Cæsar was not an improvement upon the order of things which preceded it. After all, the Empire secured to Italy centuries of internal peace, and of external greatness. It produced a degree of civilization, of progress, and material development, such as the world had never witnessed before; and, above all, it gave to the bulk of its subjects an amount of happiness and security and order which was only reserved for a few beneath the rule of the republic. I am not saying that these blessings were due to the Empire—I am only asserting it must be shown they are not due before we can fairly join in the cry that Imperialism is an evil unredeemed by any compensating advantages. Gibbon was certainly not an apologist of despotism; and yet he avers that, "If a man were called to fix a period "in the history of the world, during "which the condition of the human "race was most happy and prosperous, "he would without hesitation name "that which elapsed from the death of "Domitian to the accession of Com-"modus." And it is certain that, for centuries after the Empire had passed away, its memory was still fondly cherished as the great protecting power of law and security and order, and that the dream of its possible revival was entertained by the most brilliant intellects of a far later age when the principle of individual freedom was again asserting its supremacy. The evidence of history seems to show that the cruelties of the wicked Emperors did not affect the masses to any great extent. The famous words—

> "Sed periit postquam cerdonibus esse timendus
> Cœperat. Hoc nocuit, Lamiarum cæde madenti,"

imply clearly enough the limits within which the democratic sway of the autocrat could be safely exercised.

To hold such a faith as I conceive is shadowed forth in this Imperial life of

Cæsar, need not involve disloyalty to the principles of free government. The only heresy likely to be held, if it be an heresy, is whether there is any virtue in the forms of constitutional institutions when once they have ceased to secure that security and order whose maintenance is the object of all government whatever. Few people, I think, would assert that the South American Republics derive any real advantage from the circumstance of their having the theories of ministerial responsibility and of parliamentary taxation enrolled amongst the principles of their political institutions. The real defect of an autocracy is, that it is of its nature transitory, and therefore cannot secure permanent order; but, in a transition period, it may well be a less evil to a country than the perpetuation of a system of constant revolution and factious disturbance.

It would be idle to deny that these reflections, if they have any value at all, suggest the possibility of a similar defence for the system of government which the eulogist of Cæsar has established in France. The parallel may not hold good between the Cæsars and the Napoleons; and many years, if not generations, must pass away before the world can judge whether the work of the Second Empire has been evil or good. My only feeling in putting forward these considerations is a hope that in some small way they may tend to suggest the necessity of adopting a more philosophic tone in criticising the rule of the greatest of living sovereigns. Surely we have had railing enough. For well-nigh fifteen years we have gone on ridiculing, abusing, and attacking the Second Empire. If fine writing, and eloquent declamation, and burning invective could have killed a man, the object of our abuse would have perished long ago. Yet, somehow, he has lived down the storm of words. It has been with us a foregone conclusion, that every word he spoke was dishonest, that every act he did was done from some base motive, that every virtue he seemed to possess was in reality a vice; and that his success was nothing but the triumph of rascality, and intrigue, and low cunning. We have denied him even that one quality of physical courage which one would have thought beforehand was indispensable for a man who, single-handed, has raised himself to the height of power. And, thus, his character has been throughout an impenetrable mystery to us. Refusing to judge of him as we judge of other men—by his works, we have been perpetually torturing ourselves to discover some non-natural explanation for acts perfectly intelligible on the hypothesis that their author was a man not devoid of high inspirations, or of an unselfish desire to fulfil what he, rightly or wrongly, believes to be his mission. I have no desire to see success worshipped, as success; but the cause of success always seems to me deserving of investigation.

It is said the only criticism passed by Napoleon III. on Mr. Kinglake's book was "C'est un livre ignoble." Yet it is hard to doubt that the recollection of that bitter personal attack was present to his mind when he speaks of the scant measure of justice that Cæsar received from the chroniclers of his history. For a moment the cold impassive dignity of the style rises to something like passion, as the author comments on those historians who assumed that "all Cæsar's actions have a "secret motive which they boast of "having discerned *after* the event," and speaks of the "strange inconsistency" of those who impute "to great men at the "same time mean motives and super-"human forethought." But this tone of retort is soon dropped in order to resume the wonted style of grave reflection. The concluding words of the book we quote in French, as the English translation fails to convey their purport:—

"Ne cherchons pas sans cesse de "petites passions dans de grands âmes. "Le succès des hommes supérieurs, et "c'est une pensée consolante, tient "plutot à l'élévation de leurs senti-"ments qu'aux spéculations de l'égo-

"ïsme et de la ruse ; ce succès dépend "bien plus de leur habileté a profiter "des circonstances que de cette pré-"somption assez aveugle pour se croire "capable de faire naître les événements "qui sont dans la main de Dieu seul."

If this counsel were followed, if we could bring ourselves to hold the consoling faith that the success of great men is due not so much to petty passions, to sordid and selfish cunning, as to some moral elevation of mind, we should possibly understand more thoroughly than, as a nation, we ever yet have done the true secret of the success of the Napoleons.

It may be urged that any such impartial estimate of Imperialism is tantamount to an approval of those acts of violence which initiated the Empire, and of those arbitrary measures which have followed its establishment, and which still are maintained in operation. The argument is more ingenious than sound. It is not the purpose of those whose opinions I share to defend in any way the institutions of the French empire. Their merit or demerit is, in my judgment, a matter to be left entirely to the decision of the French people. My plea amounts solely to this, that there are epochs when democratic Imperialism suits a nation better than aristocratic or bureaucratic constitutionalism, and that the success which has attended the second empire is some *primâ facie* evidence that such an epoch had arrived in France in the days when the sometime prisoner of Ham first began to attract the notice of men. If this plea be sound, it is childish to content ourselves with idle invectives against the "Coup d'État," or to consider that we have settled the whole question of the Napoleonic rule when we have stigmatized it with the name of Imperialism. It is possible that the experience of future years may confirm the truth of our popular distrust in the stability of the empire. But as long as the "Life of Cæsar" survives it will remain as a testimony that its author—be his faults or vices what they may—was not a man of low ambitions and vulgar ends. That justice, at least, must be done in future to the Third Napoleon.

SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

ENGLAND, as of old, girdled round by ocean-foam,
Now boasts a double breastwork guarding hearth and home.
Will it live, this inner band, lasting like the sea?
Comrades can they trust us ever to be?
Comrades can they trust us ever to be?
Comrades can they trust us ever to be?

When the "line of red" springs up, at alarum of the drum,
To meet invading hosts though fifty-fold they come,
Will they find us, brothers, there, standing steadfastly,
Side by side, side by side, ever to be?
Side by side, side by side, ever to be?
Side by side, &c.

Let us come, forming fast, to aid our brothers there,
Till clothed seem all our cliffs in the colours that we wear;
And we'll live, if we live, but in homes that are free,
For our Queen and our Country ever to be.
For our Queen and our Country ever to be;
For our Queen, &c.

'Tis "Defence, not Defiance" our legend has been;
And our hearts beat the same under blue, or grey, or green;
But invaders defence in defiance shall see.
Front then form, calm or storm, ever to be.
    Front, then, form, calm or storm, ever to be.
    Front, then, form, &c.

Oh, willingly we'll give, ere a foeman's foot shall land,
Red facings of our blood for the grey old English strand,
While the blue blood of Scotland is with us loyally,
Side by side, side by side, ever to be.
    Side by side, side by side, ever to be.
    Side by side, &c.

England, as of old, girdled round by ocean-foam,
Now boasts a double breastwork guarding hearth and home;
It shall live, this inner band, eternal as the sea:
Comrades let them trust us ever to be.
    Comrades let them trust us ever to be.
    Comrades, let them trust us ever to be.

R. H. W. D.

END OF VOL. XI.

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